THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIII FEBRUARY, 1907 No. 4

THE WASHINGTON-CRAIGIE-LONGFELLOW HOUSE

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AND LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BY FRANCIS LE BARON

THE Longfellow House, also known as the Craigie House, is not a grand house, but it is spacious and comfortable. It carries strength and refinement in all its outlines, and courage and cheerfulness are in its rooms. It was built in 1759, and in its hundred and fifty years it has seen wondrous changes. It was the theater of the opening acts of that heroic time when our nation was fighting for life; and now it stands, smiling and serene, with the harvests of freedom and prosperity that sprang and ripened from that seed.

The house was built by Colonel John Vassal, a young Tory, who swore, "By King George!" shook his fist in the faces of the rabble, flouting and scorning them —"the d——d rebels, the pestilent mob of agitators and malcontents," from contact with whom he drew back his garments, fearing to be defiled. To him the Boston tea-party was only a rebel row, and he hoped the high sheriff would hang the thieves. The blood of Crispus Attucks before the State-house on State street was no more to him than the blood of one of his Jamaica slaves would have been, and his lip curled in scorn at the thought of it. What was all this to the mighty power of England? When she lifted her hand to punish, how all this foolish nonsense of rebellion would vanish away!

John Vassal came of a good old family of Cambridge, England—a family distinguished for gallantry and courage, for bravery in battle and stanch loyalty to their sovereign. One of the family had even scraped from his coat of arms the motto, "*Sæpe pro rege, semper pro republica*," because he knew no higher honor, no nobler duty, than to be *always* for his king. The first John Vassal was alderman of London in 1588. He fitted out two ships of war, and took command of them to fight with Howard and Drake and Hawkins against the Spanish Armada of Philip II.

The Vassals came originally from France. They were descended from the ancient family of Du Vassal, Barons de

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Geurden, in Querci, Périgord. The English family held from the crown vast grants of land in the West Indies, which gave them great revenues, their properties and estates in New England being thus but a small part of their possessions. John Vassal was born in the island of Jamaica in 1713. He came north for his education, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1732. He was a colonel and a representative, always active in the royal cause and sparing no expense to support it. His son John was graduated at Harvard College in 1757. When the times grew more and more stormy as the breach widened between the colonies and the mother-country, Cambridge was too hot to hold the pestilent Tories; and as rebellion ripened into revolution, Colonel Vassal left his Cambridge home and retired into Boston, to the protection of the British army. When the British evacuated Boston, he went with them, and lived in England in princely style on the incomes from his West India properties.

An extract from his will gives a very good idea of the picturesque dressing of those days:

Articles given by the last will and testament of Colonel John Vassal, late of said town (Cambridge), Esq., deceased, to his son John Vassal, viz.: His library, watch, sword, and arms, a velvet coat laced, an embroidered jacket, silk breeches, a blue velvet coat with gold lace, a camblet coat, a flowered silk coat and breeches, a paduasoy waistcoat and breeches, scarlet breeches and a scarlet coat, a fustian coat, an old waistcoat, a pair of new cloth breeches, a banyan, an old greatcoat, eighteen pairs of white ribbed stockings, one pair of worsted do., a pair of boots, a pair of spurs, a trooping-saddle, one laced hat, one plain do., a pair of pocket-pistols, holsters and caps, saddle-girths, brass stirrups, a silver-hilted sword, a gun, riding-pistols, a silver watch, an old green coat, a black velvet jacket.

When Colonel Vassal fled to Boston, leaving his Cambridge estate to be confiscated, there lingered behind two old slaves, Tony and his wife Cuba. Tony was the son of Colonel Vassal's coachman, and had been brought from Jamaica when a boy. When the Cambridge estate was confiscated by the government, Tony found that from having been all his life a mere possession, he was likely now to be dispossessed and lose the only home he

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE WASHINGTON-CRAIGIE-LONGFELLOW HOUSE, VIEWED FROM THE STREET

CHAMBER (OVER THE LIBRARY) USED AS A STUDY BY LONGFELLOW WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO CAMBRIDGE, IN 1838

had ever known. Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts states that Tony entered a protest before the court in which he said: "I am no Tory, but a friend of liberty; and having lived on the estate all my life, I see no reason why I should be deprived of my dwelling." He was allowed to remain, and was granted a stipend of twelve pounds annually. He lived to a great age, probably owing to his pension, which seems to be even a better recipe for a long life than Dr. Holmes's "incurable disease." Cuba outlived her husband, and when she went to draw the pension, after his death, was very indignant that it was refused her. But the authorities came to her rescue, and the stipend of twelve pounds was continued during her life.

Another interesting circumstance is connected with the Revolutionary history of the old house. When England laid her hand on the colonies, the men of Marblehead were among the first to resist, and a whole regiment of sturdy fishermen, in short, round jackets, came up to Cambridge to fight against the crown. They chose for their colonel John Glover, for whom they had fished on the "Georges" and the "Grand Banks," and with whom they elected to fish in more dangerous and troubled waters. The regiment contained nearly all the able-bodied men of the town. Glover wore the short, round jacket of his soldiers, and under his careful and constant training this regiment and the Fourteenth Continental, which was formed from it, became one of the best equipped, best disciplined, and most reliable corps in the army.

One may well say, "Patriotic Marblehead!" for no town in the United States made greater sacrifices of life and property for the cause of the Revolution than this town. Before the war the tonnage of Marblehead was upward of twelve thousand; after the war it was only about fifteen hundred. Before the war the voters numbered twelve hundred and three; at the war's close there were only five hundred and forty-four.

Almost every able-bodied citizen was abroad, engaged in public service either upon land or water; and at the close of the contest there were within the borders of this single town four hundred and

forty-eight widows and nine hundred and sixty-six fatherless children.

Colonel Glover, with his picturesque regiment, marched from Marblehead on June 22, 1775, and reported for service to General Ward at Cambridge. The Vassal House, not yet known as the Craigie House, was assigned them for headquarters, and they camped within and around it. Poor John Vassal! His stately house was invaded by the despised rebels, and became in fact the very headquarters of the rebellion. The fishermen of Marblehead ranged through its rooms and slept in its chambers.

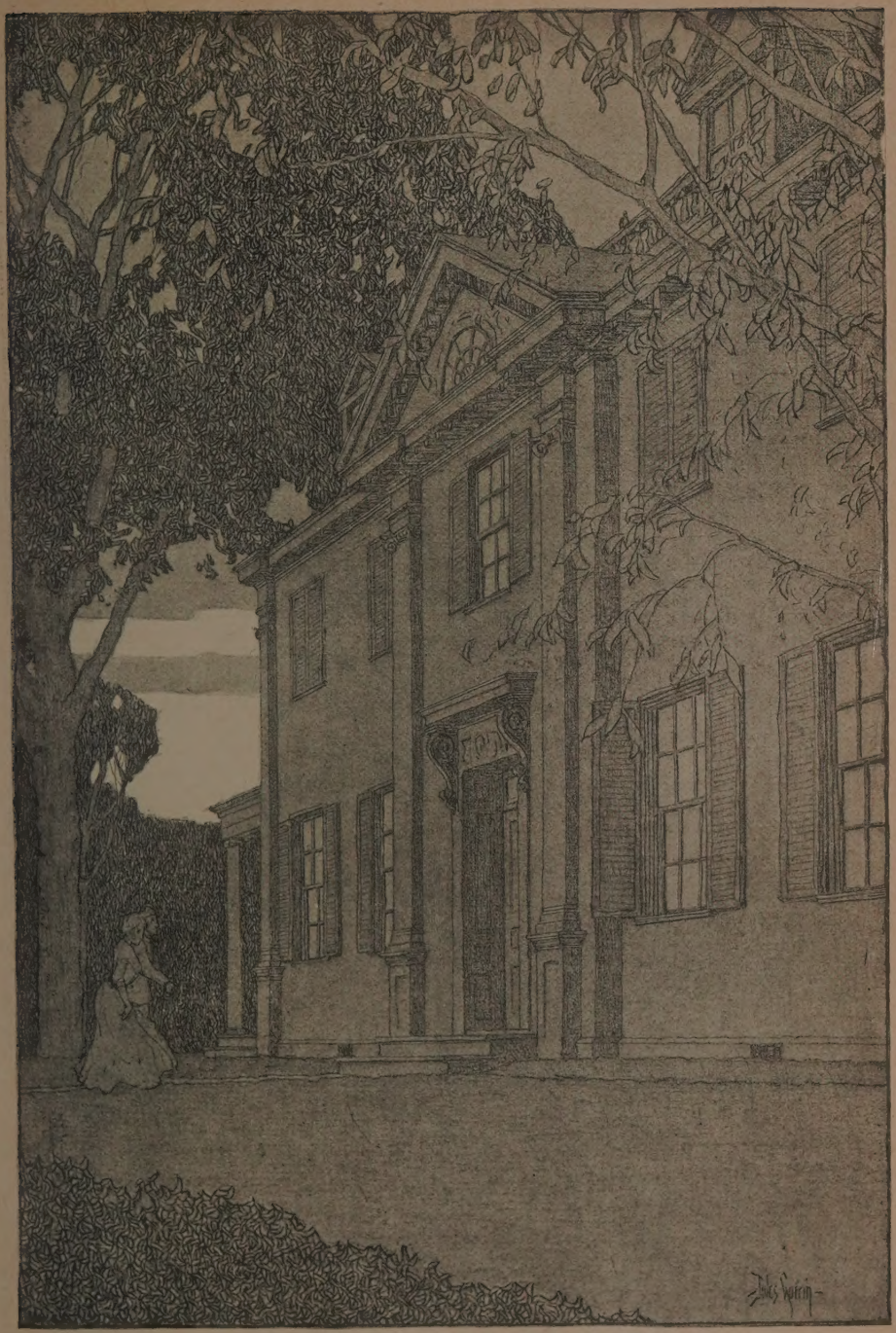
MRS. CRAIGIE, FROM THE MINIATURE LEFT BY HER TO CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW. (SHE WAS HIS COUSIN, MISS SHAW OF NANTUCKET.)

The owners of almost every estate on what is now called Brattle street, Cambridge, were true to the King of England, so that it was called Tory Row: it was also known as Church Row and the King's Highway. There were seven in all of these manor-houses, surrounded by their farms and gardens. The occupants were largely related to one another, and they formed a select circle. Few, indeed, outside their own number were permitted to join in their festivities. But now their festivities had come to an untimely end; the mob had invaded their sanctuaries, taken their places at the festivities, exiled the owners, and their estates were confiscated and leased by the Committee of Correspondence, and the arch-rebel himself was about to take Vassal's place in the celebrated house.

For, as Washington passed through Cambridge, on his arrival to take command of the army, the mansion attracted his attention. It was then occupied by the Marblehead regiment, and Glover and the fishermen gave him rousing cheers as he passed. Congress had ordered all the rooms but one in the house of the President of Harvard College (at that time Samuel Langdon)—the house known as the Wadsworth House—to be prepared for the use of General Washington and General Lee, who accompanied him. To this house Washington was escorted, and there he took up his first residence. The following day—July 3, 1775—was a gala day in the town. In the morning the army was drawn up on the Common, and at twelve o'clock Washington, standing under the wide-spreading branches of the venerable elm, known since as the Washington Elm, formally took command.

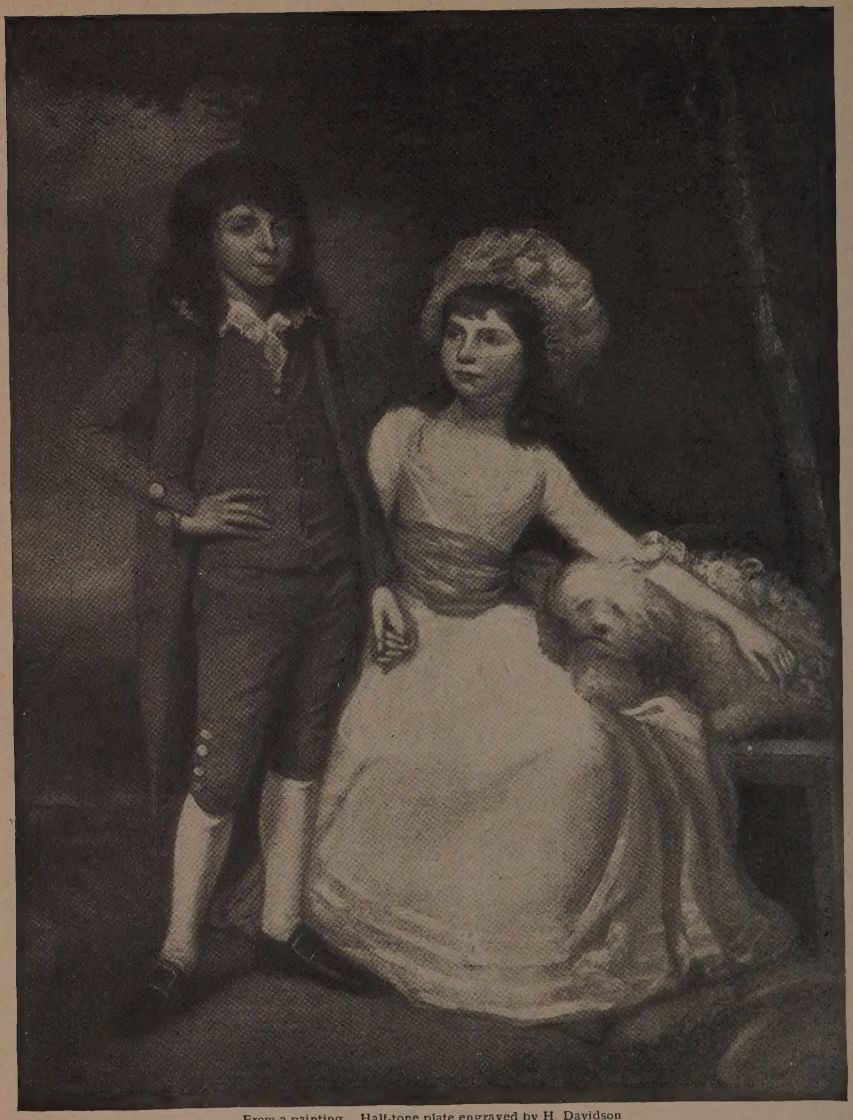
A few days after the Wadsworth House was shaken to its foundations by a bursting shell sent from one of the batteries in Boston. Washington and his aides were at breakfast at the time, and finding it somewhat of an interruption to conversation and deliberation, the commander-in-chief, remembering how pleasantly the Vassal House had impressed him, expressed a wish to make it his headquarters, stating that he considered his present headquarters too near Boston for safety. His indication of a preference for the Vassal House was enough for the Provincial Congress, and the Committee of Safety at once took the matter in hand and directed the high sheriff to furnish and put the house in readiness for Washington's occupation, the Marblehead soldiers going into camp near by.

Washington took the southeast room on



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half tone plate engraved by R. Varley

FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE WASHINGTON-CRAIGIE-LONGFELLOW HOUSE



From a painting. Half-tone plate engraved by H Davidson

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL

the first floor for his office and study; he slept in the room above; and in the northeast room he held his councils of war. The southwest room was Mrs. Washington's reception-room, where she entertained her friends; back of it was the dining-room. Washington's hours for breakfast were seven in summer and eight in winter; he dined at two, and drank tea early in the evening; his hour for retiring was nine o'clock. At dinner there were usually eight or ten large dishes of meat and pastry, with vegetables, followed by a second course of pastry. The repast occupied two hours. The hospitality of Mount Vernon was transplanted to Cambridge. The house became the resort of the patriot leaders, who came

to confer with him. Here his generals gathered about him in council. From it were addressed those admirable letters which organized rebellion into successful revolution, and within its spacious apartments occurred many an interesting incident.

On December 11, 1775, there was a sensation in Cambridge: Mrs. Washington had arrived at the Vassal House from her Virginia home. Her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Custis, accompanied her. They traveled in a "chariot and four," with black postilions in the Washington liveries of scarlet and white. After Mrs. Washington's arrival the house became so much the more a center of hospitality. Once, during the siege of Boston, Franklin came to confer with Washington on the state of the country. When the British evacuated Boston, Washington, leaving the Vassal House, established himself in Howe's headquarters, the comfortable boarding-house of Mrs. Edwards, at the head of State street.

By act of the Commonwealth, James Prescott, Joseph Hosmer, and Samuel Thatcher were empowered to sell the confiscated Vassal estates. This was done, at public auction, for £4264, and the purchaser was Nathaniel Tracy of Newburyport. The original deed to Tracy is among the East Cambridge Records, and is dated August 14, 1781. The estate

Drawn by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

STAIRWAY OF THE WASHINGTON-CRAIGIE-LONGFELLOW HOUSE

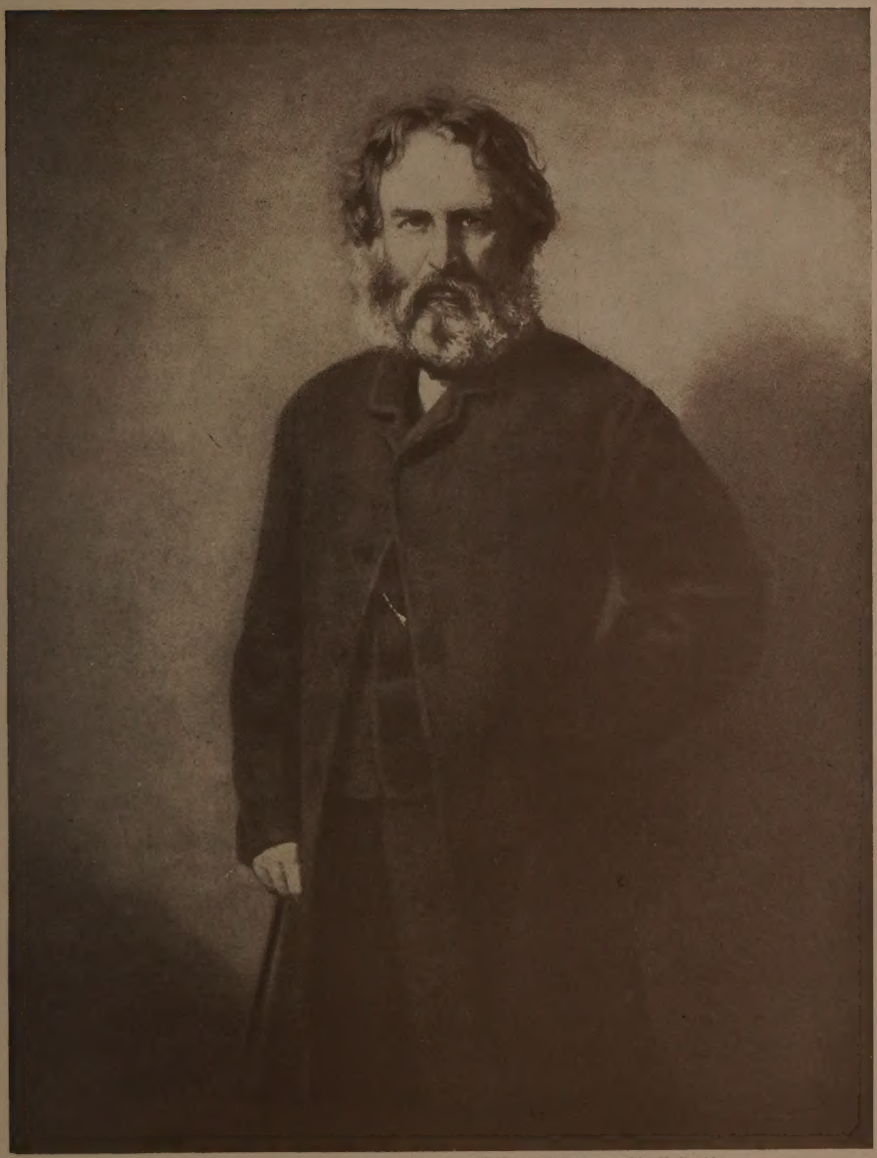
consisted of one hundred and sixteen acres of land, with the house. The new owner was a man of note, being the great privateersman of the Revolutionary War. His ships were besoms that swept the sea clean of English commerce. Many a ship laden with military stores and provisions intended for the British, cooped up in Boston, fell a rich prize into Tracy's hands. He was devoted to the American cause, and contributed from his private fortune one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the support of the government. He was a tall, handsome man, with graceful, courtly, and elegant manners, a general favorite and a delightful companion. It was in 1775, while Washington was trying to devise means to supply the army with powder, that Tracy fitted out his first privateer. He sailed from Newburyport and soon brought in stores of arms and ammunition. At this time the country people around Boston were too patriotic to carry provisions to the British; and as Tracy's privateers kept a close watch at sea, the fear of being starved out hastened the evacuation of Boston.

In 1786 the house again changed hands. Tracy found himself hopelessly involved in financial difficulties. The government had failed to pay him for his large outlays in its service, and his debtors, who were numerous, had encountered difficulties similar to his own. His splendid estates were sold for a small portion of their value, the Cambridge house going to Thomas Russell, a Boston merchant, who took possession of it on October 30, 1786. The records of Russell are very meager. He was a merchant, and as early as 1786 had sent his first ship from the United States to Russia; and ultimately he developed a profitable trade with that country. In 1788 he was a delegate from Boston to the convention held in Massachusetts for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and afterward was President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and also representative to the General Court of Massachusetts for several years.

On January 1, 1793, the estate changed hands again, Andrew Craigie paying £3750 for one hundred and fifty acres of land, including the house. Craigie was a rich Scotchman who had made a large fortune as apothecary-general to the American army, as the surgeon-general of that day was called. He was fond of display, ostentatious, energetic, and active in affairs. Since his time it has been known as the Craigie House instead of the Vassal House. During his occupancy the house lost nothing of its reputation for hospitality. He beautified the estate, built an ice-cellar, with a large summer-house over it, near the site of the present Cambridge Observatory, all that ground being included in the property; and he erected extensive greenhouses, much to the disgust of certain fellow-citizens, who declared that no good could come to a man who so audaciously flew in the face of Providence, with his ice in summer and his flowers in winter. He launched into many speculations and built Craigie's Bridge, connecting Cambridge with Boston, greatly enhancing the value of his lands at both ends of the bridge, which he divided into house lots and sold at a large profit. Among his distinguished guests were the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, and Talleyrand.

While Talleyrand was visiting at the Craigie House, Mrs. Craigie, a very accomplished woman, used to converse fluently with him in his own language, somewhat to the annoyance, it was said, of Mr. Craigie, who did not know what the crafty Frenchman might be saying to his wife. Mrs. Craigie is said to have learned seven languages while the hairdresser was arranging her hair. She submitted herself to him, grammar in hand, and, as a result, could converse with the distinguished foreigners whom she entertained, each in his own language.

A romantic story is connected with Mrs. Craigie. She was the daughter of Parson Shaw of Nantucket, a very learned man, to whom rusticated Harvard students were sent to pursue their studies. Among the students thus banished to Nantucket was a handsome young Southerner whose father had vast plantations and many slaves in Alabama. The young man fell in love with the beautiful Miss Shaw and became engaged to her. He confided to her that he feared his father would never consent to his marriage with a New England girl, but they would wait and hope. So he finished his studies and returned home. Alas! Alabama was then almost as far from Massa-



From the portrait painted by G. P. A. Healy in 1862. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Henry W. Longfellow

chusetts as the planet Mars is to-day; the mails were irregular, letters were slow in coming, and poor Miss Shaw came to fancy herself neglected and forgotten. In her pride and pique, her heart was caught on the rebound, and she engaged herself to a Nantucket gentleman who had always loved her. But at the next Harvard Commencement the happy but imprudent swain took his lady-love to Cambridge for the festivities, and there she danced into the heart of Andrew Craigie. He had the prestige of wealth, of fine position, of high company; he dashed about in a royal carriage with four magnificent horses; he had "ice in summer and flowers in winter"; and he was madly in love and would not take "No" for an answer. And so they were married. But one disastrous morning the letter-bag was brought in and handed to Mr. Craigie. He opened it and tossed a letter to his wife. Alack and alas! she was not equal to the emergency. She read the letter, turned pale, and fell in a dead faint on the floor. Mr. Craigie picked up the letter and read it. It was from the Southern lover, saying that his father had died; that he had come into possession of all the estate; that he loved her better than ever, hoped she was faithful to him, and was coming north to marry her. The sudden revelation dazed Craigie and threw him into a fit of inextinguishable wrath. An estrangement grew up between the newly married couple which was never healed. Craigie plunged more vigorously into speculation, and entertained with even more lavish hospitality. But time brought disaster, his affairs became entangled, and during the last years of his life he was actually a prisoner in his own house. In those days every man's house was his castle, and within it he could not be arrested for debt; neither could he be arrested for debt on Sunday, wherever he might be. So on week days Craigie was never seen outside his own house. His wife was left to disentangle the estate. This she accomplished, paying off the debts, holding the house, maintaining its character for hospitality, and drawing about her a most distinguished circle of friends.

After her husband's death Mrs. Craigie rented some of her rooms to students and professors of Harvard College. She reserved rooms for herself, and the back part of the house was occupied by her farmer. Among those who occupied her rooms were Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and Joseph E. Worcester.

Loyalty, steadfastness, enthusiasm, patriotism, self-sacrifice, statesmanship, scholarship, learning, wisdom, understanding—all these had entered the Craigie House and left their atmosphere, and now the mansion waited for the crowning influence of poetry; and the poet came. Here is Longfellow's own account of his going, as given in his journal:

> At first Mrs. Craigie declined to let me have rooms. I remember how she looked as she stood in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She had resolved, she said, to take no more students into the house. But her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said she had read "Outre-Mer," of which one number was lying on her side-board. She then took me all over the house, and showed me every room in it, saying, as we went into each, that I could not have that one. She finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above [the northeast chamber and the adjoining room] on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside. Young Faversham, a friend of Mrs. Craigie from Savannah, occupied the other front chamber. He was a skilful player on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice-fields of the South when the cold weather came, and I remained alone with the widow in her castle.

Mrs. Craigie's housekeeper, the farmer's wife, who was a giantess and very pious, often flavored the poet's breakfast with an exhortation. Longfellow says in his journal: "The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her preaching." Her name was Miriam, and his friends called her, laughingly, "Miriam the profitess."

At this time Longfellow's gay dressing was good-naturedly criticized in Cambridge, and he thus humorously refers to the criticism in a letter to Sumner in Europe: "If you have any tendency to curl your hair and wear gloves, like Edgar in 'Lear,' do it before you return." And again he refers to it in "Hyperion," making the Baron say to Paul Fleming, "Ladies already begin to call you Wilhelm Meister, and they say your gloves are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man."

Mrs. Craigie ruled the house and entertained in her queenly way, wearing her turban like a crown, and extending kindness to every living thing, even to the worms which devoured the leaves of the elms, saying, "They are our fellow-worms, and have as much right to live as we have." In matters of religion she was a free-thinker, and used to say that she saw God in nature, and wanted no mediator to come between him and her. She had a passion for cats, she loved flowers, and her kindness went out to all living things.

In her loving old heart was hidden away the romance of her youth; but did she know of the romance of the letters "hidden away" in the back staircase, which were found many years after her death—letters from a young girl, absent at school, to Mr. Craigie?

In July, 1843, Longfellow married Francis Elizabeth Appleton, a daughter of Nathan Appleton, a Boston merchant. Mrs. Craigie had died a short time before this, and Mr. Appleton bought the house for the Longfellows. He also secured the land in front of the house, that the view of the meadows and the river might never be obstructed. That land, given by the heirs to the city of Cambridge after Longfellow's death, is now laid out as a park and is called "Longfellow Park."

When the western front chamber was vacant, Longfellow added it to his other rooms for a dining-room, and there he loved to entertain his guests—Felton, Sumner, Hillard, Dickens when he came from London in 1842, Sam Ward rushing in and, in the true German fashion, hugging his friend to his heart, "with a kiss on each cheek and one on the mouth," and many other rare souls whose living made the world brighter, better, happier. And the old house treasured their influence, and its walls whisper of them to-day. In the southeast chamber—Washington's room—Longfellow composed all his poems from 1837 to 1845. "Hyperion" was written here, and the "Psalm of Life."

The war spirit still whispered in the Craigie House—the spirit of '76 was still there in '61. Perhaps the children heard it, for the poet's son Charles was eager to join in the great struggle for freedom and for justice.

After the Craigie House came into Longfellow's possession he made the lower southeast room his study. On the walls hung crayon portraits of Sumner, Emerson, and Hawthorne; his own portrait, painted by his son Ernest, stood on an easel beside the writing-table; on the table were the inkstands that belonged to the poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.

In this room was also the chair made out of the chestnut-tree under which the "village smithy" stood, and presented to Longfellow by the Cambridge school-children. It has a wreath of chestnut leaves carved on the back. On the mantelpiece was a small anvil made of the same wood. The study remains to-day as it was when the poet lived and wrote. The chestnut-tree was cut down in 1876, because it was considered unsafe.

After the death of Longfellow, in 1882, his brother Samuel came to live in the Craigie House, and devoted himself to writing the life of the poet, whose daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, now occupies the house.

As we recall the long procession of noble men and women who have made the Craigie House famous from the time it was built to the present day, the crowds of distinguished people who have come to it as pilgrims to a shrine, the great thoughts and great deeds that have found a home there, the national events that have made it famous, and think how all these vivid lives, these strong intelligences, have made their mark and passed on, we can only say with Longfellow:

> Take them, O Death! and bear away
> Whatever thou canst call thine own!
> Thine image, stamped upon the clay,
> Doth give thee *that*—but that *alone!*

LINCOLN ON HIS OWN STORY-TELLING

INCLUDING AN INCIDENT OF SECRET HISTORY CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY COLONEL SILAS W. BURT

THOSE who know personally the courtly and gentle soldier and veteran civil-service reformer who writes this paper of reminiscence, will understand why so significant an interview with the great President has hitherto escaped public record, notwithstanding that Lincoln's words were written down the very night of their utterance. Of the value of the incident there is no question. Others have given their view of Lincoln's story-telling faculty and habit, of his sense of humor and appreciation of the dramatic, and of his use of his accomplishment for purposes of more importance than amusement; but here we have Lincoln's own comment on one of his chief and most interesting characteristics.—THE EDITOR.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor of the State of New York in November, 1862, by a majority of 10,752 votes over General James S. Wadsworth, his Republican competitor, and he assumed office on January 1, 1863.

Governor Seymour was for over twenty years the most popular and influential member of the Democratic party in New York State. He was the candidate of his party for Governor in 1850, and was defeated by only 262 votes. He was again nominated for the same office in 1852, and was elected. In 1862, however, his success was a great surprise to the mass of the Republicans. Their candidate, General Wadsworth, a member of an old and reputable family, had been an active Brigadier-General in the field almost from the outbreak of hostilities, and had rendered great and recognized services,[1] and seemed to be an ideal candidate in every respect. After their first shock, they attributed their defeat to the absence in the field of a much larger proportion of members of their party than that of their opponents. This disparity between parties did not exist, and the defeat of their well-equipped candidate was attributable to causes common in the hidden machinations of our partizan politics.

The Republican party was originally organized by a coalition of the greater part of the Whig party in the North and of the Free-Soil Democrats. In New York State this alliance was very unpleasing to many of the Whigs who participated in it, and particularly so to that part of them known as "Silver Grays," whose affiliations and sympathies with the Southern wing of their old party were very strong. Many of these went over to the Democratic party, and others joined grudgingly in a union with long-time enemies. General Wadsworth was one of

[1] At a later date General Wadsworth was Military Governor of the District of Columbia; participated in the battles of Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and was in command of the fourth division of the 5th corps of the Army of the Potomac when he was killed in the battle of the Wilderness in May, 1864.

the "Free-Soilers" who aided in the organization of the new Republican party in 1854, and his Whig enemies in it saw an opportunity to wipe out some old scores by his defeat. It was one of those miserable pieces of deceit and treachery in our partizan warfare that have been frequently enacted throughout the country.

The Republicans, ignorant of these devices, and sore in their rebuff, declared that the result of the election was inimical to the vast task of President Lincoln's administration in suppressing the rebellion by the Southern States, and derided the Democrats, a large part of whom had avowed their support of Mr. Seymour to be in the interest of "a more vigorous prosecution of the war." The Republican papers accused the Governor of a lukewarm attitude, and asserted that he would be indifferent in the raising of new regiments and the recruitment of those in the field. The Governor, a sensitive and conscientious man, was much distressed by these gratuitous imputations, but amid the distractions of an excited legislative session, he saw no personal opportunity to correct these detractions in a dignified manner.

Late in April an act was passed offering a State bounty of seventy-five dollars to each recruit and payable also to those who had enlisted since the discontinuance of the previous bounties in September, 1862. After the final adjournment of the legislature, Colonel John D. Van Buren, a member of the Assembly from Orange County, was appointed Paymaster-General. There were many men in the field to whom the bounty was due, and those in the fortifications about Washington were particularly clamorous for payment. The Governor directed Col. Van Buren to go to Washington and make these payments, and as the latter was not versed in such transactions, and as I had had a large experience the previous year in this line of duty, I was detailed to accompany him.[1] Col. Van Buren was not only a political, but also a warm personal, friend of the Governor, as also a man of fine accomplishments, and the Governor took this occasion to make a formal representation by us to the President of his purpose in all lawful ways to aid the General government and carry out the policy avowed by his supporters before his election to sustain "a more vigorous prosecution of the war." He had a cousin, Major——, an officer of the regular army, at that time on duty at Washington, to whom he wrote a letter requesting him to procure us an audience with the President.

I will not narrate here our many interesting experiences and observations in Washington, where great excitement pervaded every class and quarter when we arrived there on the evening of June 22. About a week earlier General Hooker had started with his army from the Rappahannock on that notable march that was paralleled by Lee's on the right bank of the Potomac until they finally converged at Gettysburg. As an instance of the expectations of the "secession" element, we heard, on our first day, the barkeeper in Willard's Hotel offer a large bet that General Lee would eat his Fourth of July dinner in that house.

At the instance of Major——, we made two attempts to see the President at the White House, but were told that he was too closely engaged to see any one. Colonel Van Buren and I appreciated the awful burden the great leader was then bearing, and felt that we could not insist upon an audience. Major——was enraged by what he assumed was an indignity to his cousin, the Governor. He was a type of one class of regular army officers of the old days, brusque, with many oaths and a thirst for strong drink.

On the evening of Friday, June 26, Colonel Van Buren, his son, then on a visit to Washington, and I were occupying chairs on the sidewalk in front of Wormley's Hotel, when Major——, arrayed in full uniform, drove up in a hack, exclaiming: "Put on your toggery," meaning our dress uniforms; "we are going to see Old Abe."

We asked for explanations, since we knew the President spent his nights at a cottage on the beautiful grounds of the Soldiers' Home, about two miles north of the city, and it seemed the height of impertinence to pursue the fagged official to his chosen retreat. Had we known then, as we did later, that it was the evening

[1] I was Assistant-Inspector-General on the staff of Governor Morgan, Mr. Seymour's predecessor, and occupied that position until January 1, 1869.

of the day when he had resolved upon that desperate military expedient, the change of the commander of an army almost upon the eve of a momentous conflict, we should have refused to go. The Major said: "Horatio wrote me that you were to have an interview with the President, and, — —, you are bound to have one!" His persistence finally overcame our protests, and we hastened to put on our uniforms and to start, young Van Buren accompanying us.

It was a bright night and about nine o'clock when we turned from the highway into the winding roads of the Soldiers' Home. We saw gleaming amid the shrubbery in all directions the bayonets of the soldiers who guarded the President's residence. There were at that time many fears expressed that a cavalry raid would be made for the purpose of capturing the President.

We drew up in front of a cottage before which a sentry was walking to and fro. To him Major—— gave some password, and we alighted with renewed trepidation, for the aspect of the house indicated retirement for the night. The Major rang the bell, and after a while the door was opened by a man-servant, whom the Major peremptorily directed to inform the President that some gentlemen, specially empowered by Governor Seymour of New York, desired to wait upon him. The servant hesitated, but the Major's manner was so urgent that we were admitted to a dimly lighted hall, and ushered thence into a dark parlor, where the servant lighted a chandelier and departed with our cards.

During our drive, Colonel Van Buren and I had recognized the fact that the indomitable Major had primed himself thoroughly with his favorite whisky, as evidenced by his constant stroking of his heavy beard, a trick that denoted alcoholic repletion.

After the servant returned and announced that the President would receive us, we sat for some time in painful silence. At length we heard slow, shuffling steps come down the uncarpeted stairs, and the President entered the room as we respectfully rose from our seats. That pathetic figure has ever remained indelible in my memory. His tall form was bowed, his hair disheveled; he wore no necktie or collar, and his large feet were partly incased in very loose, heelless slippers. It was very evident that he had got up from his bed or had been very nearly ready to get into it when we were announced, and had hastily put on some clothing and those slippers that had made the *flip-flap* sounds on the bare stairs.

It was the face that, in every line, told the story of anxiety and weariness. The drooping eyelids, looking almost swollen; the dark bags beneath the eyes; the deep marks about the large and expressive mouth; the flaccid muscles of the jaws, were all so majestically pitiful that I could almost have fallen on my knees and begged pardon for my part in the cruel presumption and impudence that had thus invaded his repose. As we were severally introduced, the President shook hands with us, and then took his seat on a hair-cloth-covered sofa beside the Major, while we others sat on chairs in front of him. Colonel Van Buren, in fitting words, conveyed the message from Governor Seymour, asking the President in Governor Seymour's name, to pay no attention to newspaper statements as to the Governor's unfriendliness, and assured the President of the Governor's fixed intention to fulfil any constitutional call upon him for funds to support the Government. The President replied that he had attached no importance to the rumors referred to, and that he needed no formal assurances that the Governor would do all in his power to aid him.

The merely formal talk being over, something was said about the critical condition of military matters, and the President observed that he had no fears about the safety of Washington, and was certain that the attempted invasion of the Northern States would be arrested. He said the latest intelligence from the Army of the Potomac was favorable, but gave no details, and it was not until the next day that we learned that General Meade had succeeded General Hooker.

A little pause in the conversation ensued. The gaunt figure of the President had gradually slid lower on the slippery sofa, and his long legs were stretched out in front, the loose slippers half-fallen from his feet, while the drowsy eyelids had almost closed over his eyes, and his jaded features had taken on the sugges-

tion of relaxation in sleep. I repeat that I never think of this noble man's personality without recalling him at that moment of supreme danger to the Republic and without seeing again that sad, worn countenance of the man who bore with such courage and patience his heavy burdens.

Deeply moved by the President's evident fatigue, and by his cordial treatment of us in spite of our presumptuous call, Colonel Van Buren and I were about rising to make our adieux when, to our dismay, the Major slapped the President on his knee and said:

"Mr. President, tell us one of your good stories."

If the floor had opened and dropped me out of sight, I should have been happy.

The President drew himself up, and turning his back as far as possible upon the Major, with great dignity addressed the rest of us, saying: "I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense; for it is not the story itself, but its purpose, or effect, that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feeling and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress." These are almost his exact words, of which I made a record that very night.

When the President finished, we arose and made our salutations, and withdrew, our last view of our great leader being of a countenance gracious, but inexpressibly sad.

I have told this adventure to many friends, some of whom have asked why I did not publish it. For many years I was loth to make a public statement of even unconsenting presence at such treatment of one whom the nation recognizes as ranking as high as Washington in our political history and venerates as a martyr. But I have been persuaded that this explanation by our beloved President of the great solace he derived from his story-telling should now be generally known.

"A MAN MAY DIE"

BY P. H. SAVAGE

A MAN may die
In the infinitesimal part of a second.
A life may come
In a grain, tiny, touched by one drop from a shower.
But what is a death?
The slip of a soul by the hand of God beckoned.
Is a life then so small?
Each a world to itself, feeling, breathing God's power.
Bid it come, let it go; so 't is ordered below;
But you, work, know your soul everyway;
Then a smile, slip away, day to night, night to day;
Lift your eyes; straight ahead; now you know.

WHY LINCOLN WAS NOT RENOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION

BY CLARK E. CARR

Author of "The Illini" and "Lincoln at Gettysburg"

N the exalted situation, almost equivalent to apotheosis, in which posterity has placed Washington and Lincoln, there are few who call to mind the fact that while the great mass of the people manifested unbounded devotion to them, scarcely any other Presidents have been so much traduced and so bitterly assailed while in office.

As his first term was drawing to a close, the bitterness and malignity with which President Lincoln had been constantly assailed reached their climax. Bitter and relentless as had been the assaults of men of the great party directly opposed to him, their virulence did not exceed that of men of his own.

One of the worst malcontents was in his own cabinet. Able as he was, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his vaulting ambition to succeed his chief in the great office, could not restrain himself from such carping criticism, malevolent fault-finding, and, finally, antagonism, as to render his position intolerable both to the President and to himself.

This antagonism to President Lincoln finally materalized in an organization among Republicans to defeat him for renomination.

The Republican National Convention was called by the National Committee to meet at Baltimore on June 7, 1864. The writer was one of the delegates from Illinois in that convention. In Illinois there was scarcely the slightest opposition to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. Every Republican was enthusiastically for him, and by ringing resolutions we were unanimously instructed to support him.

New Hampshire and Pennsylvania had led in declaring for Mr. Lincoln on the same day, January 5, 1864. The bitterness and malignity against him seemed to stimulate his friends and solidify the movements in his favor. State after State fell in line with instructions for him, and long before the National Convention met, it was apparent that Mr. Lincoln's renomination was inevitable.

But there was no cessation in the opposition. The malcontents continued everywhere and on every occasion to assail the President. The antagonism was more virulent in the State of Missouri than elsewhere. In that State the Union men, "constituting, when united, a majority of the whole people," had become involved in a "pestilential factional quarrel among themselves," culminating in two conventions, each claiming to represent the Republicans of the State. One of the factions was known as "the Radicals of Missouri" and the other as "the Conservatives of Missouri," the Radicals denouncing Lincoln, and the Conservatives supporting him.

The man to whom the opponents of the President first turned to defeat him, was Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; but just when they had become confident that he could be nominated, his own State, Ohio, declared for Lincoln, and Mr. Chase was compelled to withdraw. The attention of the Radicals then turned to John C. Frémont. Finally becoming convinced that the renomination of Lincoln at Baltimore was

inevitable, the malcontents throughout the country called a convention at Cleveland to nominate a third candidate, and launch a third party, in the hope of drawing away from the President sufficient votes to defeat him. They nominated John C. Frémont for President and John Cochrane for Vice-President, christening the new party the "Radical Democracy."

Denunciation of President Lincoln was the chief occupation of the Cleveland Convention.

Wendell Phillips, "The stormy petrel of all our political disturbances," wrote a letter predicting "the direst results from four more years of Lincoln's administration." This letter, "full of the virulent unreason which distinguished most of the attempts of this matchless orator to apply his mind to the practical affairs of life," was read in the convention. He said, among other things: "The administration I regard as a civil and military failure, and its avowed policy ruinous to the North. If Mr. Lincoln is reëlected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day, except upon terms more disastrous to liberty than ever disunion would be."

Among those who wrote and spoke in favor of the movement was Elizabeth Cady Stanton, which caused Samuel Bowles to declare that the convention was composed of "the gentler sex of both genders."

Horace Greeley thundered against the renomination of Lincoln in the columns of the New York "Tribune," and wrote an article over his own signature against him in the New York "Independent." A "secret circular" was sent out to members of Congress and others by Senator Pomeroy of Kansas. The politicians, a majority of both houses of Congress, and the great leaders of the press in the great cities were not favorable to Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. Among the few exceptions one was so conspicuous and able a supporter of Mr. Lincoln as not to be forgotten by us old-timers of Illinois—Joseph Medill, of the "Chicago Tribune."

A prominent country editor of Pennsylvania who favored Mr. Lincoln's reëlection called upon the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, his member of Congress, and asked to be presented to some one who favored Mr. Lincoln's reëlection. Mr. Stevens took him to the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, a member of the house from Chicago, and, introducing his friend, said: "Here is a man who wants to find a Lincoln member of Congress. You are the only one I know, and I have come over to introduce my friend to you."

In company with several other members of our Illinois delegation, I took the Old Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railway on the journey to Baltimore. At Fort Wayne we were joined by delegations from other States, among whom chanced to be a number of the delegates of the Conservative Convention of Missouri, headed by Judge Samuel M. Breckenridge, a very able and influential Republican of that State. He and the other Conservatives at once raised the all-important question, to them, of which delegation from Missouri should be seated in the convention. Illinois being President Lincoln's own State, there was a general feeling that our delegation would in a great degree represent him, and that our action would have great influence in the convention. It was, therefore, a matter of supreme moment to the two rival delegations from Missouri as to which Illinois would favor.

Judge Breckenridge presented to us the claims of the Conservatives in the strongest possible light. He showed that, in all the turmoil and conflict during the four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration the Conservatives, headed by the Blairs, had stood by and supported the President, while the Radicals, headed by Frémont, were always denouncing him, and throwing stumbling blocks in his way; that the Conservatives had, in their State convention, adopted the same resolutions (instructing for Lincoln), that had been passed by our Illinois convention, which had appointed us, while the radicals had denounced Lincoln, and had instructed their delegates to vote for the nomination of General Grant.

To say that we were convinced that Judge Breckenridge was right, and that we ought to favor his delegation, is putting our decision mildly. We became enthusiastic supporters of the Conservatives. Knowing that every other delegation was favorable to Mr. Lincoln, it was apparent that if we admitted the Conservatives, he would have every vote

in the convention and be nominated by acclamation.

Imbued with these sentiments, we arrived in Baltimore. I was then young and impetuous and took great interest in the matter, impressing upon others, to the best of my ability, the importance and necessity of our supporting the Conservatives. The only person, as I remember, who did not join in with this movement was the chairman of our delegation, Mr. Burton C. Cook. He did not oppose us in our efforts, but intimated that we had better await events before committing ourselves too strongly. I have always since believed that Mr. Cook, whose relations with the President were close, had some intimations of what was in the wind.

Our delegation was quartered at Barnum's Hotel, where a small parlor was reserved for the meetings of the Illinois delegation. On the day before the convention opened, we were called together by Mr. Cook to consider and act upon matters relating to the organization, the most important of which was as to our position on the question of which delegation from Missouri we would favor.

With scarcely an exception every Illinois delegate favored the Conservatives, and we went into that conference without any question that we should so declare, and we felt as certain that the delegates from other States would endorse our action.

Just as we were about to vote upon the question, a young man arose in a corner of the room and modestly asked to be heard for a moment. He said that he only wished to say a word—that he wanted "to give his own opinion, and not that of any one else," repeating that he only spoke for himself. Then he told us that, after all, under all the circumstances, he thought that Illinois had better favor the admission of the delegates of the Radical convention of Missouri. That was all. There was perfect silence for a few moments after he closed. One delegate asked him to give a reason for taking such a position. This he said he could not do, but reiterated his statement as to how *he* thought we should act.

A number of our delegates knew the young gentleman when he first appeared. By this time, every delegate knew who he was. It was John G. Nicolay, President Lincoln's private secretary. Earnest as he was in the declaration that he was speaking only for himself, we soon realized that through his lips Abraham Lincoln was speaking to us.

We at once voted in favor of seating the Radicals. Other delegations followed, and they were seated.

The result was that when the time came for the nomination in the great convention, although a motion was made and strenuously urged to that effect, it was impossible to renominate Mr. Lincoln by acclamation, and, upon the roll being called, Mr. Lincoln received every vote but that of Missouri. Mr. Lincoln received 484 votes. Missouri gave her 22 votes to General Grant; but, before the vote was announced, changed her vote to Lincoln, thus, although not by acclamation, Mr. Lincoln was unanimously renominated.

It did not take very long for us to see the wisdom of admitting the Radicals to the convention. Had they not been admitted, the dissatisfied Republicans who wanted another candidate would have at once taken the position that they were unrecognized, and that the doors of admission to the Republican party were shut against them. All those Republicans who preferred another candidate could have said, with some plausibility, that ours was a mere Lincoln party, instead of being the Republican party. When we had admitted this Radical delegation upon an equality with all other delegates, and had given them the right to be heard, had given them their day in court, they were, like us, committed to the action of the convention and its candidates, and, as loyal Republicans, estopped from casting their fortunes with the third party that was already in the field.

I am not of the opinion, nor have I ever been, that Mr. Lincoln could at that time, under any circumstances, have been defeated; but with General McClellan, who was sure to be nominated by the Democrats, in the field, the proper and wise thing for Republicans to do was to bring together all the elements of the Republican party—including the impracticables, the Pharisees, the better-than-thou declaimers, the long-haired men and the short-haired women—and continue to prosecute the war with vigor until the last enemy should lay down his arms.

Mr. Lincoln was so great and wise as to see all this. A less sagacious man would, no doubt, for the bauble of a nomination by acclamation, have imperilled his own success and that of the party and the country. In the only way possible, without directly taking part in the management of the proceedings of the convention, he quietly indicated his views to the delegates from his own State, and through them to the whole great convention.

The result was that by this action an open door was left for all Republicans of every State, however disaffected, to come back and take their places in the party. The boasted third party was left stranded, without any following worthy of being considered. Six weeks before the election, its candidates for President and Vice-President Frémont and Cochrane, withdrew from the field, and thereafter there was no third party.

Mr. Lincoln carried against General McClellan every electoral vote except those of New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky, and his majority in the popular vote was nearly half a million—greater than had ever before been received by a Presidential candidate.

A LINCOLN SOUVENIR IN THE SOUTH

A LETTER FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, WHICH HANGS ON THE WALLS OF A SOUTHERN HOME

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

VISITING not long ago at the home of my friend Dr. Robert Grier Stephens of Atlanta, Georgia, I noticed on the wall of his favorite room a framed letter. In one corner of the frame was also a photograph of the size usual before "cabinets" came in vogue. The photograph bore the name of Abraham Lincoln in his own handwriting; the letter, also in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, read thus:

Executive Mansion
Washington, Feb. 10, 1865

HON. A. H. STEPHENS

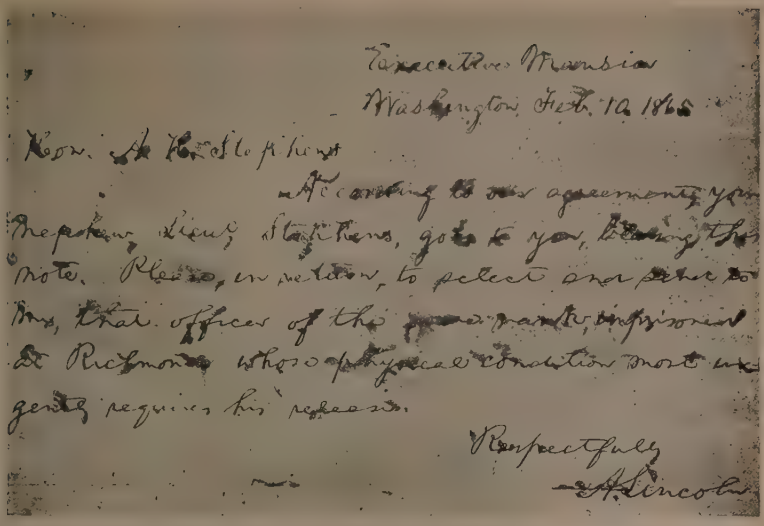
According to our agreement your nephew, Lieut. Stephens, goes to you, bearing this note. Please, in return, to select and send me, that officer of the same rank, imprisoned at Richmond, whose physical condition most urgently requires his release.

Respectfully
A. Lincoln.

I asked the history of the letter and the photograph, and I will try to repeat it in the simple, unstudied phrases in which I heard it from the niece of Alexander H Stephens, the daughter of him who is mentioned in the letter as "Lieut. Stephens."

The Hampton Roads Peace Conference of 1865, at which Mr. Stephens, Judge J. A. Campbell, and Mr. R. M. T. Hunter met Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward in an effort to establish peace between the North and South, and so to put an end to bloodshed, had ended in failure. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens had met in 1847, when both were members of Congress, and something very like warm personal friendship had developed between them; this was strengthened at Hampton Roads. When they came to say good-by, the President of the United States remarked with feeling to the Vice-President of the Confederacy:

"Well, Stephens, there has been



FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

nothing we could do for our country. Is there anything I can do for you personally?"

"Nothing." Then the Vice-President's pale face brightened. "Unless you can send me my nephew, who has been for twenty months a prisoner on Johnson's Island."

Mr. Lincoln's face also brightened. "I shall be glad to do it. Let me have his name." He took the name down in his note-book.

When he returned to Washington, he telegraphed to Johnson's Island, directing that Lieut. Stephens be put on his parole, with orders to report at once to President Lincoln in Washington.

An officer came into the prison and called out:

"Lieut. John A. Stephens of Georgia!"

The lieutenant had no idea what was wanted of him; he thought he was being called out to be shot. He had been captured at the siege of Vicksburg, and had been imprisoned five months in New Orleans, and then carried to Johnson's Island.

When he reported at headquarters, he was told that he was to report at once to President Lincoln. So he was driven across the ice on Lake Erie in a sleigh twenty miles to Sandusky, and went on to Washington.

There at once he sought the President, and, having sent in his name, he was immediately ushered into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He found the President sitting on a table in a half-reclining position, and talking with Secretary Seward. Mr. Lincoln rose, shook his hand very cordially, and said:

"I saw your uncle Hon. Alexander H. Stephens recently at Hampton Roads."

Lieutenant Stephens had not heard of the Peace Conference, and this was his first direct news of his family since his imprisonment. President Lincoln continued:

"I told your uncle I would send you to him, Lieutenant."

Naturally, the lieutenant was deeply moved and grateful.

"You have the freedom of the city," Mr. Lincoln continued, "as long as you please to remain here. When you want to go home, let me know, and I will pass you through the lines."

The lieutenant's appreciation and joy can be imagined. Mr. Lincoln talked on pleasantly, telling him of the Hampton Roads Conference, asking him questions, and making the hour a memorable one in many ways.

The lieutenant remained in Washington about two weeks. Many old friends entertained him, and he was in a state of

mind and body to set value on such a show of good will.

He recovered his strength rapidly, and when he went to Mr. Lincoln and told him he was ready to go to Richmond, Mr. Lincoln gave him the letter above quoted and a pass through the Federal lines, and then handed him his photograph, saying:

"You had better take that along. It is considered quite a curiosity down your way, I believe."

Lieutenant Stephens went on to Richmond, reporting for duty, and though privileged to make a visit to his relatives in Georgia, and longing to see them, proceeded to West Virginia, where he served on the staff of General Gordon. Of course he had been duly exchanged, the Federal officer who had been released going North, carrying with him memories of kindnesses and courtesy shown him in Richmond.

It is pleasant to tell tales like this about war-times—tales which show that the spirit of war cannot kill in human hearts the spirit of loving-kindness, and which make us hope that this spirit of loving-kindness will sometime be too strong altogether for the spirit of war.

POSSESSION

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"NAY," murmured the wife,
"Love is no longer your life.

Seldom, too seldom, now
You breathe life into your vow.

Rarely the love-words start
Hot from the core of your heart.

Seldom the song you once sung
Trembles and thrills on your tongue."

Answered the husband, "Look,
My love, at your favorite book.

Do you remember how first
You read with a rapturous burst?

Do you remember how, then,
You marked and re-marked it again,

Scribbling some marginal note,
Or pausing to praise it and quote?

Now, though you keep it close by,
Under your hand and your eye,

Rarely you praise it the same,
Rarely you cite and exclaim,

For it is needless. 'T is part
Of your own mind and your heart.

Such, too, the history of
My book—our Volume of Love."

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

GARSDON MANOR HOUSE

THE GRAVES OF THREE WASHINGTONS

BY HENRY CODMAN POTTER

THE ESCUTCHEON WITH THE WASHINGTON ARMS

LAST autumn, while the guest of our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, at Wrest Park, in Bedfordshire, I had the pleasure of meeting the Duchess of Somerset, who as Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, had been in America, and whose charming book, "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," has in it a picturesque note of singular interest and verisimilitude. Mrs. St. Maur's husband, then the Hon. Algernon St. Maur, and now the Duke of Somerset, was already then a "mighty hunter," and the big game that had fallen at that early day before his gun was but a prophecy of greater achievements yet to adorn his sportsman's record.

It was natural that one who knew my country should speak to me of it, especially under our Ambassador's roof, with kindly interest, and I owe it to the unselfish and painstaking coöperation of the Duchess of Somerset that I am able to tell this story.

Her Grace had heard, as she told me, of an escutcheon which had been removed by the tenant or owner from the front of Sulgrove Manor House, in Northamptonshire, once the home of the Washingtons, and sold for £100 to an enterprising American, who had carried it in triumph to the United States. This escutcheon, it was said, bore the arms of the Washington family; and was of the dignified and stately character that may be seen illustrated in many similar escutcheons all over England. Did I

not think that, if possible, it should be recovered and restored to its original position? Yes, most distinctly I did; and to further that end I wrote a letter to "The New York Times," reciting the facts in the case as I then understood them, and offering £150 for the escutcheon, in order that it might be restored to its original position on Sulgrove Manor House.

That letter called forth the one which follows:

New York, January 13, 1906.

I have just finished reading your letter in "The New York Times" in regard to the Washington arms. A year ago last summer I was visiting in Malmesbury, Wiltshire, and was taken on a drive over some historical ground. One house to which we went had no associations historically, but had, in the attic, a stone escutcheon of the Washington arms, as you have described them, deeply cut with stars and stripes. This stone was boxed, and had previously been sent to Liverpool for shipment to America; but something in the plans for transportation failing to go as anticipated, the stone was sent to this man in Wiltshire, and put in his attic.

The why and wherefore of it all I do not know. I do not know how long it had been there; but, I fancy, only a short time, for it had not been "stowed."

You can find out all about it—who the farmer is who has this stone, why it never came to America, and whatever else you wish to learn—from John Alexander, Esq., Abbey Road, Malmesbury, Wilts. * * * *

Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ethelyn Emery Hutton.

(From a photograph)

A FIREPLACE IN GARSDON MANOR HOUSE

On page 509 the reader will find a copy of the escutcheon to which Mrs. Hutton refers, which is substantially identical with that on the tablet of which I shall

speak later, and which was taken down from (and is now being restored to) the walls of Garsdon Church, and not from the front of Sulgrove Manor House.

Mr. John Alexander of Malmesbury proved to be a mine of useful and trustworthy information. Curiously enough, though an Englishman born, he had lived for some years in the United States, and had been the earliest in that vast business of barreling and shipping natural oil, which, since then, has grown to such gigantic proportions.

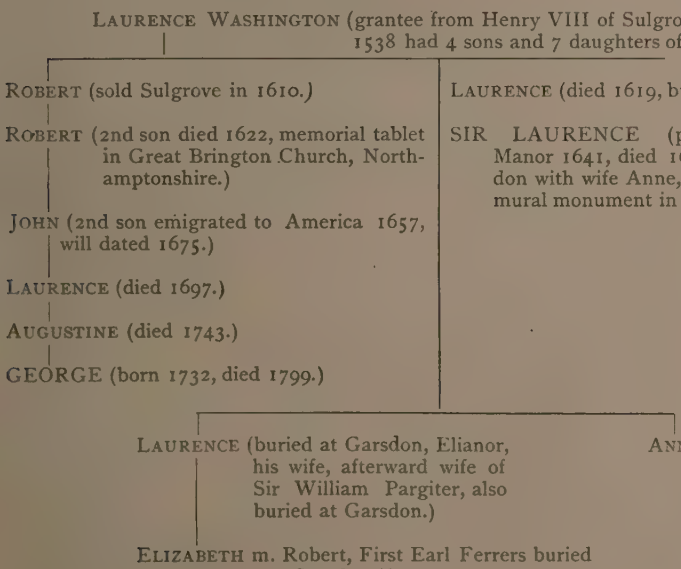
Mr. Alexander put me into communication with the owner of the escutcheon which Mrs. Hutton's letter described; and at that point a number of lines of information fell into my hands under circumstances which I need not here rehearse. The most valuable of these were those for which I was indebted to the Reverend Reynell W. Hay, the Rector of Garsdon Church, near Malmesbury.

It was in this church, the singularly picturesque exterior of which lent a rare charm to the lovely landscape in the midst of which it stood, that there had originally been placed a tablet to the family of Laurence Washington. The ancestry of Laurence Washington, and his relation to our own great George, may best be indicated by a diagram for which I am indebted to the Rector of Garsdon.

It will be seen from this diagram that there were four sons of that Laurence Washington to whom Sulgrove Manor was granted in 1538 by Henry VIII. One of these was Robert, of whom our own George was a great-great-great-grandson. The other was Laurence, of whom Sir Laurence, who purchased Garsdon Manor in 1641, was a grandson. Garsdon Manor was, says Aubrey, in "The Recollections of Aubrey and Jackson (1862)," originally "a Grange to the Abbey of Malmesbury." The house with "all the appurtenances thereof," was given by Henry VIII to his footman, Richard Goody (or Gody), shortly after the dissolution of monasteries (1539).

The story is that the king was hunting in Braydon Forest, hard by, and fell off his horse, "with his head in mudde; with which being fatt and heavie, he had been suffocated to death, had he not been timely relieved by his footman, Goody."

In return for this service, the king gave Goody the manor of Garsdon, which included a magnificent park. The estate remained in the possession of the Goody family till 1641, when it was sold to that Sir Laurence Washington who was, as we have seen, a grandson of Lau-


LAURENCE WASHINGTON (grantee from Henry VIII of Sulgrove Manor in 1538 had 4 sons and 7 daughters of whom)
ROBERT (sold Sulgrove in 1610.)
ROBERT (2nd son died 1622, memorial tablet in Great Brington Church, Northamptonshire.)
JOHN (2nd son emigrated to America 1657, will dated 1675.)
LAURENCE (died 1697.)
AUGUSTINE (died 1743.)
GEORGE (born 1732, died 1799.)
LAURENCE (died 1619, buried at Maidstone.)
SIR LAURENCE (purchased Garsdon Manor 1641, died 1643, buried at Garsdon with wife Anne, who died 1645, vide mural monument in Garsdon Church.)
LAURENCE (buried at Garsdon, Elianor, his wife, afterward wife of Sir William Pargiter, also buried at Garsdon.)
ELIZABETH m. Robert, First Earl Ferrers buried at Garsdon (?)
ANNA m. Christopher Gise; died 1642, buried at Garsdon.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

GARSDON CHURCH

rence Washington of Sulgrove Manor, Northamptonshire, from whom was directly descended the first President of the United States.

Garsdon Manor House was completely rebuilt by Sir Laurence Washington or his son, and made into a "noble mansion." At present only a small portion of this remains, and is now occupied by a tenant farmer. But enough has been preserved to indicate that it must have been a good example of Jacobean domestic architecture, and to have possessed features of noteworthy stateliness and beauty. The original banqueting hall, with its open roof, and walls five feet thick, is still distinctly traceable.

It was while Garsdon Manor was in the possession of the family of Sir Laurence Washington that those interments were made in the main aisle of Garsdon Church to record which the tablet now being replaced in the church was erected.

The church consists of a chancel, with a small vestry-room on the north; a nave; a south porch; and a western tower. Excepting the tower, the whole structure is modern. But the tower is, in parts, of fifteenth century work, and there is a tradition that the parapet came from Malmesbury Abbey, the ruins of which are still standing, and the picturesque characteristics of which make them among the most interesting pre-Reformation survivals in England.

The monument to the Washington family stood originally against the north wall of the chancel, but was pulled down on the restoration of the church in 1855. By this time the Washington family had vanished from the neighborhood of Garsdon, and Garsdon Manor House had long before passed into alien hands, and the parish, the constituency of which was mainly of farmers and wage-earners, was without the means to restore or replace it. The tablet formerly consisted of a very handsome Jacobean monument

of painted freestone, with marble columns, crowned with Corinthian capitals, supporting the Washington arms, quartered with those of Lewyn.

When, at the restoration of the church in 1855, its interior was wholly modernized, this mural tablet was thrown out, and found a resting place in the rectory stable. Many of the stones were lost or purloined, and after some years the rector of the time gave all the stones that were left to an American, who proceeded to have them packed for shipment to America. But this rector dying, his successor, learning of the removal of the fragments of the tablet from Garsdon, followed them to Southampton, where they were packed and awaiting shipment to the United States, and had them brought back to Garsdon Church. It was there that I found what is left of the tablet; and the Rector of Garsdon has lent me his generous help in securing the professional services of Mr. H. Breakspear, F. S. A. (the architect for the restoration of Malmesbury Abbey), who is securing the restoration of stolen or mutilated parts of the tablet, and its replacement *in situ*.

The Sir Laurence Washington to whose memory this tablet was erected, died in 1643, and was buried here. The remains of four other members of the family also rest here, namely: Anne (née Lewyn, of Kent), his wife; Laurence, only son of Sir Laurence; Anne, only

Drawn by Harry Fenn

MAIN AISLE AND CHANCEL OF GARSDON CHURCH

The cross on the wall of the chancel marks the original position of the Washington tablet, and the cross in the main aisle marks the position of the tomb of Laurence Washington before the body was removed to the chancel.

daughter of Sir Laurence; Eleanor, wife of Laurence (the son) and afterward wife of Sir William Pargiter.

The inscriptions on the tablet, and on the slabs on the floor of the chancel, authenticating these statements, are as follows:

(1) On the mural tablet (now under restoration):

To the Memory of Sr
Laurence Washington Kt
lately chiefe Register of the
Chauncery of known Pyety of
Charitye exemplarye A louinge
Husband A tender Father A bountifull
Master A constant Relieuer of the Poore
and to those of this Parish A perpetuall
Benefactour Whom it pleased God to take unto
his Peace from the fury of the insuing Warrs Oxon
Maij 14to Here interred 24to Ano. Dni. 1643° Ætat
Suae 64° Whereallso lyeth Dame Anne his wife who
deceased Junij 13to and was buried 16to Ano Dni. 1645.

Hic Patrios cineres curauit filius Urna
Condere qui tumulo nunc jacet Ille pius.

(The pious Son his Parents here inter'd
Who hath his share in Urne for them prepar'd.)

(2) On the first of the memorial slabs on the floor of the chancel:

Here Lyeth ye Body of Lavrence
Washington Esqr the only Son
of Sr Lavrence Washington who
Departed this life Jan. 17 was
Bvried Feb. 11 Ano. Dni. 1661
and Inclosed By Elinor his Wife
April 18 Ano. Dni. 1663
Æ tat Suae 39.

En mercede virum Pensatum muner (a d) igna
Prospicit ille suis diua supersta sibi
Behold how duty well perform'd is paide
His Sire he him here his deerst hath laide.

(3) On the second slab:

Sacrum Memoriae Annae Filiae
Levrentij Washington Eqvitis
Et vxoris Christopheri Gise
Hic Sepvltae Jvnij 4to An: Do:
1642 Ætat Svae 20.

(4) On the third slab:

Here lyes ye body of Dame
Elianor Pargiter 2nd Daughter
of Wm. Guise of Elmore in ye
County of Gloucester Esqr
First married to Lawrence
Washington Esq. afterwards
to Sr Wm. Pargiter of Gritt
worth in ye County of North
Hampton Kt. who departing
this life the 19th day of July
in the Year of Our Lord 1685
ordered her remains to be
deposited here in hopes of
a blessed Resurrection.

The Lady Pargiter above referred to presented to Garsdon Church, the year before her decease (1684), a solid silver communion service of massive weight, which is pronounced by competent judges to be the most perfect of that date. All the pieces, four in number, are engraved with the sacred monogram within a halo, including the cross and nails.

They are thus inscribed: "This was

Drawn by Harry Fenn

TABLET TO THE WASHINGTON FAMILY IN GARSDON CHURCH

Drawn by Harry Fenn

COMMUNION PLATE PRESENTED TO GARSDON CHURCH BY THE WIDOW OF LAURENCE WASHINGTON

given by the Lady Pargiter to Garsdon Church, shee was formerly Wife of Laurence Washington, Esq., who both lye buryed here."

In connection with this service of communion plate, there is a well-attested local tradition of interesting significance. During the civil wars the service disappeared, and was believed to have been stolen. But in 1822 the Rev. St. J. Newbery, curate of Garsdon, writes, with reference to this plate, as follows:

"The plate for many years had been in a box, deposited in a lumber-closet in the old Garsdon Manor House." I may say here that our party was shown this "lumber-closet," which consisted of a recess on the main stairway easily overlooked. The story was circulated in the village that a ghost had been laid in the box. And there the box rested for nearly a hundred years, undisturbed by a curiosity that did not dare to open it. But the clergyman, having gathered from an old man that "there was some communion plate at the Great House," instituted a search; and, to the utter surprise of the people of the house, on opening the box, discovered the tarnished plate. The set is exceptionally massive and dignified, and a replica of it is now being made for presentation to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York.

No account of Garsdon church and manor, and the Washington traditions which enrich them, would be complete that did not make mention of the beautiful region, rich in historic interest and in picturesque ruins, which lies about Malmesbury. The abbey there has associations which would make it, even if it were not in its stately decay a monument of exquisite beauty, a structure of vivid and pathetic interest, and the region is one rich in memorials of earliest English history. To Malmesbury came, at one time or another, some of the most memorable figures in earlier English ecclesiastical and literary life. The traveler who comes here must, indeed, turn aside a little from the wonted paths of the tourists; and for this reason Wiltshire is far less known than it should be. But modern English literature has made every reader familiar with Bath, and though Bath is across the county-line in Somersetshire, it is easy to take Malmesbury on the way.

And it is worth while. Malmesbury Abbey dates back to the twelfth century, and long before that picturesque structure was completed, a monastery had existed in Malmesbury, and William of Malmesbury, a monk and man of letters, had written in Latin a historical work which, next to the "Saxon Chronicle,"

is by many scholars considered the most valuable authority for Anglo-Saxon times. Here, in a portion of the old abbey, restored and adapted to the uses of a modern parish church, is shown the tomb and recumbent effigy of King Athelstan; and in the neighboring street stands an old market cross of beautiful design and in admirable preservation. Beyond this, the road takes a turn, and the traveler comes in sight of the "Kings Arms."

It is here that the visitor to Garsdon Church may wisely tarry. He will find an English inn which has preserved every best tradition of an institution now rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth, and in its landlord and landlady a host and hostess whom it will always be a joy to remember.

Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

RUINS OF MALMESBURY ABBEY, AND THE ABBEY HOUSE

TEMPERAMENT

BY HENRY AUSTIN

ALAS! that hidden habit in the Blood,
Baffling the Will that would eradicate—
Elusive as an eel that lurks in mud
To snap out sudden at the Tempter's bait!

Von Moltke's View of Washington's Strategy

By William Milligan Sloane

THE congress of scholars held in connection with the Louisiana Exposition at St. Louis was scientifically an event of the first importance. Its social significance was even greater. Many of us heard for the first time in the intimacy of private conversation what students of history in other lands really think of us. In many respects their judgment was comforting to the self-tormenting American conscience which lurks behind the stalking horse of a rather noisy optimism.

But in others it was quite the reverse, and the parallels which were drawn between the Roman empire and America, in regard to their cosmopolitan opulence, their sensuous luxury, and their Sidonian ease, were hard sayings. The grave forebodings of others who noted the evils of city government throughout the land, the tricks of party managers in confounding local with national issues for the purposes of a personal system, and the specter of a negro question which by lynch law often turns white civilization into a savage mockery, likewise produced a moral uneasiness born of self-examination. There were others, again, who found us so crassly material, a nation without an indigenous art, literature, or any sense of form and beauty at all, that they despaired of our normal evolution on historic lines. Still others deplored the racial jumble of unrelated parts, even in our white population, and could see no outcome except revolutionary explosion at last. Frankly confessing that perhaps America from within was different from what they saw in perspective and from without, they were yet sure that our body politic needed a physician.

And the friendly healer in every case? Why, of course, the friendship of the particular nation to which our friendly critic belonged. We need for our healing, according to our foreign doctors, a greater intimacy with some one of the greater European powers. In the end our salvation must come from a larger infusion of European influence: commerce, trade, letters, science—power of some kind from some particular nation, especially that one which in the crises of our history has done, after all, as this nation now well knows, the crucial act, or at all events would fain persuade itself to that effect. The interest of Frederick the Great, the affection of France, the zeal of Russia, have each served in turn to show that their friendship is only born of old relationship.

As a climax to such impressions, an English gentleman of famous name and lineage has lately, in a series of delightful volumes, held up the mirror of Anglo-American life in "good old colony days" so as to reflect for us of the twentieth the charm of eighteenth-century life, when the mother-land and her oversea colonies dwelled in that becoming harmony of family life which, after a hundred and twenty-five years, they now exhibit as brethren. The truths which he brings from his storehouse so eulogize the British colonies that many of his words would be most unpalatable to

English-speaking men on his own side of the ocean if written on this. And there is one matter in particular—the suggestion by inference that the war of the Revolution would or could have ended with the battle of Princeton, and that independence could have been won without foreign aid at all, which is so sweet a morsel of probable truth that a stern man is almost disposed to reject it as only disguised flattery.

Yet the present writer took the same position in a work published nearly half a generation since, when we were not so much as now the object of international coquetry; and he fully agrees with Sir George Otto Trevelyan in this and in many of his other contentions as to the attitude of the American colonists and their ability to have defended themselves in it. Should the British historian continue in his illuminating progress, as is ardently to be desired, he will certainly tell us, what is also true, that as European politics had developed in the course of the long struggle, especially around our enfeebled and exhausted ally, Yorktown did not end the war,—far from it,—but that the unbroken friendship for us of the Rockingham-Shelburne Whigs, and the disgust felt in England by the intelligent upper middle classes, led by their great captains of commerce, trade, and industry, for the abuses of personal rule by the King, combined with military exhaustion to give us the liberties we sought, in order that Great Britain might save from jeopardy her own, well-nigh identical with ours. He will probably tell us, likewise, that the French alliance which we secured virtually in the year 1777, and formally in 1778, radically changed the quality of public opinion in England. As long as our struggle for independence seemed a domestic quarrel to the British, they were divided, and a powerful minority was on our side. The moment France intervened, and the war acquired international significance as a phase of her contest with England, there was only one course open to Englishmen—to rally in support of their own country against what soon became a Bourbon-American coalition, complicated further by the declaration of economic war on the part of the Northern powers.

Princeton, therefore, may be said to have marked the culmination of unassisted American effort in our struggle for secession. It is true that Franklin's boundless popularity had accomplished much at Paris before the end of 1776, and that late in that year the eminent comedian known as Beaumarchais was masquerading in the guise of a mercantile firm with a double alias, Durand in one phase, Rodrigues, Hortales & Co. in another, in order to forward French subsidies to the rebel Americans, and yet avoid a premature breach of relations with Great Britain. But, for all that, the sympathy of France had so far effected little or nothing in America, and her money had as yet brought us no auxiliary aid in men or stores. At the opening of 1777 the Revolution was a purely civil war, an Anglo-American contest. Ostensibly this continued to be so throughout the fighting of that year, and Howe was very properly discouraged that, with all his equipment of fleet, armies, and money, he had at its close added to what he held at the opening only the great islands near New York, which strengthened his strategic position, and the city of Philadelphia which, though the capital of the rebel confederation, was nevertheless very hard to hold and therefore a source of strategic weakness. The rest of the country was not only free, but prosperous. Yet, in spite of appearances, he knew, as all England knew, the true state of things in France: that French men and French money were alike arriving in America, and that some small portion of the force so brilliantly deployed against Burgoyne and himself was derived from foreign sources.

The situation after Princeton, therefore, marks the culmination of purely American achievement against the opulent resources of the mother-country. Some aspects of the situation are depressing enough: the timidity and feebleness of Congress, the eccentricities and uncertainness of the soldiers, the niggardly contributions of the States, the merely embryonic sense of nationality, the regrets for the flesh-pots of colonial days, the apathy of the population—we could enlarge the catalogue were it needful. But, on the other hand, there were energetic leaders, patriotic communities,

generous individuals, brave officers and gallant men, untouched stores of wealth, State constitutions which expressed political habit, and, above all, a sense of great gains made in a just cause.

The whole ecclesiastical question was virtually adjusted, and there was no danger of a state church, religious establishment imposed from above: religious liberty and the voluntary system of ecclesiastical support had won the day. There were still religious tests for office-holders in most of the States, but otherwise a high degree of civil, political, and religious equality was secured, with more in sight. There was neither taxation nor legislation without substantial representation, and there was absolute equality in the distribution of burdens. The conflict had opened with fierce blasts, not against constitutional monarchy, but against its degradation into a personal autocracy sustained by the perversion of free institutions. The equality announced in the Declaration of Independence was undefined. To the majority of Americans it meant equality of opportunity, as it does still; and for that majority it, like other liberties, was now secure. These tremendous civil and political gains could be anchored only by a peace which secured independence, and it is simply unthinkable that, considering the wonderful results of a year's campaign, desperate efforts would not have been exerted to secure such precious results by further exertions commensurate with the end in view. Such determined efforts put forth at such a time would have been decisive and would have welded the States into a nation long, long before that result was ultimately attained in the fierce furnace of a second civil war.

Many years ago, on February twenty-second, 1874, the writer, then secretary to George Bancroft, American minister in Berlin, was present at a great reception given by the minister in honor of the day. The scene was very brilliant, because among the guests were nearly all the men who had won laurels in the Franco-Prussian war. To a youth already overawed by the consequences of the great struggle so recently concluded, the occasion was overpowering. Uniforms, decorations, ribbons, swords, spurs,—all the outward trappings,—were sufficiently imposing; but, besides, there was still the sense of triumph in the streets of Berlin, and the very air was surcharged with haughty self-sufficiency. The great war indemnity, still hoarded as a treasure, had opened fascinating vistas of national development, and the fever of speculation could be noted in every pulsation of social life. Already the bonds of German simplicity and economy had been thrown off, and what was for the day and place a strange

Drawn by Harry Fenn

HOUSE AT ROCKY HILL, NEW JERSEY, FROM WHICH WASHINGTON, IN 1783, ISSUED HIS "FAREWELL ORDERS"

Drawn by Harry Fenn

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, A FAMOUS RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION

boldness, a reckless luxury, and an assurance foreign to the manner, seemed to combine in creating phenomenal conditions. Then (and I believe it is still) the great porcelain stove was a feature of even state apartments in the Prussian capital, and the refuge of the bashful onlooker in every company was the niche between that tall, pale monument and the wall, a space large enough only for one and assailable only from the front. On this occasion, however, it was occupied, and there was no refuge except on the other side, guarded on one flank and rear alone, and facing with an open front the stream of guests passing the broad doorway from one reception-room to another. It was a poor refuge, but for the moment "mine own."

Not many minutes had elapsed when a low, clear voice came from the nook around the corner, asking in English spoken without accent and enunciated in American rather than in British tones: "You are doubtless an American." Stepping a little forward, I saw a slender, erect figure of medium height in Prussian uniform. Writing to my friends at the time, I described him as having the clear-cut features, full brows, shrewd gray eyes, well-fashioned nose with full nostrils, expressive mouth, and strong, spare chin, which is sometimes, indeed, often, seen in Americans of the Northern States. The expression was calm, dispassionate, and kindly; the thin but still sufficient hair of his head was gray, not white. His presence commanded respect, though it did not inspire awe, as did the central figure of Bismarck, who dominated every company at which he was present. With some embarrassment I found my tongue sufficiently to heed his pleasant advance and to answer "Yes" to his question. The conversation which ensued lasted some twenty minutes. Was I interested in military affairs and war? Only in so far as they concerned the great movements of history. A student of history, therefore? Yes, and privileged for the time at least to work at the same table with the great historian of my own country, under his guidance. Had I examined the wars waged by my own people? Oh, yes, to some extent. And how did I rate them? Why, of course, our Civil War loomed before me as one of the most stupendous conflicts in history. Certainly a great conflict, he said, a very great conflict, but not a great war, not war in a scientific sense perhaps at all. This was at least the exact sense of his words.

Utterly unaware who my interlocutor might be, and seeing him unmolested, in fact, apparently neglected by the other guests of the evening, I had regained some confidence, and with patriotic assurance launched into a spirited rebuttal of his statement, staunchly defending the reputations of our Northern generals, who had long been my heroes. He listened with well-bred silence, and at a fitting opening said a few words still con-

firming his opinions. Perhaps I was on the verge of explosion when, in a formal way, he said: "But permit me to introduce myself. I am General Field-Marshal Count von Moltke."

Of course the youth, American or other, who would not have stood planted and rooted there in respectful silence had not been born. Henceforth, until he excused himself and permitted his friends to draw near, the talk was a monologue. In the few further remarks he made about the Civil War, as before, he criticized no one by name, and, I think, praised no one by name, although of this I am not sure. He spoke only of campaigns, specifying, of course from his own point of view, gains and losses and strategic opportunities which were not seized. It is well known that he believed McClellan to have been our one great strategist, because he wrote to that effect a letter which I have since seen, and which I translated for the use of McClellan's biographers. My impression is that he said so then.

"But," said he, "you have produced in America one of the world's very greatest strategists—George Washington." The present writer is profoundly grieved that on his return home he did not set down Von Moltke's very words. Such regrets, however, are vain, but it is in his power to give with some accuracy from memory and from letters the substance of the great general's opinion, which was as follows: "No finer movement was ever executed than the retreat across the Jerseys, the return across the Delaware a first time, and then a second, so as to draw out the enemy in a long, thin line; to skirmish at the Assanpink, create a feeling of assurance, throw the British general off his guard, turn his flank with consummate skill, and finally, with such unequal force, to complete his discomfiture at Princeton and throw him back upon his base. Indeed, Von Moltke thought, Washington's military career was marked throughout by preëminent qualities as a soldier; but the climax of his power was displayed when, with such scanty resources as had been put at his disposal throughout that first campaign, he closed it by leaving a numerous and well-equipped enemy boxed up in New York, and much concerned, at that, for the safety of his precious stores. Great as were Washington's later achievements, and remarkable indeed as was his conduct of the whole war, he never surpassed his early feats of strategy. Of these the affair at Princeton was the climax."

With such emphasis the interview came to an end. The conversation was never renewed, although on different occasions it was my privilege to hear him converse with others about other, though far less important topics. The profound impression left by Von Moltke's earnestness requires no explanation, and it has naturally led on my part to many speculations. One thing, however, is conclusively proved to the writer, that while Washington lived, such men and money as the States put at his disposal would count in the military struggle to the very last limit. What with this fact, and what with the energy displayed by every one of the American communities when the war was on their own soil; what with the extraordinary results of Washington's first campaign and the almost equally startling success of the second as a whole, we are tempted to believe that we could have settled our family quarrel without any intervention whatever, so long as it was a strictly family matter. As such, in spite of all the complications introduced by the French alliance, great numbers of the British then regarded it, as indeed, they do now. But with us the case has been different. Confident in the efficacy of foreign troops, fleets, and subsidies, we hunted our own flesh and blood, the American Tories, into exile, and under continental European influences formed a more or less radical democracy that, in its hostility to England, denied all relationship with the fatherland.

This latter fact has blinded us to many important considerations. Unlike European peoples, we have not the habit of war, and its rancors abide with us so long that we cannot forget or dismiss the sense of personal hostility which in Europe for the most part disappears before the ink is dry on treaties of peace. We have, moreover, at certain crises of national history felt our cause to be in jeopardy through British antipathy, and the spirit of the Revolution was revived by that of the Civil War, until we are scarcely just in our historical estimates.

Our next consideration is that, in view of our military resources and leadership, which were, indeed, remarked at the time by the great minds of the world, we should strive to examine in a spirit of fairness the state of English opinion before French menaces consolidated the nation as a whole to the support of a government which half of it abhorred, but which, as the only government they had, must at all hazards be supported against a foreign foe. The treaty of Versailles was probably the most troublesome treaty ever negotiated, because the British persisted from first to last in the effort to separate French foreigners from American relatives in the treatment accorded to one and the other. Indeed, it is very, very doubtful whether any conclusion at all could have been reached, but for the fact that the British successes over the Bourbon coalition achieved after Yorktown had inclined both parties to concession. As matters turned out, the independence of the United States, as set down in the bond, proved for one of the interested parties most imperfect. It was completed on its economic side only after a second fierce struggle: by its omissions the treaty of Ghent saved the face of Great Britain, but never thereafter was there any attempt at the old exasperating aggressions against which we had protested under arms.

It is only fair, therefore, to conclude from the events of the time that both from self-interest and sympathy British opinion in 1777 was squarely divided, as is now claimed, on the question of the American colonies. The whole nation felt that the total loss of their great transatlantic estate would most seriously impair British prestige; a large majority at least were for conciliation, sympathizing with the American attitude regarding the inherited rights of Englishmen, and some few even with the notion of the inherent rights of man which Americans were already busy in extracting from their religious Puritanism and Calvinism.

As Trevelyan says, the British have never abandoned a just cause from mere exhaustion, much less from weariness; that the action of the Commons in refusing longer to continue the struggle was so generally approved throughout Great Britain would indicate that from first to last many had felt the cause to be neither righteous nor just. Never was the British press more able nor more outspoken, and when Howe fell back on New York, it exhibited at least as much sympathy with the Americans as with their own discomfited general. Washington, Benedict Arnold, and Montgomery were not far from being British national heroes. John Wesley, whose itineracy brought him into the closest contact with the people, was sure, before his political about-face, that the nation was mad against George III and in support of the American cause.

The influence of a hated Scottish nobleman at court and the hateful efficiency of many minor Scottish officials, as well as the successes of Scotchmen in every important activity, commercial, political, and social, had simply infuriated the English, who still regarded them as foreign interlopers. Blindly enough, the masses attributed this to the Government, and as thousands were against the Government in this, they were against it in everything, including the American war. For the first time in nearly a century the great capital was unwarlike, and the four members of Parliament for the city of London were supporters of peace with America at any cost. Beckford, and others of the aldermen, were staunch in their support of the Americans. The persistency with which the corporations of the city repeated their remonstrances to the King was very disconcerting to him. Their trade was ruined, their precincts invaded by aristocratic jobbers and army contractors, the bonds of the consolidated debt were falling, falling; they had already declined nineteen points between 1774 and 1777; they declined another sixteen before the war was over, and rebounded three at the very prospect of settlement. Similar conditions prevailed in other large towns, which, unlike London, had as yet no representation whatever in Parliament.

Probably the most infallible indication of public opinion is in the fact that officers of the highest eminence, social as well as military, refused in considerable numbers to accept service against America, "a feature unique in English history," and, what is very significant, they rather gained than lost in the esteem

of their friends and neighbors. The desertions from the British army in America of those who thought for themselves, and could not fight against a cause they were learning to appreciate and admire, was another portentous fact. As for the navy, there was no heart at all in the service. Never were the hated press-gangs so active in the harbor towns, and never was the fury of those who suffered from the iniquitiy of this violent form of draft into the public service more vigorously expressed.

Wherever men met and talked in Great Britain, there was the widest divergency of opinion about the war, and when heated controversy was calmed, according to English manner, by resort to a wager, there were plenty of takers. Even money was laid for and against American independence and an end to the war before the close of 1779: three to one was laid that Howe would not hold Philadelphia by June, 1777, and so forth. Before the quarrel was envenomed, the writings of the day were fairly balanced on the merits of questions at issue, and even after the climax of bitterness was reached, when Johnson and Wesley were talking and writing in support of the Government, the pamphlets inspired by the crown were written not by them, but by a sort of hirelings, men of doubtful principle who took work where they could get it. London swarmed with Tory exiles from America, and they were left to vegetate in obscurity and poverty. Their loyalty met with no reward in a community which understood well how the war had been precipitated by their biased representations.

It is of course a purely academic debate that discusses the "might-have-beens" of history, and there is no American at this hour who would dispute in the cold light of fact that as our forefathers on both sides of the Atlantic felt and behaved, events were under compulsion to occur as they did. Yet there is value in the consideration of a possibility that, in the light of Washington's strategy and the state of British opinion, American destiny could have been settled without foreign intervention. It is something to add to his merited fame as a statesman some confirmation, however slight, of Washington's military renown. Only lately this has been attacked once more in a so-called "true" view of him. It is something, as well, to dispel the prejudice which has thriven on our national conviction that England never knew aught but the "rule or ruin" policy in her dealings with us. But more important than either of these it is to discredit the theory that national sentiment is infallible and that true leadership has no place in history. Washington's leadership established a definite proposition for us; had similar leadership over the sea focussed the righteous opinion of Great Britain and expressed it in action, both peoples would have been spared a generation of sorrow and travail in their efforts at social and electoral reforms.

Very interesting things come to pass in the way of coincidence. Washington spent nearly three months near Princeton in the autumn of 1783, his residence being at a modest home above the hamlet of Rocky Hill. The house has been rescued from decay, and is piously preserved as a colonial and revolutionary museum. Well it might be. Near the scene of his greatest strategic feat, perhaps while riding about the battle-field itself, he may have conceived the substance of what he embodied in his "Farewell Orders to the Armies of the United States" and dated Rocky Hill, November 2, 1783. If so, Princeton saw the double climax of his civil and military greatness.

Nassau Hall is a historic building indeed. It had been the academy of Witherspoon's boys—Madison, Ellsworth, and the rest of them; Richard Stockton, from his near-by home, had haunted it; and Elias Boudinot, too. All these "high sons of liberty" had kindled revolutionary fires on its hearthstone. And then for a season it had been barracks and cavalry stables, too, until freed again for academic use by the last struggle in the battle of Princeton, which was fought in its halls. Congress, fleeing from Philadelphia before the foolish mutineers marching from Lancaster, had now found a hospitable welcome in the college chapel under its roof. They had brought Washington thither to deliberate on what is certainly the most solemn question which confronts a nation at the close of a war—namely, the dispersion of its armed force. They welcomed him in due

form with the solemnity and dignity befitting such an occasion. The first duly accredited foreign minister, the Dutch envoy, was there received, in recognition of independence not merely asserted, but won and acknowledged. The General-in-chief was a tired wayfarer on the military road; he longed for the quiet waters and pleasant pastures of Mt. Vernon. The sober advice he gave in his "Farewell Orders" exhibits, above all other papers he ever wrote, the soundness and quality of his civic virtue. It is the compendium of a character which had exhibited a colossal grasp of the problems of peace as well as those of war, and which, in erecting a civil superstructure on the foundations laid in war, was yet to expand the principles of his orders into the broadest statesmanship.

A VISION AT SEA

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Only water, smoke, and air,
And the white gull poisèd there;
And the long wake luring me
Down the vistas of the sea,
Like a road still landward leading,
Yet too far, too far to see.

Yet a look—a deeper yearning;
And the pathway, homeward turning,
Meets a road, the homeward road,
Where the swinking ox his load
Labors up the rising land
Where the godly poplars stand;

Past the hedge and linden tall
By the buttressed garden wall
Where the rose is safely kept
And the prying vine hath crept,
Harem beauties fair to see
Tended by the eunuch bee;

Past the ground that death hath hallowed;
Past the field that life hath fallowed;
Down the slope and to the gate
Where Amelia comes to wait—
Waiteth now but does not see
Though she longs to welcome me.

Only water, smoke, and air,
And the white gull poisèd there
(Like a soul in tempest time
Wandered from its native clime),
And the placeless where and whence
Of the banished elements.

THE HEAD-LINER

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "The Doll Lady"

SHE swung south on Clark Street with her head flung high against the bitter lake wind which swept across the frozen city. When she reached Randolph Street—she had emerged from the side entrance of the Sherman House—she glanced triumphantly east at the looming Schiller Building, which had housed her several years before when she was an insignificant "extra" attached to the old Dearborn Theater Stock Company, and more triumphantly at the Olympic Vaudeville House, which stood squarely on its northeast corner. Three years before, when the old stock company was mustered out, and she had been thrown off with no prospects and less money, because of her debts, she had been a member of some head-liner's company there, because she could be hired to work for super's wages, and not because the Calland woman thought she could act. But she could, she could, she could. She stopped midway in the street, to stare victoriously at a bill-board of her house, whose list of teams hers led: "May Fair"—her own name, even though it did not sound real—"May Fair & Company!" Head-liner for holiday week, she, May Fair! That meant much for her and for the town, considering all things, the hard luck, the good luck, the struggles, the first shining victory, and her youth—her youth! And considering that Kate Calland and her company had fourth place on that list—consider it, ye who deny to the gods their mills! Then she laughed gaily and sped along the street. It was all of twelve, and she had to meet her leading juvenile, and beg or bat him into believing that he was not acting when he shouted at the top of his voice. This last week out at the Haymarket had spoiled him for a down-town audience, and he had to be drilled like a "stiff."

But at the stage door she fell on the neck of Tommy, the old "props" man at the defunct Dearborn, and now "props" man here, and she dismissed the second member of her company for a swift luncheon while she dragged Tommy into her dressing-room and set him to work.

"There 's no good reason why I should be unpacking, with an old maid like you round," she said gaily. "I ain't got one yet, but I 'm getting broke to it gently, against the time when I 'm doing the Maxine Elliott stunt in a Clyde Fitch play! Do you get that! Don't ask me where things go. *Put* 'em there, see! Say, Tommy, where 's Ollie Meiers?"

"Dead," said Tommy, laconically, as he bent his weazen body over the Head-liner's trunk, and drew out its various packings, which were necessary for the Head-liner's make-up as *Molly of Mulligan Flats*. "Died o' the measles."

The Head-liner turned from the far wall, where she was pinning up a sheet for a safe background to her *Molly's* wedding-dress. "Good Lord, Tommy!" she cried disgustedly. "Anybody 'd think he was a ten-year old, 'stead of the gay old bird he was. What ailed him, honest?"

"Died o' the measles," repeated Tommy, stubbornly. "It goes harder with fifties than with ten-year olds. They went in on 'im, an' he died. The stage hands they fixed up an eligont harp fer 'im."

"I bet," put in the Head-liner, quickly. "The stage hands is always on time and doing, while the box office is giving the

glad shake to the man that takes the stiff's place. Well, I feel bad. Ollie was a bird at rooting. He could start the peaches. Even got the vaudeville companies' heavy notices in these high-collared city papers that gives all their ''vailable space' to that dub Mansfield and Leslie Carter and Mrs. Fiske and the 'Florodora' show-girls, and 'Everyman,' when they come along. Poor old Ollie! He got me my first city notice—that was during my first engagement, *if* you please, with Kate Calland, right over yonder at the Olympic, three years ago, one week at the Olympic and one week here. It was what fired me, too, if you want to know. She read it the next morning, and it gave her a hunch as to where all those laughs went to that she thought were coming her way straight over the footlights. It was just one little line in a big city paper—you 'd have thought she could let me have that addition to the royal wages she was paying me, would n't you? But they don't mention the supports, *if* you please; it 's against the rules of the game. Oh, I 'm lined right up with the conservatives now, Tommy! I 'm all for preserving the proprieties. It 's 'May Fair & Company,' *if* you please. Jim Elkins and Lurline Levering—say, she 'd have got a longer name if there was one to get, would n't she?—they don't count in the write-up of 'Molly of Mulligan Flats'—no more than I counted, after that one night, in Kate Calland's company. Gee! but that was hard lines, getting fired so quick it made my head ache!"

"You 'd no sense about you, puttin' in all that extry business," Tommy growled deeply. "You deserved to be fired. Reckon I did n't see how cunnin' you did it, right along with her, her in the center, and you up against the back drop, outer her sight, and in full sight of the house, takin' her laughs right out of her mouth, but leaving her the taste in the sight of 'em! You deserved to git fired then—".

"Oh, I did, did I!" the Head-liner flashed out. "Well, suppose I did. I could n't have helped it, Tommy, that night, if I 'd dropped dead after it. It all came to me, all that business—course it queered hers; but I did n't think of that. Who does? What I wanted was the chance. I knew she 'd cut it out; but what I wanted was the one chance to see what I could do, to see if I could do it."

"Oh, you did it all right," agreed Tommy, sourly.

"Yes, I did it all right, every way." The Head-liner nodded reminiscently. "I had just car-fare to New York, and I lit right out, like all of 'em. I 'd suped down yonder at the Dearborn till I had lots of parts in my head, and it occurred to me that Broadway might be just aching for a *Sappho,* or maybe a leading lady in 'Macbeth.' That was what I was aiming for then—some of them red-headed parts, and me five foot one! Me! Look at me, Tommy! *Molly of Mulligan Flats,* after three years, making the hit of the vaudeville circuits in *Molly!* Three ahead of Kate Calland right here this week, *me!* They had all the *Sapphos* they wanted, I found, and Mansfield was n't considering layin' it on *Macduff* that season, his door-boy told me, and there were three other lady *Camilles* in the business, with a holler coming every now and then from Paris that Bernhardt was thinking of running over to say good-by again; and so, on third thought, I went on with Sothern, in 'The Proud Prince,' just as a member of the mob, Tommy, to accommodate my landlady. That gave me five fifty a week, after I took out that rotten half-dollar for the fellow that runs that attachment to the trust for attaching the too blooded wages of extra ladies and gentlemen.

"Well, I 've got some sense now, anyway; it was a good thing I struck out for New York without waiting to be sent for, *and* a pass. I got to study Sothern a whole season quicker than I 'd have had the chance here. That 's something, when you 're looking up a list of things to be thankful for. I thought that up one night when some blooming theater burned down, and his New York engagement was cut five weeks. I 'd sort of thought I 'd live off 'The Proud Prince' for a whole ten of 'em, and it bothered me a good deal to have my plans upset. But I got busy and looked up Kiralfy, and found he was willing to give a lot of girls dancing lessons every day for six weeks, *without* pay on either side, and then turn 'em loose in a cattle car, and take 'em down to Philadelphia for the

holidays, pay to begin with the first performance; but you don't get it till the seventh. That 's where I got *Molly's* fancy *and* high stepping, and so it was n't time wasted, if you look at it that way. There 's various ways of looking at things in this world, and more ways of gazing at things theatrical, and you 're blooming lucky if you 've got an eye that spies the spot where you 're always just a bit ahead, even if it 's only that you 've shifted your weight from the hind to the foremost foot. Yes, it was a good thing that I got fired, otherwise I 'd probably been doing back-stage business with Kate Calland yet."

"She 's here this week," reminded Tommy, furtively.

"You don't say!" the Head-liner remarked. "Ain't you afraid she may get me fired again. She 's down and out now, is n't she—she and Bob Calland together? Well, they 're getting old; what can they look for? And they held the top line for a long time; the new ones have to have a chance. She and Bob lost their grip that season—that sketch I was with 'em in was rotten, and it meant step down—to let somebody else step up. Say, Tommy, do you know what it means—do you, do you? Me, slaving like a dog—put 'em all yonder, except those slippers—here! Those slippers cost money, and they rest on a towel outside of that trunk—slaving like a dog, Tommy, for five fifty a week, and what extra I could make out of the art schools—they liked to paint me. And then, all of a sudden, I make a hit with a little cub dramatic critic who 's got a one-act up his stylish little sleeve, and is dead crazy to get it on for a hearing, anyway. And so he sits out with me one night, and he says, 'See here, Miss Fair, can we come to any agreement about this?' And I says, 'I 'll have to see the sketch first,' just like that, Tommy; honest, just like that. 'It 's got dancing in it,' he says, and, oh, I sort of frowns, and says, 'I can dance, of course, but I want a little head action, too.' Just that icy I said it, and me crazy, for he 'd told me before, and proved it, that he had a pull with a Brooklyn house. And that fixed me with him, for he 's one of these intellectual dubs, Tommy, and to find a girl in Kiralfy's ballet that wanted head action—well, he loved me! Besides, there *was* dancing in the play—watch me this afternoon, Tommy, when I 'm doing the wedding dance—gee, Tommy, watch me! Thank Heavens, Sothern blew out of New York, and left me stranded, and that it was good old Kiralfy and all the art schools that took me and kept me going till we struck Philadelphia, and that he was a Philadelphia kid home for Christmas. Put 'em anywhere, Tommy—I 'm talking to you; oh, but it 's good to get home!

"So I 'considered' the manuscript, and though it was bum at first, we patched it up till we thought it 'u'd do, and hired our company; that is, he hired Jim Elkins and Lurline Levering, all the time me criticizing him something fierce, —every move he made,—till he was that apologetic I could see him feel for his hat within a block of West 49th, and far west at that, where I was hanging out. Land, Tommy, I had to do something to keep my end of the game moving, and without name nor money, what was there left to me but to knock like a—gee! but I knocked that pretty kid, criticized him something fierce! And then we doped the sketch out and into the bunch, and I worked like a dog, Tommy, like a yellow dog. I 'd lay awake nights, thinking it out, trying to decide whether them murderers out in front 'd want my hat on one ear or the back of my head, and whether Jim Elkins was to cut out the yell entire, or yell twice—you know how it goes; but you don't know what it meant to me, Tommy, just to get on, anywhere. I wanted 'legit,'—who don't?—but I 'm five foot one, if you consider what that means, and no musical comedy 's been thrown at my head yet, and I 've got no voice to speak of. Not that a voice matters a red apple *if* the manager has made his plans—you follow me, Tommy? So I took out the yell and put it in, and tried my hat on till I was sick of the sight of it, sideways, front and back, and at last, one afternoon late, we went on at that bum Brooklyn house, with the little cub's friends out in front. He wrote that happy fact on a card, and sent it round to me to cheer me up, when what I wanted was knee- and ankle-braces, my joints having gone to running jelly.

"But we went on, Tommy, we went on, and when Jim let out that yell, I felt it

take before it did, and I jerked another one out of him before the house rose to the first one, and choked a third one back, —the fool, he always lays it on too thick, —say, I 've got to get at him before we go on this afternoon. Those murderers out at the Haymarket all but ruined him last week; they liked his horse play. They liked it, and I let 'em have it, but Jim's got to chew the fact that we 're serving down-town audiences now. Keep an eye out for him, will you, when he gets back from lunch? And Tommy, I was no more than in my dressing-room, rubbing my knees to stiffen 'em, and gibbering like a plumb little fool, before the cub breaks in—without knocking, Tommy, and he says, 'You 're to head-line at Proctor's next week!' Just like that, Tommy, no more sense than to let fly that at me—*that!* 'And our fortune 's made!' he said. *And*—well, it 's making!"

The Head-liner kicked back her chair and rose to a superb height, considering it actually measured only five feet one, and she swept the star's dressing-room with a proprietary eye.

"And here I am," she breathed. "Here —I—am! And three years back I was rubbering in here every time I passed, just aching all over for the chance. I knew it was in me—all I wanted was the chance—to head-line and sit right down here at home. Sure, I 've been in stars' dressing-rooms before, and kicked good and hard at the accommodations, too, but I 'm taking this place here like a dog takes a bone. Plenty to kick on, *if* I was looking for places to land 'em, but I 'm making no kick. For this old town 's home to me, even if I have n't got any kin on earth, let alone here, and can't point back to any special notice it ever took of me. It 's home, I tell you—home. I know people by sight here—all that old Dearborn gang that turned out regular as the weeks came round. And the dramatic critics, right here, I know 'em all. By sight—what 's got into you! No, not yet! But, Tommy, *Molly of Mulligan Flats* is n't the same thing as Maimie Fair, supe; get on to that *quick!* And, I 'm just telling *you,* thanks to the cub, who 's really no bluffer, and has a full-sized play accepted by Frohman out of this, and is as grateful to me, Tommy —and I 've kept him just that way—as if I 'd done it all as a favor to him, mind you. Thanks to the cub, I 've got an appointment with Foster,—*Foster,* I 'm telling you. Do you know, Tommy, how he 'll write me up, the style his paper likes? He 'll bring his artist, and while he talks to me, the artist 'll draw me—that foot, this hand, this hat, over the ear, Tommy. That 's the way I wore it when I made my hit with Proctor's man, and that 's the way I always wear it, on my ear, like this. And to-morrow it 'll be a full-page feature. She draws the crowds, *Molly* does, and when the critics ain't leading, they 're following on a dog trot. And I 'll see him here, right here, in this room, this star's room that I 've moaned about in my sleep. There ain't a room in all the world that means so much to me as this one, Tommy, because I vowed a vow that night, when I was fired, that some day—I put it five years off—I 'd come back to this hard old town, and sit down and make 'em come—*make 'em come,* Tommy, right here, to *me.* And Foster comes this afternoon, with his artist and—"

The Head-liner stopped short. She stared out of her open door at the stage, bare and forlorn, across which a man and a woman were going. She stepped quickly back as the sound of the man's hollow cough smote her ears, and she caught her lip hard as the woman half turned her head, and glanced briefly into the star's dressing-room. The Head-liner caught Tommy's arm.

"It 's Calland & Calland," she said harshly. "He 's—I did n't know—he 's pretty bad, ain't he, with that cough? And she 's—*gee!* but she 's old! Filling in the bill! And they used to—*head-line!*"

The Head-liner stared into her murky mirror, which gave back a reflection of youth and beauty which even its own dinginess could not blight—a reflection which she did not see. For gliding across it, in misty outline, she saw, instead, the long procession of those who had come and gone before her, those who had been triumphant twenty, ten, five years before, and were now small parts of that diminishing, increasing, constantly changing, but constantly descending pilgrimage whose goal was merely the end. These

Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE SAW, INSTEAD, THE LONG PROCESSION OF THOSE WHO HAD COME AND GONE BEFORE HER"

two, Calland & Calland, their descent had just begun. Her brain leaped forward ten, twenty years—however long it was to take this life to age her, however long it was to take the public to grow weary of her, to clamor for something new. She saw herself filling in at last, casting backward glances at the rooms which had once been hers, and going more or less steadily and bravely by them up the stairs, or down them, to other, darker, colder, more breathless places, good enough—

"This is the rottenest house in the country!" she cried fiercely to the staggered Tommy. "One decent dressing-room in it, and the rest stys—stys, I tell you; cold and heathenish, enough to send any man to his grave, and any woman—"

She rushed out across the stage, and caught hold of the woman's arm as she was helping her husband, shaken with his fit of coughing, up the first steps.

"See here," the Head-liner said roughly, "you 're put over yonder. Sure. It 's your room this week. Why, I 'm telling you, that 's who. I 'm—May Fair." She said it shamefacedly. "There 's no back talk about it. Listen to him cough, and I know those rooms 'way up—they 'll give him pneumonia. Don't fuss, for Heaven's sake! Come on; that 's right. Sure. It 's for him. That 's what I say—for him."

She came back, pulling the woman along, the man following, laden with suit-cases.

"Pack up, Tommy," she said briskly. "Throw 'em in any way, and take it upstairs quick. Which room is it—third floor center? Gee! Ain't you got better sense than to—No, n-o-o! When it 's time for you to cut in, I 'll nudge you, sure. Meantime, pack up. This looking-glass 's the limit, Mrs. Calland. I wish you 'd try Garnish's Cough Syrup for Mr. Calland 's—Say, don't! Don't!"

The Head-liner motioned Tommy angrily away, and he went, tottering under an ill-balanced load. She glanced for a second at Calland as he dropped the suit-cases and stood for one quivering moment within the familiar room, and then, as he turned about and disappeared, she let her hand fall on Kate Calland's shaking shoulder.

"Don't!" she said again. "Gee! you break me all up!"

She waited a moment, but, as the woman's sobbings grew more violent, she went over to the opposite wall, unpinned the white sheet which hung there, and flung it over her arm. She picked up her slippers from the dressing-table, and stood for a moment gazing at Kate Calland, undecided, irresolute. Then, without another word, she crept softly away, and closed the door after her. Just outside it she met Calland, and she brushed by him hastily. Over her shoulder she called back to him:

"I 'd go in yonder in ten minutes; but I would n't go any sooner."

She went slowly up the stairs, two flights of them, to the third floor center, which had been her room three years before. She stumbled now and then, for her eyes saw nothing, holding still the vision she had seen in her murky glass below—the weary pilgrimage, after the heights were gained, and the swift descent begun.

"Gee!" she said as she stepped inside the small, cold room. She looked about her, and shivered.

"I could 'a' told you it 's cold," said Tommy, placidly.

She looked at him with anger burning in her bewildered eyes.

"Could you!" she said. "Well, I could 'a' told you it was hell for a consumptive man, and two people at that. Though, I 'm not noticing the cold. You go down and tell that smart stage manager of this change, and if there 's any kick coming, it 's to be made to me direct—you tell him that. Tell me when Jim Elkins gets in from lunch; tell him I want to see him. And when that Foster comes, send him up here. Climbing stairs is good for him. He eats too much; he 's awful fat. And that 's all for you."

UNIFORMS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS (FROM A SKETCH IN THE VON CLOSEN PAPERS)

A FRENCH OFFICER WITH WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU

BY CLARENCE WINTHROP BOWEN

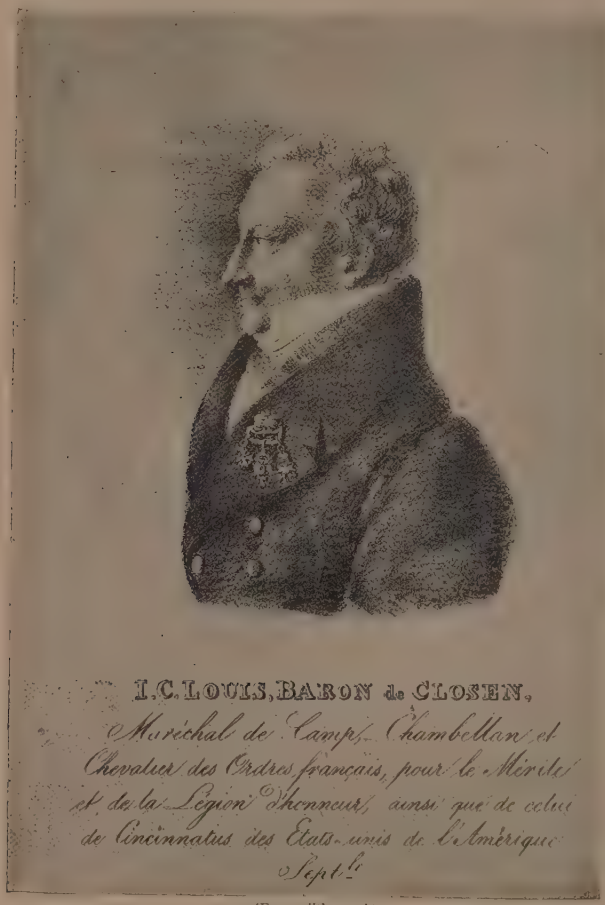
A RECENT discovery in Europe of sketches and papers kept by one of the officers of the French army while in this country during the War for Independence has proved most interesting. The manuscripts were found in the castle of the Von Closen family, in Bavaria, near Munich, and include the journals of Ludwig, Baron von Closen, aide to Count Rochambeau. The portraits and sketches, as well as the many papers which accompany them, are of great historical value. There is a silhouette of Nellie Custis, a crayon drawing by Alexander Hamilton of Martha Washington, and a portrait of Baron von Closen himself. The journal consists of two large volumes of two hundred pages each, closely written in French. These manuscripts and portraits were shown to President Roosevelt, and were returned to the Von Closen family after a transcript of the journal had been made by the Library of Congress.

NELLY CUSTIS

(From a silhouette by Von Closen)

Very little is known of Count Rochambeau's aide, J. C. Lewis, Baron von Closen. General Washington speaks of him several times in his letters. He was born in 1755, and in 1780 was captain of the regiment Royal Deux-Ponts. When the French arrived in Rhode Island, Von Closen was made an aide by Rochambeau. In this capacity he had the opportunity of traveling through the country and of meeting gentlemen of distinction, like John Langdon in New Hampshire, John Hancock in Massachusetts,

Jonathan Trumbull in Connecticut, and Thomas Jefferson in Virginia. With Washington, Lafayette, De Grasse, and the officers of the American and French armies, he also had frequent interviews. He visited General Washington at New-


I.C. LOUIS, BARON de CLOSEN,
Maréchal de Camp, Chambellan et
Chevalier des Ordres français, pour le Mérite
et de la Légion d'Honneur, ainsi que de celui
de Cincinnatus des Etats-unis de l'Amérique
Sept.le

(From a lithograph)

burgh and Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon. In the Yorktown campaign Baron von Closen took letters from Washington to Count de Grasse, which contained intelligence that Admiral Digby had just arrived in New York with a reinforcement of six ships of the line. Von Closen was the only Bavarian, with the exception of a brother of King Maximilian, who received the American Order of the Cincinnati. On returning to Europe, he became quartermaster-general chamberlain, and knight of the French orders for Merit and of the Legion of Honor. In 1811, at the age of fifty-six, he was subprefect of the Rhine and Moselle under General Dumas, Councilor of State, and his fellow aide-de-camp in 1781. Von Closen died in 1830, at the age of seventy-five years.

The portrait of the baron, with General Washington and other officers in the background, represents the so-called "Hat Scene," an incident in the movement of the French and American armies in the neighborhood of Manhattan Island in the summer of 1781. This scene is best described in Von Closen's own words:

(From a painting)

BARON VON CLOSEN RECOVERS HIS HAT AT THE SKIRMISH IN MORRISANIA
(WASHINGTON AND HIS OFFICERS IN THE BACKGROUND)

At daybreak, July 22, the generals, with their staff, forty mounted officers and dragoons, arrived on the hills of Kingsbridge. We rode along Harlem River, which separated us from the island of New York, and finally reached a hill, half a mile to this side of the estate Morrisania, forming the corner of the mainland. Opposite to it, and separated from it only by a stream of water about sixty feet wide, lies the island of Montresor [now Randall's Island]. On the other side of the Harlem River one sees the village of that name. We had scarcely reached the top when we heard plaintive cries from Morrisania. At the same moment we observed two boats with armed men pushing off from the shore and steering toward the island of Montresor, while on shore, quite near to the house, a number of refugees had remained behind. Seeing the latter, and making up our minds to attack them, was the matter of a moment. After asking permission to do so from our generals, who were only fifty steps behind us, we darted off — Vaubann, Dumas, Lauberdière, Berthier, and myself, all aide-de-camps of the General; Captain Mollins and some American dragoons — at full speed to the house. We were soon aware, by the bullets whistling around our ears, that besides the soldiers we had seen from above, there must be more of them hidden in the house itself. Also from the other side of the river, as well as from the island of Montresor, bullets were pouring upon us, and the bass to this military concert was played by a battery near Harlem, of the existence of which we

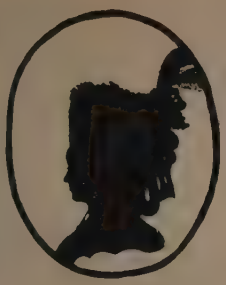
PORTRAIT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR HANCOCK TO BARON VON CLOSEN

had no idea before. The whole affair went off exceedingly well. Berthier killed one man and I wounded another, who had retired behind the house and from there fired another shot at me, but then quickly flung his rifle away. In all there were two men killed and one severely wounded on the enemy's side, of balls for the sake of my hat, and returned some time after to the generals, who had believed me killed. On relating my story, I was laughed at by my comrades for my foolhardiness. The generals even reproached me for my temerity, but General Washington, tapping me on the shoulder, added in his good-

(From a sketch of Martha Washington by Alexander Hamilton)

and besides we made sixteen men prisoners, while we, as if by a wonder, had all got off safely. Dumas's horse was killed under him by a cannon-ball, but he did not himself receive the least injury. Our pursuit of the fleeing soldiers had led us through an orchard; on this occasion my hat had caught itself in the branches of a tree and had fallen to the ground. A false vanity at that moment made me think more of the military derisive proverb, "Ah, il a perdu son chapeau," than of the danger. I therefore alighted in the midst of a shower natured manner: "Dear Baron, this French proverb is not yet known among our army, but your cool behaviour during the danger will be."

Of other portraits in the collection, Von Closen prized the portrait of Washington which was given him by Governor Hancock. On the back of the portrait he wrote: "I received this copy from Mister Hancock, and I 'll never give it out of my hands. Boston, December, 1781."



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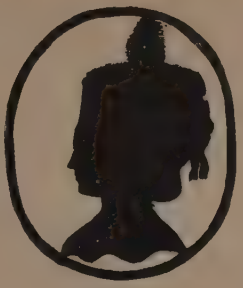

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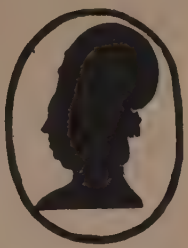
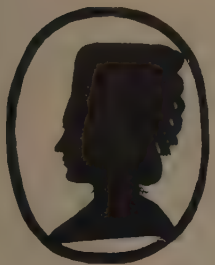


MADAME CARTER



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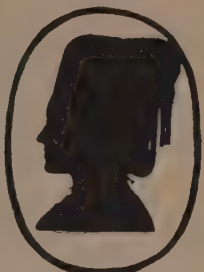
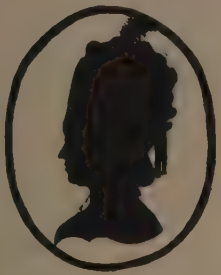
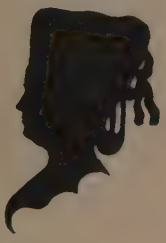
MISS CARY



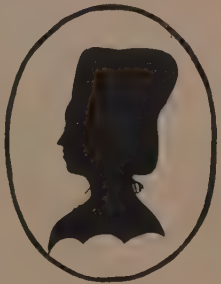
MISS BOWEN AT PROVIDENCE



MADAME NELSON, NÉE CARTER

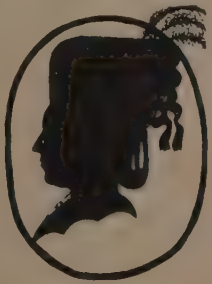


MISS NANCY HARDY AT NEWPORT

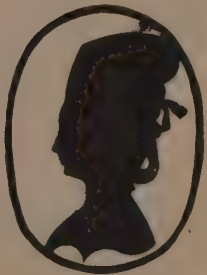


MISS BLAIR

MADEMOISELLE HOLD



MISS LUCY RANDOLPH



MADAME NELSON, NÉE TALIAFERRO

SILHOUETTES OF AMERICAN WOMEN BY COUNT VON CLOSEN

Von Closen also valued most highly the following autograph letter of General Washington:

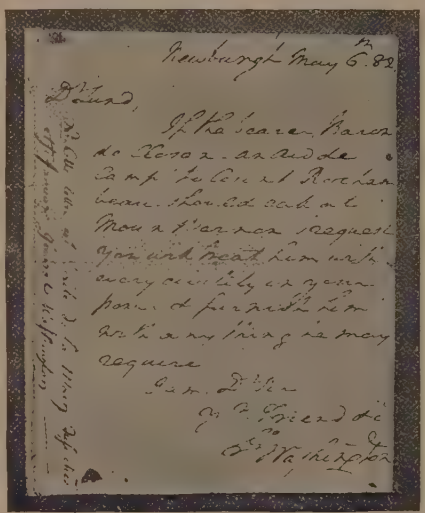
Newburgh, May 6th, '82.

D. LUND: If the bearer Baron de Closen, an aide de camp to Count Rochambeau should call at Mount Vernon, I request you will treat him with every civility in your power and furnish him with anything he may require.

"I am, Dr Sir, Yr friend &c.

Go. Washington.

To this letter Von Closen added these words: "This letter is written by the hand of that dear famous General Washington." On the back of the letter Von Closen wrote: "Having had this letter in my pocket during the entire campaign is the reason why it has been rumpled in this fashion." On the back of the silhouette of Nellie Custis is written: "Mistress Custis, daughter of Mistress Washington, given to me by Colonel Fitzgerald, her and my friend, at Mount Vernon, 1782."



LETTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON INTRODUCING VON CLOSEN

Although Von Closen had a beloved Doris in Germany, who had preserved heart and hand for him during his four years' absence in America, and whom he married in Zweibrücken in 1783, he did not hesitate to admire and to form warm friendships with American ladies. In his journal, opposite the page of the silhouettes which he made of them, are these words:

It is solely for the purpose of preserving, *ad oculos*, the memory of a few pretty persons, more or less kind-hearted and interesting, either because of their good-breeding, education, or talents, and, especially, in order that I may be able to recall the simplicity and oddity of their coiffures [at that period almost uniform throughout the United States] that I have placed their profiles on the opposite sheet. I venture to claim the indulgence of my friends (in the matter of accuracy and resemblance) for these poor *ipse feci*, which often amused me while sketching them beside the living originals at our winter headquarters in New England and Virginia.

No. 1, Madame Nelson *née* Tagliaferro; 2, Madame Carter; 3, Madame Nelson, *née* Carter; 4, Mademoiselle Hold; 5, Miss Cary; 6, Miss Pasture; 7, Miss Blair; 8, Miss Harrison; 9, Miss Lester; 10, Miss Lucy Randolph; 11, Miss Bowen at Providence; 12, Miss Nancy Hardy at Newport.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

When Washington and Rochambeau had arranged to hold a conference in Newport in the spring of 1781, it was Von Closen who was sent to the Hudson River to escort the Commander-in-Chief back to the French forces in Rhode Island. The first day he rode sixty miles to Lebanon, Connecticut, the home of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull. At four the next morning he left Lebanon, reached Colonel Wadsworth's home in Hartford in season for breakfast, and spent the night at Litchfield, riding a distance of seventy-two miles. The next afternoon at one o'clock he was at Washington's headquarters at New Windsor, two hundred miles from Newport. Let me quote from Von Closen's journal:

General Washington, to whom I at once delivered my dispatches, told me, under seal of silence, that he would accompany me the day after to-morrow, March 2, 1781, to Newport. He suggested that I should use the next day to pay a visit to Westpoint, six miles farther down on the left bank of the North River, which I thankfully accepted. I arrived at Westpoint at ten o'clock

in the morning, and was received by General Heath, who was commander there, and whom I had previously met at Newport. After taking dinner, I returned with the captain of General Washington's guards, who had also accompanied me hither, and also Major Lyman, adjutant to General Heath, to New Windsor. Besides the General's staff, I found here General Knox, Chief of the artillery and a well-informed and distinguished gentleman. At the beginning of the war he had been a dealer in books. Mrs. Hamilton, wife of General Washington's favorite adjutant, served tea with much grace. . . .

On the 15th of December, 1781, the Te Deum was sung on account of the taking of York. Congress had ordered festivities in honor of this day all over the country. The garrison moved out to parade, and gave three salutes, followed by "Vive le Roi," and accompanied by a volley from the artillery. Rochambeau invited the most prominent citizens of Williamsburg to a large banquet, which was followed by a ball, to which the ladies were also invited. The fair sex of this city show a partiality for the minuet, and dance it fairly well; undoubtedly better than the ladies of the North, who excel in the schottish. The ladies, without exception, are charmed with our French quadrilles, and also find our French manner after their taste. . . .

I could not help feeling great admiration for the Americans. It is certainly remarkable that troops composed of white and black men of all ages, among them, even boys of fifteen, all half-naked, badly fed, and waiting for their pay, some for months and some for years, could march so well and could stand the fire of the enemy with so much firmness. Still greater admiration, however, was due to their leader, to whom they looked up as to a friend and a father. I discovered from day to day new and brilliant qualities in Washington, and the most striking of which are his immovable calmness and the assurance with which he carries through the most complicated military combinations. Whatever good may at any time be said of Washington, it can never be exaggerated. . . .

In the evening after the banquet (October 19, 1782, the anniversary of the capitulation of York), we took our leave of General Washington and the other American officers of our acquaintance, as our march had been fixed for October 22. The thought of having to separate from the French army, probably forever, visibly affected Washington. He overwhelmed us with marks of kindness and amiability. Our sorrow at parting was not less great. We knew that we were separating from a man who, owing to his noble character, his military talents, and his imperishable service in the cause of his country, enjoyed the veneration of his fellow-citizens and the admiration of all foreign nations, and who, despite his high renown, had sacrificed none of his original simplicity of nature.

One of the manuscripts in the collection contains the orders given by Count Rochambeau before the embarkation of the French army in Rhode Island. A description is given of the entire organization and mode of payment of the corps, which is declared an auxiliary to the American Army. The French soldiers "Shall add black to their cockade, because it [black] is the color of the United States of America." How the army returned in five divisions from Virginia to Boston at the close of the Revolutionary War is described in another document. The number of miles covered by the several divisions is given; the villages, taverns, fords, and bridges on the way are set down, as well as the places where the different divisions halted. Reference may also be made to Galvin, mentioned for his conspicuous bravery in the orders of the day by Lafayette in his report on the affair between Wayne and Cornwallis. Galvin committed suicide in Philadelphia, July 24, 1782. A letter from Galvin, found after his death, addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Livingston, Major Clarkson, and William Bingham began as follows: "Adieu my dear friends. Life has become too heavy a burden."

From the same letter is translated this sentence, which refers to Miss Sally Shippen, one of three daughters of Edward Shippen of Philadelphia, the youngest daughter being well known as Margaret, or Peggy, Shippen, the second wife of General Benedict Arnold: "Give my portrait to Miss Sally Shippen, and tell her that gratitude for her friendship will be one of the last emotions that shall accompany me in death." Galvin's letter ends as follows: "I depart as gayly and almost as eagerly as when our friend General Wayne sent me to attack Lord Cornwallis, and I hope that I may succeed better in outflanking love than I did in outflanking the English army."

Von Closen refers to Galvin in his journal as follows: "I renewed my old acquaintance in Philadelphia, September,

1782, and spent my time there in a very agreeable manner. The ladies talked much of a desolating influence of love on the Frenchman, of which a convincing proof had just been given by a certain Galvin, who after fruitless addresses paid to a coquettish American lady, committed suicide. Such characters of a Werther may also be found among the French, though in general this nation knows well how to indulge in love without perishing by it."

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer."—*Deut. xiii. 1.*

I HAVE left a basket of dates
In the cool, dark room that is under the vine,
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates,
And a flask of the amber wine,
And cakes most cunningly beaten
Of savory herbs and spice and the delicate wheaten
Flour that is best,
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

This morning he cried, "Awake,
And see what the wonderful grace of the Lord hath revealed!"
And we ran for his sake,
But 't was only the dawn outspread o'er our father's field,
And the house of the potter white in the valley below.
But his hands were upraised to the east and he cried to us, "So
Ye may ponder and read
The strength and the beauty of God outrolled in a fiery screed."

Then the little brown mother smiled,
As one does on the words of a well-loved child.
And "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been watered and fed?
For work is to do, though the skies be never so red,
And already the first sweet hours of the day are spent."
And he sighed, and went.

Will he come from the byre,
With his head all misty with dreams and his eyes on fire,
Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?
I will give him raisins instead of dates,
And wreathe young leaves on the little red plates.
I will put on my new head-tyre,
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.
Will he note? Will he mind?
Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be kind?

A FAIRY GODFATHER

BY WILMATTE PORTER COCKERELL

SURE, they 're the best ever," the Boy cried ecstatically. "Do you know which is n't Bumpy?" he asked of the President's wife. She regarded the two toads very carefully, as they sat blinking on the doorstep, taking their evening meal, both wide-eyed, wide-bodied, and serene.

"No one could tell," she declared emphatically.

"Why, they 're as different as ever."

The President's wife put on her eyeglasses. "Has Bumpy forty bumps and the other one only thirty-nine?" she asked tentatively.

"No," and the Boy chuckled with glee; "it 's the winkin'. Do watch their different wink." The Professor's Boy dearly loved a joke.

"You must n't make game of your elders," the President's wife answered. When things came to this pass in the house, she immediately covered the Boy over with pillows, from which he wriggled with great shouts. Now she rolled him over and over in the soft grass until her breath was gone, when she came back, panting, to sit by mother.

The Boy took another roll or two on his own account, and then wriggled along to the foot of the apple-tree, and there, oh, joy to see! was a glowing spot of clearest yellow fire. The Boy held his breath, as he peered closer, until he could almost make out the outline of a great, fat glow-beetle.

"It makes a fire for the other beetle to see, so it 'll come," he said to himself softly, repeating the lesson that Dr. Daniels had given him. But then, having satisfied himself that he remembered the science of it, he allowed his mind to wander away into the poetry, always so dear to little people's hearts.

"It 's a fairy's lantern, and if I watch close, I 'll see her come for it." He wondered if she 'd be dressed in pink or blue; and of course she 'd have diamonds in her hair, and golden shoes, and—

There was a whirr of wings near him—tiny, hard wings above long, silky fliers. The daylight, caterpillar-collecting Boy knew that beetles always make just that sound when they fly; but the Boy of that dim evening-time with the light of that wonderful lantern in his eyes, heard the fairy queen coming, and held his breath for very joy.

From the porch steps came the words of a very earnest conversation:

"There actually is n't money enough to keep the new building warm," the President's wife was saying sadly. "The college was never in such straits. There 's no money for apparatus for the new laboratories, and yet there are more students than ever before. It will break my heart to see any of them sent away; but the faculty report insists upon that, if more money is n't found at once. Our only salvation is a fairy godmother," she added whimsically.

The Boy heard enough to be much troubled about the whole thing. He knew what it meant to be short of apparatus, for had n't he had five caterpillars too many for his cages that very July? Later in the evening he wrote in his diary:

"Ime going to hunt it for her. dr. daniels will tell me whear to looke. I saw a faree tonight but it wasnte the species. The godmother kind are more fine. Maybee itell take all Saturday, I donte kare if Ime suxxezzesfull."

He felt very pleased over the last word. To be sure, he 'd had to run down to Ellen three times to be told how to spell it; but, as he told himself, it looked "stinguished" when it was there.

Dr. Daniels was busy over the proof of a paper on the classification and phylogeny of Rhopalocera, when the Boy shyly opened his office door.

"Well, Carroll, what 's the trouble?" he asked at sight of the serious little face. "Another caterpillar that won't eat?" He pushed aside his papers. The very sight of the Boy, standing with toes turned in and reverent eyes fixed on his master, always stirred and lifted him. Perhaps it interfered a little with a complete understanding of the phylogeny of Rhopalocera, but there was something about the destiny of the human species that he got from this young mortal that did him good.

"Sit down, do," he said hospitably, and motioned toward his swinging office chair.

The Boy sat down. There was nothing he liked more than that office chair, for to sit in it gave him a rapturous feeling of importance, and at the same time a great fear clutched at his heart that at any minute he might be tilted back into endless space. He had heard about ENDLESS SPACE from the Professor of philosophy, and it was frightening even to think of; but to be there—whew!

After a minute's enjoyment of the chair he began:

"The college wants a fairy godmother."

"Yes; one with a million dollars," Dr. Daniels said, looking puzzled.

"And you know everything, and I knew you 'd tell me where to find one," the Boy continued. Dr. Daniels smiled. He knew how well the Boy loved a joke, and so he took down an immense volume off its shelf.

"Is it all about fairy godmothers?" the Boy asked.

"Every word," the man answered. "And this, I take it, is what you want," and he held the big book a bit nearer the light and read:

"Fairy godmothers are exceedingly rare at this altitude. They may occasionally be found in thick timber. The collector should be very quiet, as they take flight when disturbed, and are rarely captured on the wing."

"Do they have wings, too?" the Boy asked breathlessly. "I knew the queens did; but that kind, I thought maybe they did n't."

"Oh, yes," Dr. Daniels explained; "the satin wings distinguish all the family of fairies from goblins, gnomes, elfs, and others with which they are likely to be confused. I explained to you what was meant by a family, did n't I?" The Boy nodded. This was even better than he had hoped.

"I don't suppose there 's any pictures," he asked. Dr. Daniels shook his head. "Well, I must hurry," and the Boy gave himself one more chance at Endless Space. "I 'm so 'bliged. I do hope I 'll find one." And the small, thick shoes made a stump-stump on the stairs.

Dr. Daniels turned back to his proof, but the thought of the Boy's serious face troubled him a bit. It must be a joke, he thought; "the President put him up to it, I 'll be bound. He 's such a wise little codger that he could n't be fooled like ordinary children." The good Professor was later to learn that he knew a great deal more about Rhopalocera than he did about children.

The Boy hurried along, his mind full of the task he 'd set himself. Far up on the Flat-irons there gleamed a patch of richest orange, circled about with dark, splendid green. "That 's a peach of a place!" he said to himself, for he was born with an instinct for the loveliness of the hills. "She 'd be sure to fly right there if she were anywhere around." So he climbed up and up, and at last rested in the shade of a great lichen-covered rock, and looked up through the quivering brightness of the aspen leaves. A fuzzy-tailed chipmunk's bright, bead-like eyes shone out from a crevice in the rock. A bright-headed woodpecker worked on a tree just above his head, uttering every few minutes its sharp though melodious cry. "You 'd better be still, bird," the Boy said half-impatiently; "you 'll scare her."

There was a high mountain stream, with its insistent music, just at the border of the golden circle. She might sit on the bank and let her feet hang over, if it were only summer, he thought. "Anyway, she might like to see the fish and live things." He crawled along through the golden leaves until he was right at the water's-edge, and there by a

tree, peering down into a pool, sure enough—he rubbed his eyes to make sure that it was n't. It was only a man!

The Boy looked again. Surely this small man, with the short, close-cut, gray beard and the keen, searching eyes, was different. He might have come right out of the heart of the mountains. The Boy did n't put it so, of course, but he felt an interest and a wonder, and he sat up and threw stones in the stream.

As a matter of fact the man had come up from the hotel, where he was spending a few weeks. His family and servants had made a stir in the little town when they arrived, but he 'd kept his name from the public for reasons of his own: college towns were always needing libraries and athletic fields. He 'd really had it in his mind to help toward an endowment fund for this special college, but he did n't want to be hurried.

The keen-eyed man looked pleasantly at the Boy.

"Howdy," said the Boy.

"Hello," said the man.

"Are you looking for something 'tic'-lar?" the Boy asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, "What do you collect?"

"Collect?" the man was puzzled for a minute. "Why, yes, I collect money. What do you collect?"

"I collect caterpillars in the summer, but I 'm looking for a fairy godmother just now." The gray-bearded man knew more about children than Dr. Daniels; he had a little daughter of his own, so he was n't in the least surprised.

"You want to have a pumpkin turned into a carriage or one of these chipmunks into a pony, I suppose."

"No," the Boy answered; "that would be fine, and she could make this beetle into an elephant, could n't she?"

"You 'd like to have a little elephant in your back yard?" The Boy drew a quick breath.

"I 'm hunting her for the college. The college wants her awful."

"What 's the trouble with the college?" the man asked.

"Why, you see," the Boy went on hurriedly, "there is n't money to keep 'em warm, and they need perradishes—that 's machines to study with."

"Was it your father who told you about this? Does he need these machines?"

"Oh, no; my father teaches Latin. Did n't you know they don't need any machines to teach Latin. He just puts it in their throats, and it makes funny sounds when it comes out. I 've heard 'em."

"You like the college, too, I suppose," the man asked. "What is it for?"

"Oh, don't you know?" the Boy asked eagerly. "It 's to keep 'em from growing up ignorant."

"Yes," the man said; "that would be bad."

"Well," the Boy confided,—this was such a friendly person, one could tell him things that one could n't tell even mother or any one who owned the college,—"I don't like 'rithmetic not a little bit. Sometimes I 've thought it would be jolly fine to grow up ignorant. But lots of folks don't think like that; but they 'll be sent home 'cause they 're too many, and they 'll grow up ignorant. In the college are lovely pictures, and Dr. Daniels teaches there, and the President's wife loves them all. It 's a blessed college," the Boy added fervently.

The man blew his nose hard. "What a wonderful little codger!" he said to himself. "Such a mixture of poetry and wisdom! I thought only little girls were like that."

"Suppose," the man said, "you did n't find the fairy godmother,—it 's a little late in the season for them, I think,—and suppose some person would give money to the college?"

The Boy was on his feet, looking keenly into the man's face.

"Oh, do you know any one who has money to give away?" the Boy cried.

"Why, yes; you know I told you I collected money, and sometimes I give a little to colleges and libraries."

"Oh, you 're the best ever," the Boy declared. "It 's duplicates, I suppose; every one gives away duplicates."

"Yes," the man answered, with a smile, "it 's duplicates."

In some way the Boy was never so tired as he was that night getting ready for bed. The sturdy shoes almost refused to come off, and the tears would

come. If Mother would only come and rock him a bit; but Mother was helping Ellen with the dinner,—there was to be every sort of company,—and he was that lonesome and hurtin'. He was just pulling on his nightgown when the President's wife softly opened the door.

"Mother," said a weak, little voice that tried hard to be stout and steady—"Mother 'd want you to go to her room for to take your hat off."

"I came early so I could see you," the sweet voice answered. "I want to do something nice for you, Carroll."

"You won't rock me. Of course you won't rock such a big boy as me."

The President's wife had him cuddled in her arms, all up against the softest, silkiest breast. It was so nice, the Boy wished his eyes would n't shut in that foolish way. He was n't the least sleepy. How lovely her eyes looked! "Why," said the Boy, drowsily, "I thought eyes that shine that look belonged to mothers —not the godmother kind, but real mothers. Oh," as the love of her seemed to be wrapping and resting him, "you 're it: you 're the love-mother to us all—to the dear—college."

In the Professor's office the President was holding out a letter with a hand that trembled a little. He was looking straight ahead with eyes that did n't see very clearly, for the college was everything to him. Had n't he toiled and begged and starved, intellectually at least, that the college might be fed? And just when things looked darkest, to receive such a letter! Well, you would n't have wondered at the tears if you 'd been there, as I was. The letter said:

"I met a young friend of yours this afternoon, who told me a sad tale of the needs of your college. He 's young for a financial agent, but he did his work thoroughly. The enclosed check is for coal and 'machines to keep 'em from growing up ignorant.' My secretary will see you any time to-morrow to talk over with you plans for increasing your endowment fund."

THE GULF STREAM

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

SKILLED mariner, and counted sane, and wise,
That was a curious thing which chanced to me,
So good a sailor, on so fair a sea.
With favoring winds, and blue, unshadowed skies,
Led by the faithful beacon of Love's Eyes
Past reef and shoal, my life-boat bounded free,
And fearless of all dangers which might be
Under calm waves where many a sunk rock lies.

A golden dawn; yet suddenly my bark
Strained at the sails, as in a cyclone's blast,
And battled with an unseen current's force.
For we had entered, when the night was dark,
That old tempestuous Gulf Stream of the Past.
. . . . . .
But for Love's Eyes, I had not kept the course.

Color drawing by Charles D. Hubbard

THE VALENTINE

ALBI CATHEDRAL, FROM THE WEST, AND BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER TARN

THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINTE CÉCILE, AT ALBI

(FRENCH CATHEDRALS)

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

IF in the Cathedral of St. Etienne at Toulouse I saw how fantastic Gothic in the South was at times, the Cathedral of Ste. Cécile at Albi was soon to show me how independent it became at others —so independent that I do not know what the builders of the great Northern churches, who trusted to exuberance of detail for half their effect, would have said to the stern, red fortress of a cathedral on the hill above the Tarn. They could hardly have believed it the outgrowth of the style they created, looking in vain, as they must, for the labyrinthine buttresses, the forest of pinnacles, the luxuriance of ornament, that are the glory of the churches they built on the banks of the Seine and the Somme, the Eure and the Cher. The Gothic of the South, when it is a mere re-echo, as at Clermont, suffers from comparison with these masterpieces; but when it is independent with the character of Albi, it cannot be compared with anything save itself. Even if it could, I should still count my first vision of Ste. Cécile's

huge mountain of brick as one of the most acute of the many pleasures I have had from the cathedrals of France.

To my regret, I did not come to it first by road, the real way to see cathedrals, but by the leisurely train that crawls through the garden of fruit and vines between Toulouse and Albi. Perhaps because I sat on the wrong side of the train, I had to wait for that first vision until I was driving from the station. Nothing could be less associated with a vision of any kind than a hotel omnibus. But I use the word advisedly, for the solemn red pile, with its austere outline, as it first showed itself through the window, to disappear only too quickly, was so unlike anything I had ever seen that I could not believe it in the least real. And the same evening when, from across the river, I had another view of it, stretching its immense length high above the hillside of houses, I found it, in the unfamiliarity of its silhouette against the twilight sky, more unreal than ever.

It was only the next morning that I understood why it is as different from other cathedrals, as Albi's old quarter of narrow streets, winding between high brick houses with overhanging roofs, and loggias, and women making lace in the dark, shadowy doorways, is from the newer quarter of broad boulevards that are so out of place under the blinding sun of the *Midi*. Albi is small, but it has the ambition of every French town to make a little Paris of itself, though not as yet, I am glad to say, the means to sweep away the old houses climbing the hill from the river and huddled together about the cathedral and the bishop's palace. An Italian town, you might think, as you walk through the little maze of streets, cool and dark, as Southern streets should be, and you pass the ancient houses in every stage of dilapidation, some timbered, some with Renaissance doors and windows, and you stop to look at the church of St. Salvi, its age chronicled in the patchwork of stone and brick of its walls, and its fate revealed in the warren for the poor made of the old abbey cloisters, until at last you reach the quiet *place,* from which the cathedral frowns down upon all the town, both new and old.

There was no suggestion of unreality about those massive red walls as I stood directly below them in the blazing light of the June morning,—how could any one who has seen Albi think St. Sernin at Toulouse the finest building in the world?—but there was still the unfamiliarity; for, as I quickly discovered, the cathedral is without aisles, without transepts, without chapels, without a west front, blossoming unrestrainedly toward the sky. There is nothing to break its enormous length and height save a series of severe turret-like buttresses, a few ending in pinnacles; a row of long gargoyles projecting from under the eaves; the tall west tower, as grim as a castle keep; and, to the southern door, the most elaborate porch that Gothic in its most flamboyant flight ever inspired. The hill upon which the cathedral stands slopes downward from the tower, and, in sloping, leaves the level of the cathedral far above it, so that some fifty steps built against the red wall mount to this porch. As you look up to it from the door at the foot of the steps, and you see nothing through the high, open arch but the blue sky, you might fancy it the gate into space, into eternity. And the grace, the delicacy of its detail is as unexpected a flowering from Ste. Cécile's grim heights as a rose-garden would be on the top of Mount Blanc.

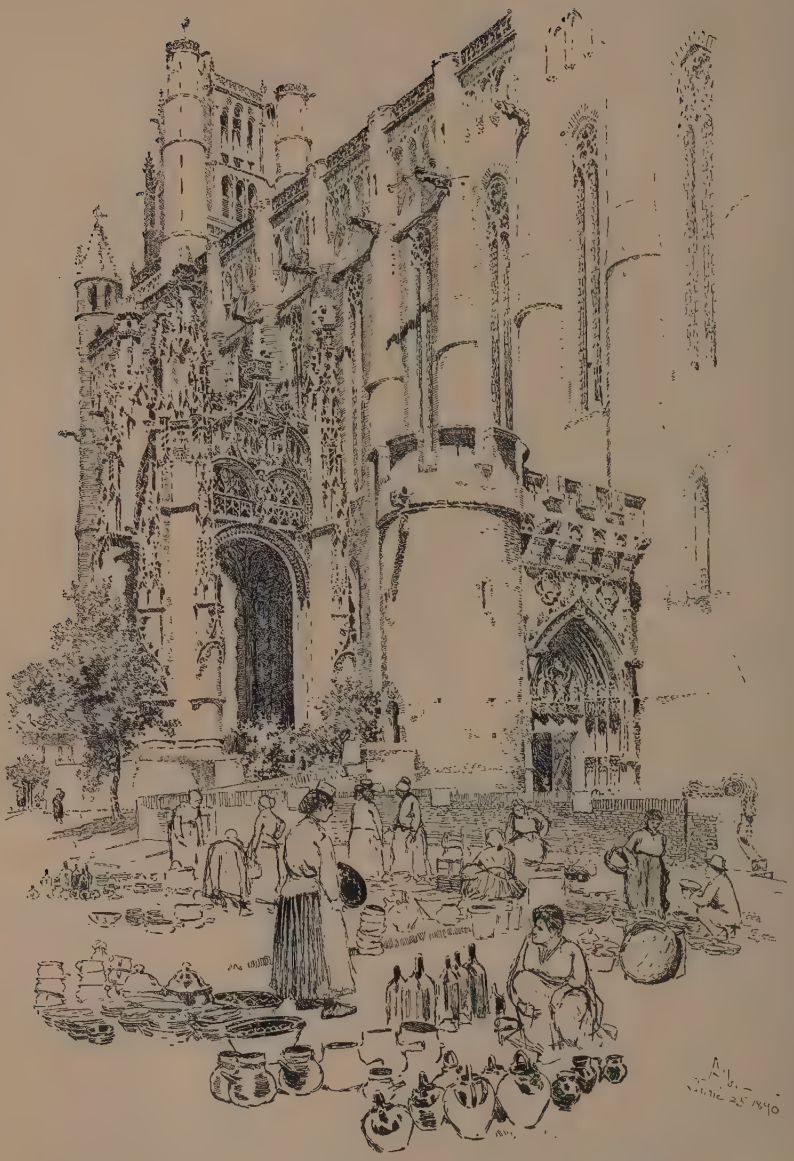
I know it has been restored. The story told at Albi is that, at the time of the Revolution, it was sold to a man of the town for a hundred francs, and the broken pieces then left lying, uncared for, in his back garden until the people, after their debauch of Freedom, began to pray again, when he gave it back to the cathedral, and it was rebuilt as well as possible. But even in rebuilding and restoration it has not lost its stateliness of design and gorgeousness of ornament.

The choir-screen is the flamboyant touch to an interior that was as stern in its structural lines as the exterior, and that was as unfamiliar the first time I entered from under the canopy of the porch. I missed the usual aisles and transepts which the builders in this part of the Midi were glad to dispense with, and so avoid the expense of stone, and the difficulty of brick columns. It took me a long time to understand buttresses that perform the

original feat of projecting inward. Of only one fact I was sure—that I had never imagined architectural decoration as amazingly, as incredibly beautiful as

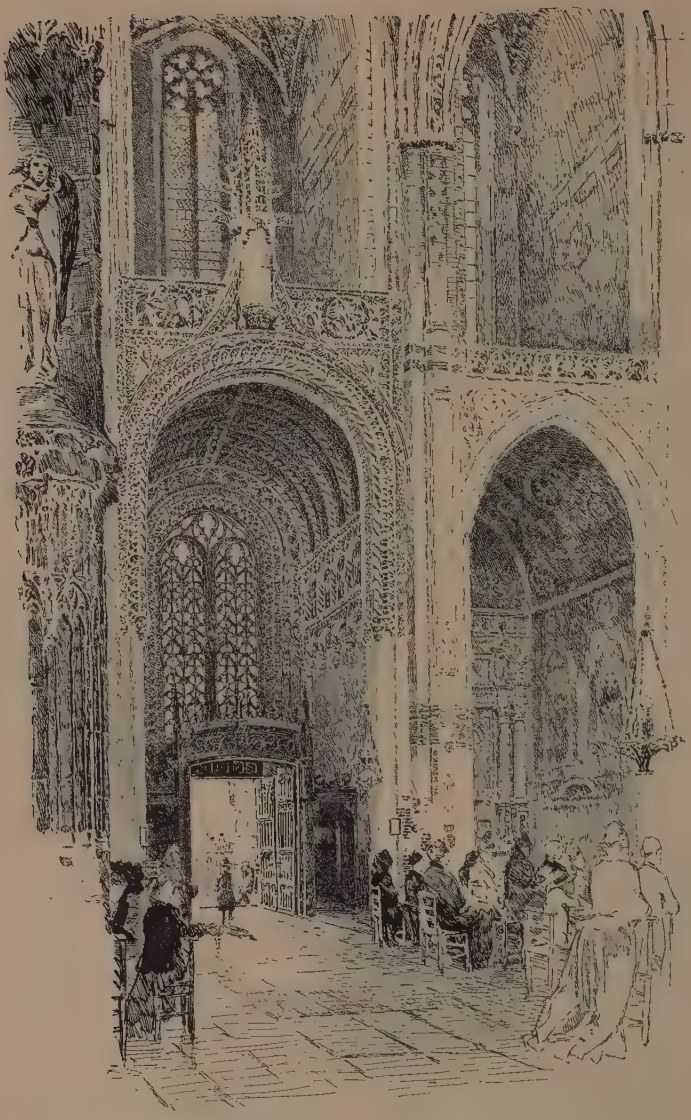
THE CHOIR OR EAST END OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL

the screen shutting in the choir. "The most perfect Gothic screen in France," Mr. Russell Sturgis pronounces it, and he does not exaggerate. But to say so with him, to add emphasis by explaining that this means it is more near perfection than the screens of Chartres and Amiens, gives no idea of the wonder of it, of the bewildering richness of its carvings and traceries, its multitudinous pinnacles, its canopied niches, its array of statues—Christ and His Mother, Saints and Angels. The statues are tinted, as the sculptors of near Auvergne loved to tint their work; but, for all that, to look at them is to



THE PORCH ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL

THE STEPS TO THE SOUTH PORCH OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL



THE ENTRANCE FROM THE SOUTH PORCH OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL

know that no Frenchman ever modeled and carved and painted them. They are German—German in sentiment and execution, German in their very excess of realism. The young women are the same plain, buxom housewives you see as Blessed Virgins in the Holy Families of the German painter; the old women, the same amiable matrons, worn and wrinkled not by prayer and fasting, but by the honest toil of their hands, who posed for St. Anne; the men, the same sturdy, honest, heavy laborers and tradesmen who were the models for St. Joseph. You do not need to see any records to be sure of the nationality of the sculptors, and, for my part, I would not believe the record I did see that pretended to prove them anything save German.

And why should they not have been

German? If Dürer traveled here, there, and everywhere to sell his prints, if Holbein set up a studio in London, why should not the German sculptor—or the German student on his *wanderjahr* have journeyed to more improbable places than Albi in search of commissions, and perhaps got stranded there? Besides, Albi had no objection to employing the foreigner. The blue, star-strewn ceiling of the cathedral was painted by Italians; so, I believe, were the dreadful sham columns and cornices and balustrades, in dingy browns and grays, that divided the buttresses into sham stories, when all you want to see is the grandeur of their unbroken line from the floor to the springing of the vaults: so, certainly, was the Last Judgment on those two huge pillars at the west end, as certainly as the Last Judgment in the Campo Santo at Pisa, though, happily no Morellian has yet descended upon Albi to present it to the friend of anybody by way of proving its authorship. The bishop who undertook to make a chapel that nobody wanted under the tower, and the organ, so irresistibly delightful in its rococo extravagance, erected between the pillars, have played havoc with the design, and the gaudy parish altar now set up in front breaks

THE CHOIR-SCREEN OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

END OF THE NAVE TOWARD THE MAIN, OR WEST, FRONT OF THE ALBI CATHEDRAL

in upon the somber color scheme. But, all the same, this Last Judgment, painted by Italians, is even now one of the most marvelous of all the marvelous things in the cathedral, only out-marveled by the screen with its German sculptures. I could never stay very long from the choir that the screen encloses; but the hour I felt its beauty most was when the key was turned in the wrought-iron gates, and the few venerable canons, survivors of the once powerful chapter, tottered into the stalls and sat chanting office there in their weak, old, quavering

voices, with the legion of saints and angels all about them.

To "a great rose flamingo soaring up into the blue of the sky," a local historian has likened the cathedral. He is right upon one point. All Albi, as you see it from the river, is rose-flushed. But you might as well compare the Bastille or Newgate Prison to a flamingo or anything that soars. Albi has none of the grace and lightness of the Gothic cathedral of the North. Had Ruskin seen it before he wrote his chapter on the "Lamp of Power," he might have taken it as the type of the strong old architecture that rose "out of the war of the *piazza* and above the fury of the populace."

It is by its suggestion of power that it impresses, and you do not need Mérimée to tell you it resembles a fortress. A church for defence, you would say, from every point of view, but, above all, when you look to its north wall, the grimness here unsoftened by any flamboyant touch, and, close by, the bishop's palace, another brick citadel, tall and grim and bare. Having brought with me to Albi, for all knowledge of the place, vague memories of the Albigenses, of the long struggle, bitter and cruel, as only wars in the name of religion ever are, I fancied that the cathedral had been built for the protection of the faithful against the heretic. I had to give up that theory with the first dip into the guide-book. The cathedral was not begun until the end of the thirteenth century, when the wars of the Albigenses were so well over that the price of lands forfeited by the heretics helped to pay for it. But the spirit of the men who had professed their faith on the battle-field must have passed into the builders, or it may be that Albi, having gone through with so much for religion, thought it wise to be prepared for anything it might have to go through again. As it turned out, it had to go through with very little, except the Revolution, and to-day the cathedral holds itself, or is held, wholly apart from the affairs of the town, which, anyway, would be of the most comfortable tranquillity were it not for the daily raid of commercial travelers and the endless strikes in the glassworks.

Before I left Albi, I had explored the town until the cathedral in its every effect was, I hope, familiar to me. I had wandered through the old, narrow streets and along the river bank. I had crossed the bridges over the Tarn, for it is all bridges. I had mounted the winding stairs to the library of the bishop's palace, where there are many rare manuscripts and *incunabula,* and looked from its high, circular balcony down into the bishop's garden, a space of fruit and flowers and sunshine between the grim red citadel and the river, and beyond to the placid stream, with the houses dipping into its waters, and, far away and dim on the horizon, the hills, with the faint smoke from the mines hovering above. Save for the growing town on the opposite banks and the curling smoke on the horizon, it is the same picture upon which Dominic of Florence and Louis of Amboise, each in his day, gazed as they sauntered along the high, terraced walks of their garden, perhaps planning with their architect the porch and the screen that were to grace the cathedral and make their names ever memorable in the chronicles of Albi. But wander where and as I might, the cathedral was never more imposing than as I saw it from the other side of the bridge that is the continuation of the main street of Albi.

DETAIL FROM THE CHOIR-SCREEN, EXECUTED BY TRAVELING GERMANS

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BETTY!' SHE CRIED OUT. 'NO! NO! NO!'"

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

IX

LADY JANE GREY

IT seemed absurd after a shock so awful, and a panic wild enough to cause people to expose their very souls—for there were of course endless anecdotes to be related afterward, illustrative of grotesque terror, cowardice, and utter abandonment of all shadows of convention—that all should end in an anticlimax of the slightest danger which in a day or two might be joked about. Even the tramp steamer had not been seriously injured, though its injuries were likely to be less easy of repair than those of the *Meridiana*.

"I was very rude to Louise when I found her wringing her hands over you, and I was rude to Blanche," Bettina said to Mrs. Worthington. "In fact, I believe I was rude to a number of people that night. I am rather ashamed."

"You called me a donkey," said Blanche, "but it was the best thing you could have done. You frightened me into putting on my shoes instead of trying to comb my hair with them. It was startling to see you march into the stateroom, the only person who had not been turned into a gibbering idiot. I know I was gibbering, and I know Marie was."

"We both gibbered at the red-haired man when he came in," said Marie. "We clutched at him and gibbered together. Where is the red-haired man, Betty? I 've not seen him since that moment."

"He is in the second cabin, I suppose," Bettina answered; "but I have not seen him either."

"We ought to get up a testimonial and give it to him because he did not gibber," said Blanche. "He was as rude and as sensible as you were, Betty."

Salter had reasons of his own for preferring to remain unseen. The fact was that the nearer his approach to his native shores, the nastier, he was perfectly aware, his temper became, and he did not wish to expose himself to any incident which might cause him stupidly and obviously to lose it.

The maid Louise, however, recognized him among her companions in the third-class carriage in which she traveled to Euston Station. To her mind, whose opinions were regulated by neatly arranged standards, he looked morose and shabbily dressed. Some of the other second-cabin passengers had made themselves quite smart in various ways. He had not changed his dress at all and the large valise upon the luggage rack was worn and battered as if with long and rough usage. The woman wondered a little if he would address her and inquire after the health of her mistress. But being an astute creature, she wondered this only for an instant; the next she realized that for one reason or another it was clear that he was not of the tribe of second-rate persons who pursue an accidental acquaintance with their superiors in fortune through sociable interchange with their footmen or maids.

When the train slackened its speed at the platform of the station, he got up, and throwing down his valise and leaving the carriage, strode to the nearest hansom cab, waving the porter aside.

"Charing Cross," he called out to the driver, jumped in, and was rattled away.

DURING the years which had passed since Rosalie Vanderpoel first came to London

as Lady Anstruthers, numbers of huge, luxurious hotels had grown up, principally, as it seemed, that Americans might swarm into them and live at an expense which reminded them of their native land. Such establishments would never have been built for English people, whose habit it is merely to "stop" at hotels, not to live in them. The tendency of the American is to "live" in his hotel, even though his intention may be to remain in it only two days. He is accustomed to doing himself extremely well in proportion to his resources, whether they be great or small, and the comforts, as also the luxuries, he allows himself and his domestic appendages are in a proportion much higher in its relation to these resources than it would be were he English, French, German, or Italian. As a consequence, he expects, when he goes forth, whether holiday-making or on business, that his hostelry shall surround him either with holiday luxuries and gaiety or with such lavishness of comfort as shall alleviate the wear and tear of business cares and fatigues. The rich man demands something almost as good as he has left at home, the man of moderate means something much better. Certain persons given to regarding public wants and desires as foundations for the fortune of business schemes having discovered this, the enormous and sumptuous hotel evolved itself from their astute knowledge of common facts.

The Worthingtons took possession of such a suite in such a hotel. Bettina Vanderpoel's apartments faced the Embankment. From her windows she could look out at the broad, splendid, muddy Thames, slowly rolling in its grave, stately way beneath its bridges, bearing with it heavy, lumbering barges, excited, tooting little penny steamers, and craft of various shapes and sizes, the errand or burden of each a different story.

It had been to Bettina one of her pleasures of the finest epicurean flavor to reflect that she had never had any brief and superficial knowledge of England, as she had never been to the country at all in those earlier years when her knowledge of places must necessarily have been always the incomplete one of either a school-girl traveler or a school-girl resident, whose views were limited by the walls of restriction built around her.

If relations of the usual ease and friendliness had existed between Lady Anstruthers and her family, Bettina would doubtless have known her sister's adopted country well. It would have been a thing so natural as to be almost inevitable that she should have crossed the channel to spend her holidays at Stornham. As matters had stood, however, the child herself, in the days when she had been a child, had had most definite private views on the subject of visits to England. She had made up her young mind absolutely that she would not, if it were decently possible to avoid it, set her foot upon English soil until she was old enough and strong enough to carry out, what had been, at first, her passionately romantic plans for discovering and facing the truth of the reason for the apparent change in Rosy. When she went to England she would go to Rosy. As she grew older, having in the course of education and travel seen most Continental countries, she liked to think that she had saved, put aside for less hasty consumption and more delicate appreciation of flavors, as it were, the country she was aware she cared for most.

"It is England we love, we Americans," she had said to her father. "What could be more natural? We—most of us—belong to it; it belongs to us. I could never be convinced that the old tie of blood does not count. All nationalities have come to us since we became a nation, but the most American of us came from England. We trifle with France, and labor with Germany, we sentimentalize over Italy, and ecstasize over Spain; but England we love. How it moves us when we go to it, how we gush if we are simple and effusive, how we are stirred imaginatively if we are of the perceptive class! I have heard the commonest, little, half-educated woman say the prettiest, clumsy emotional things about what she has seen there. A New England school-teacher who has made a Cook's tour will almost have tears in her voice as she wanders on with her commonplaces about hawthorn hedges, and thatched cottages, and white or red farms. Why are not such people unconsciously pathetic about German cottages

and Italian villas? Because they have not, in centuries past, had the habit of being born in them. It is only an English cottage and an English lane, whether white with hawthorn blossoms or bare with winter, that wakes that yearning, groveling tenderness that is so sweet. It is only nature calling strayed children home."

Mrs. Worthington came in during the course of the morning to find her standing before her window looking out at the Thames, the Embankment, the hansom cabs themselves, with an absolutely serious absorption. This changed to a smile as she turned to greet her.

"I am delighted," she said. "I could scarcely tell you how much. The impression is all new—new, and I am excited a little by everything. I am so intensely glad I have saved it so long and that I have known it only as part of literature. I am even charmed that it rains and that the cabmen's mackintoshes are shining and wet." She drew forward a chair, and Mrs. Worthington sat down, looking at her with involuntary admiration.

"You look as if you were delighted," she said. "Your eyes—you have amazing eyes, Betty. I am trying to picture to myself what Lady Anstruthers will feel when she sees you. What were you like when she married?"

Bettina sat down, smiling and looking, indeed, quite incredibly lovely. She was capable of a warmth and a sweetness which were as embracing as other qualities she possessed were powerful.

"I was eight years old," she said. "I was a rude little girl with long legs and a high, determined voice. I know I was rude. I remember answering back."

"I seem to have heard that you did not like your brother-in-law and that you were opposed to the marriage."

"Imagine the undisciplined audacity of a child of eight 'opposing' the marriage of her grown-up sister! I was quite capable of it. You see, in those days we had not been trained at all; one had only been allowed tremendous liberty, and interfered conversationally with one's elders and betters at any moment. I was an American little girl, and American little girls were really—they really were—" with a laugh the musical sound of which was, after all, wholly non-committal.

"You did not treat Sir Nigel Anstruthers as one of your betters."

"He was one of my elders, at all events, and becomingness of bearing should have taught me to hold my little tongue. I am giving some thought now to the kind of thing I must invent as a suitable apology when I find him a really delightful person, full of virtues and accomplishments. Perhaps he has a horror of me."

"I should like to be present at your first meeting," Mrs. Worthington reflected. "You are going down to Stornham to-morrow?"

"That is my plan. When I write to you on my arrival, I will tell you if I encountered the horror." Then, with a swift change of subject and a whimsical lifting of her slender, velvet line of eyebrow, "I am only deploring that I have not time to visit the Tower."

Mrs. Worthington was betrayed into a momentary glance of uncertainty.

"The Tower? Of London? Dear Betty!"

Bettina's laugh was mellow with revelation.

"Ah!" she said. "You don't know my point of view, it 's plain enough. You see, when I delight in these things, I think I delight most in my delight in them. It means that I am almost having the kind of feeling the fresh American souls had who landed here thirty years ago and reveled in the resemblance to Dickens's characters they met with in the streets, and were historically thrilled by the places where people's heads were chopped off. Imagine their reflections on Charles I when they stood in Whitehall, gazing on the very spot where that poor last word was uttered—'Remember.' And think of their joy when each crossing-sweeper they gave disproportionate largess to seemed Joe All Alones in the slightest disguise."

"You don't mean to say—" Mrs. Worthington was vaguely awakening to the situation.

"That the charm of my visit, to myself, is that I realize that I am rather like that. I have preserved something because I have kept away. You have been here so often and know things so well.

and you were even so sophisticated when you began, that you have never really had the flavors and emotions. I am sophisticated, too—sophisticated enough to have cherished my flowers as a gourmet tries to save the bouquet of old wine. You think that the Tower is the pleasure of housemaids on a Bank Holiday. But it quite makes me quiver to think of it,"—laughing again,—"even though I laugh. That is the sign that I am not as beautifully, freshly capable of enjoyment as those genuine first Americans were; and in a way I am sorry for it."

Mrs. Worthington laughed also, and with an enjoyment.

"You are very clever, Betty," she said.

"No, no," answered Bettina; "or, if I am, almost everybody is clever in these days. We are nearly all of us comparatively intelligent."

"You are very interesting, at all events, and the Anstruthers will exult in you. If they are dull in the country, you will save them."

"I am very interested, at all events," said Bettina, "and interest like mine is quite *passé*. A clever American, who lives in England and is the pet of duchesses, once said to me,—he always speaks of Americans as if they were a distant and recently discovered species,—'When they first came over they were a novelty. Their enthusiasm amused people; but now, you see, it has become *vieux jeu*. Young women whose specialty was to be excited by the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey are not. In fact, it 's been done, and it 's done for as a specialty.' And I am excited about the Tower of London. I may be able to restrain my feelings at the sight of the Beef-eaters, but they will upset me a little, and I must brace myself, I must, indeed."

"Truly, Betty?" said Mrs. Worthington, regarding her with curiosity arising from a faint doubt of her entire seriousness, mingled with a fainter doubt of her entire levity.

"Ah!" said Betty, "it was all *true*, you know. They were all horribly real—the things that were shuddered over and sentimentalized about. Sophistication combined with imagination makes them materialize again—to me at least, now I am here. The gulf between a historical figure and a man or woman who could bleed and cry out in human words was broad when one was at school. Lady Jane Grey, for instance, how nebulous she was, and how little one cared! She seemed invented merely to add a detail to one's lesson in English history. But as we drove across Waterloo Bridge, I caught a glimpse of the Tower, and what do you suppose I began to think of? It was monstrous. I saw a door in the Tower, and the stone steps, and the square space, and in the chill, clear, early morning a little, slender, helpless girl led out, a little fair, real thing like Rosy, all alone, every one she belonged to far away, not a man near who dared utter a word of pity when she turned her awful, meek, young, desperate eyes upon him. She was a pious child, and no doubt she lifted her eyes to the sky. I wonder if it was blue, and its blueness broke her heart because it looked as if it might have pitied such a young, patient girl thing, led out in the fair morning to walk to the hacked block and give her trembling pardon to the black-visored man with the ax, and then, 'commending her soul to God,' to stretch her sweet, slim neck out upon it."

"Oh, Betty dear!" Mrs. Worthington was expostulating.

Bettina sprang to her, and took her hand in pretty appeal.

"I beg pardon! I beg pardon, I really do!" she exclaimed. "I did not intend deliberately to be painful. But that, beneath the sophistication, is something of what I bring to England."

X

"IS LADY ANSTRUTHERS AT HOME?"

All that she had brought with her to England, combined with what she had called "sophistication," but which was rather her exquisite appreciation of values and effects, she took with her when she went the next day to Charing Cross Station and arranged herself at her ease in the railway carriage while her maid bought their tickets for Stornham.

What the people in the station saw, the guards and porters, the men in the bookstalls, the travelers hurrying past, was a striking-looking girl whose coloring and carriage made one turn to glance after her, and who, having bought

some periodicals and papers, took her place in a first-class compartment and watched the passers-by interestedly through the open window. As the first Reuben Vanderpoel had studied the countenances and indicative methods of the inhabitants of the new parts of the country in which it was his intention to do business, so his descendant applied herself to observation, for reasons parallel in nature, though not in kind. As he had brought beads and fire-water to bear as agents upon savages who would barter for them skins and products which might be turned into money, so she brought her nineteenth-century beauty, steadfastness of purpose, and alertness of brain, to bear upon the matter, the practical dealing with which was the end she held in view. Astuteness of perception, self-command, and adaptability were her chief resources. She was ready either for calm and bold approach or equally calm and wholly non-committal retreat.

She saw roll by her, with the passing of the train, the loveliness of land and picturesqueness of living which she had saved for herself with epicurean intention for years. When she had left the suburbs and those villages already touched with suburbanism behind, she felt herself settle into a glow of luxurious enjoyment in the freshness of her pleasure in the familiar and yet unfamiliar objects—in the thick-hedged fields whose hedges—as if in conscious kindness to her—were breaking into hawthorn bud and snow, whose broad-branched, thick-foliaged oaks and beeches were more embowering in their shade and sweeter in their green than anything she remembered that other countries had offered her even at their best. Within the fields which the hawthorn hedges beautifully enclosed, were groups of resigned mother sheep, with their young lambs about them. The curious-pointed tops of the red hop-kilns, piercing the trees near the farm-houses, had an air of adding picturesque detail. There were clusters of old buildings and dots of cottages and cottage gardens which made her now and then utter exclamations of delight. Little, inarticulate Rosy had seen and felt it all years before, on her hopeless bridal home-coming, when Nigel had sat huddled unbecomingly in the corner of the railway carriage. Her power of expression had been limited to joyful gasps and laudatory adjectives smothered in their birth by her first glance at her bridegroom.

Yes, it was England—England. It was the England of Constable and Morland, of Miss Mitford and Miss Austen, of the Brontës and George Eliot. The land which softly rolled and clothed itself in the rich verdure of many trees, sometimes in lovely clusters, sometimes in covering copse, was Constable's; the ripe young woman with the fat-legged children and the farm-yard beasts about her, as she fed the hens from the wooden piggin under her arm, was Morland's own. The village street might be Miss Mitford's, the well-to-do house Jane Austen's own fancy, in its warm brick and comfortable decorum. She laughed a little as she thought it.

"That is American," she said, "the habit of comparing every stick and stone and breathing thing to some literary parallel. We almost invariably say that things remind us of pictures or books—usually books. It seems a little crude, but perhaps it means that we are an intensely literary and artistic people."

The train slackened speed and came to a standstill before the rural-looking little station which had presented its quaint aspect to Lady Anstruthers on her home-coming.

During the years, which certainly had given time for change, it had not altered in the least. The station-master had grown stouter and rosier, and came forward with his respectful, hospitable air, to attend to the unusual-looking young lady who was the only first-class passenger. He thought she must be a visitor expected at some country house, but none of the carriages whose coachmen were his familiar acquaintances were in waiting. That such a fine young lady should be paying a visit at any house whose owners did not send an equipage to attend her coming struck him as unusual. The brougham from "the Crown," though a decent, country-town vehicle, seemed inadequate. Yet there it stood drawn up outside the station, and she went to it with the manner of a young lady who had ordered its attendance and knew it would be there.

Wells felt a good deal of interest. She was not exactly the kind of young lady one would immediately class mentally as a "foreigner," but the blue of her eyes was so deep, and her hair and eyelashes were so dark, that these things, combining themselves with a certain way she had, made him feel her to be of a type unfamiliar to the region.

He was struck also by the fact that the young lady had no maid with her. The truth was that Bettina had purposely left her maid in town. If awkward things occurred, the presence of an attendant would be a sort of complication. It was better on the first approach to be wholly unencumbered.

"How far are we from Stornham Court?" she enquired.

"Five miles, my lady," he answered, touching his cap.

"I 'd like to know," was his comment to his wife when he went home to dinner, "who has gone to Stornham Court to-day. There 's few enough visitors go there, and none such as her, for certain."

"Perhaps she was one of his fine ladies?" suggestively.

"That she was n't, either. And as for that, I wonder what he 'd have to say to such as she is."

There was complexity enough in the thing she was on her way to do, Bettina was thinking, as she was driven over the white ribbon of country road unrolled over rise and hollow, between the sheep-dotted greenness of fields and the scented hedges. The soft beauty enclosing her was somewhat shut out from her by her mental attitude. She brought forward for her own decisions, upon suitable action, a number of possible situations she might find herself called upon to confront. The one thing necessary was that she should be prepared for anything whatever, even for Rosy's not being pleased to see her, or for finding Sir Nigel a thoroughly reformed and amiable character.

"It is the thing that seemingly *cannot* happen which one is most likely to find oneself face to face with. It will be a little awkward to arrange if he has developed every domestic virtue and is delighted to see me."

Under such rather confusing conditions her plan would be to present to them, as an affectionate surprise, the unheralded visit which might appear a trifle uncalled for. She felt happily sure of herself under any circumstances not partaking of the nature of collisions at sea. Yet she had not behaved absolutely ill at the time of the threatened catastrophe in the *Meridiana*. Her remembrance, an oddly sudden one, of the definite manner of the red-haired second-class passenger assured her of that. He had certainly had all his senses about him, and he had spoken to her as a person to be counted on.

Her pulse beat a little more hurriedly as the brougham entered Stornham Court village. It was picturesque, but struck her as looking neglected. Many of the cottages had an air of dilapidation. There were many broken windows and unmended garden palings. A lack of whitewash in several cases was not cheerful.

"I know nothing of the duties of English landlords," she said, looking through her carriage window, "but I should do it myself if I were Rosy."

She saw, as she was taken through the gateway, that that structure was out of order and that damaged diamond panes peered out from under the thickness of the ivy massing itself over the lodge.

"Ah," was her thought, "it does not promise as it should. Happy people do not let things fall to pieces."

Even winding avenue, and spreading sward and gorse and broom and bracken, enfolding all the earth beneath huge trees, were not fair enough to remove a sudden, remote fear which arose in her rapidly reasoning mind. It suggested to her a point of view so new that while she was amazed at herself for not having contemplated it before, she found herself wishing that the coachman would drive rather more slowly, that she might have more time to reflect.

They were nearing a dip in the park where there was a lonely-looking pool. The bracken was thick and high there, and the sun which had just broken through a cloud had pierced the trees with a golden gleam.

A little withdrawn from this shaft of brightness stood two figures, a dowdy little woman and a hunchbacked boy. The woman held some ferns in her hand,

and the boy was sitting down and resting his chin on his hands, which were folded on the top of a stick.

"Stop here for a moment," Bettina said to the coachman. "I want to ask that woman a question."

She had thought that she might discover if her sister was at the Court. She realized that to know would be a point of advantage. She leaned forward and spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I wonder if you can tell me—"

The woman came forward a little. She had a listless step and a faded, listless face.

"What did you ask?" she said.

Betty leaned still farther forward.

"Can you tell me—" she began, and stopped. A sense of stricture in the throat stopped her as her eyes took in the washed-out color of the thin face, the washed-out color of the thin hair—thin, drab hair, dragged in straight, hard unbecomingness from the forehead and cheeks.

She began again.

"Can you—tell me if—Lady Anstruthers is at home?" she said. As she said it she felt the blood surge up from the furious heart, and the hand she had laid on the handle of the door of the brougham clutched it involuntarily.

The dowdy little woman answered her indifferently, staring at her a little.

"I am Lady Anstruthers," she said.

Bettina opened the carriage door and stood upon the ground.

"Go on to the house," she gave order to the coachman and with a somewhat startled look he drove away.

"Rosy!" Bettina spoke in a hushed, almost awed voice, "*You* are Rosy?"

The faded, little wreck of a creature began to look frightened.

"Rosy," she repeated, with a painful smile.

She was the next moment held in the folding of strong young arms against a quickly beating heart and being wildly kissed.

"I am Betty," she heard. "Look at me, Rosy! I am Betty. Look at me, and remember!"

Lady Anstruthers gasped and broke into a faint, hysteric laugh. She suddenly clutched at Bettina's arm. For a minute her gaze was wild as she looked up.

"Betty!" she cried out. "No! no! no! I can't believe it! I can't, I can't!"

That just this thing could have taken place in her sister, Bettina had never thought. As she had reflected on her way from the station, the impossible is what one finds oneself face to face with. Twelve years should not have changed a pretty blonde thing of nineteen to a worn, unintelligent-looking dowdy of the order of dowdiness which seems to have lived beyond age and sex. She looked even stupid, or at least stupefied. At this moment she was a silly, middle-aged woman who did not know what to do. For a few seconds Bettina wondered if she was glad to see her, or only felt awkward and unequal to the situation.

"I can't believe you," she cried out again, and began to shiver. "Betty! Little Betty? No! no! it is n't!"

She turned to the boy, who had lifted his chin from his stick and was staring.

"Ughtred! Ughtred!" she called to him. "Come! She says—she says—"

She sat down upon a clump of heather and began to cry. She hid her face in her spare hands and broke into sobbing.

"Oh, Betty! No!" she gasped. "It 's so long ago—it 's so far away. You never came. No one—no one—came."

The hunchbacked boy drew near. He had limped up on his stick. He spoke like an elderly, affectionate gnome, not like a child.

"Don't do that, mother," he said. "Don't let it upset you so, whatever it is."

"It 's so long ago—it 's so far away," she wept, with catches in her breath and voice. "You never came!"

Betty knelt down and enfolded her again. Her bell-like voice was firm and clear.

"I have come now," she said, "and it is not far away. A cable will reach father in two hours."

Pursuing a certain vivid thought in her mind, she looked at her watch.

"If you spoke to mother by cable this moment," she added, with accustomed coolness, and she felt her sister actually start as she spoke, "she could answer you by five o'clock."

Lady Anstruthers' start ended in a laugh and gasp more hysterical than her first. There was even a kind of wan

awakening in her face as she lifted it to look at the wonderful new-comer. She caught her hand and held it trembling as she weakly laughed.

"It must be Betty," she cried—"that little, stern way! It is so like her. Betty—Betty—dear!" She fell into a sobbing, shaken heap upon the heather. The thought passed through Betty's mind that she looked almost like a limp bundle of shabby clothes.

"I shall—be better," she gasped. "It 's nothing. Ughtred, tell her."

"She 's very weak, really," said the boy Ughtred, in his mature way. "She can't help it sometimes. I 'll get some water from the pool."

"Let me go," said Betty, and she darted down to the water. She was back in a moment. The boy was rubbing and patting his mother's hands tenderly.

"At any rate," he remarked, as one consoled by a reflection, "father is not at home."

XI

"I THOUGHT YOU HAD ALL FORGOTTEN"

As, after a singular half-hour spent among the bracken under the trees, they began their return to the house, Bettina felt that her sense of adventure had altered its character. She was still in the midst of a remarkable sort of exploit which might end anywhere and in anything, but it had become at once more prosaic in detail and more intense in its significance. What its significance might prove likely to be when she faced it, she had not known, it is true. But this was different from—from anything. As they walked up the sun-dappled avenue, she kept glancing aside at Rosy, and endeavoring to draw useful conclusions. The poor girl's air of being a plain, insignificant frump, long past youth, struck an extraordinary and, for the time, unexplainable note. Her ill-cut, out-of-date dress, the cheap suit of the hunchbacked boy who limped patiently along, helped by his crutch, suggested possible explanations which were, without doubt, connected with the thought which had risen in Bettina's mind as she had been driven through the broken-hinged gate. What extraordinary disposal was being made of Rosy's money? But her every glance at her sister also suggested complication upon complication.

The singular half-hour under the trees by the pool, spent after the first hysterical moments were over in vague exclaimings and questions which seemed half-frightened and all at sea, had generally shown her that she was talking to a creature wholly other than the Rosalie who had so well known and loved them all, and whom they had so well loved and known. They did not know this one, and she did not know them; she was even a little afraid of the stir and movement of their life and being. The Rosy they had known seemed to be imprisoned within the wall which the years of her separated life had built about her. At each breath she drew, Bettina saw how long the years had been to her, and how far her home had seemed to lie away—so far that it could not touch her and was only a sort of dream the recalling of which made her suddenly begin to cry again every few minutes. To Bettina's sensitively alert mind it was plain that it would not do in the least to drag her suddenly out of her prison, or cloister, whatsoever it might be. To do so would be like forcing a creature accustomed only to darkness to stare at the blazing sun. To have burst upon her with the old impetuous, candid fondness would have been actually to frighten and shock her, as if with something bordering on indecency. She could not have stood it, perhaps she had even ceased to be able to understand it.

"Where are your little girls?" Bettina asked, remembering that there had been notice given of the advent of two girl babies.

"They died," Lady Anstruthers answered unemotionally. "They both died before they were a year old. There is only Ughtred."

Betty glanced at the boy, and saw a small flame of red creep up on his cheek. Instinctively she knew what it meant, and she put out her hand and lightly touched his shoulder.

"I hope you 'll like me, Ughtred," she said.

He almost started at the sound of her voice, but when he turned his face toward her, he only grew redder and looked awkward without answering. His man-

ner was that of a boy who was not used to the amenities of polite society and who was only made shy by them.

Without warning, a moment or so later, Bettina stopped in the middle of the avenue and looked up at the arching giant branches of the trees which had reached out from one side to the other as if to clasp hands or encompass an interlacing embrace. As far as the eye reached they did this, and the beholder stood as in a high, stately pergola with breaks of deep azure sky between. Several mellow-cawing rooks were floating solemnly beneath or above the branches, now and then settling in some highest one or disappearing in the thick greenness.

Lady Anstruthers stopped when her sister did so, and glanced at her in vague inquiry. It was plain that she had outlived even her sense of the beauty surrounding her.

"What are you looking at, Betty?" she asked.

"At all of it," Betty answered. "It is so wonderful."

"She likes it," said Ughtred, and then slunk a step behind his mother as if he was ashamed of himself.

"The house is just beyond those trees," said Lady Anstruthers.

Three minutes later they came in full view of it. When she saw it, Betty uttered an exclamation and stopped again to enjoy the scene.

"She likes that, too," said Ughtred, and although he said it sheepishly, there was imperfectly concealed beneath the awkwardness a pleasure in the fact.

"Do you?" asked Rosalie, with her small, painful smile.

Betty laughed.

"It is too picturesque to be quite credible," she said.

"I thought that when I first saw it," said Rosy.

"Don't you think so now?"

"Well," was the rather uncertain reply, "as Nigel says, there 's not much good in a place that is falling to pieces."

"Why let it fall to pieces?" Betty put it to her with promptness.

"We have n't money enough to hold it together," resignedly.

As they climbed the low, broad, lichen-blotched steps, whose broken stone balustrades were almost hidden in untrimmed ivy, Betty felt them to be almost incredible, too. The uneven stones of the terrace the steps mounted to were lichen-blotched and broken also. Tufts of green growths had forced themselves between the flags and added an untidy beauty. The ivy tossed in branches over the red roof and walls of the house. It had been left unclipped until it was rather an endlessly clambering tree than a creeper. The hall they entered had the beauty of spacious form and good old oaken paneling. There were deep window-seats, and ancient high-backed settles, and a massive table by the fireless hearth. But there were no pictures in places where pictures had evidently once hung, and the only coverings on the stone floor were the faded remnants of a central rug, and a worn tiger skin, the head almost bald and a glass eye knocked out.

Bettina's eyes swept the fine roof and the minstrel's gallery and staircase, with the look of an appreciative admirer of architecture and old oak.

"It is the first old English house I have seen," she said, with a sigh of pleasure. "I am so glad, Rosy, that it is yours."

She put a hand on each of Rosy's thin shoulders; she felt sharply defined bones as she did so, and bent to kiss her. It was the natural affectionate expression of her feeling, but tears started to Rosy's eyes, and the boy Ughtred, who had sat down in a window-seat, turned red again and shifted in his place.

"Oh, Betty!" was Rosy's faint, nervous exclamation, "you seem so beautiful and—so—so strange—that you frighten me."

Betty laughed, with the softest possible cheerfulness shaking her a little.

"I shall not seem strange long," she said, "after I have stayed with you a few weeks—if you will let me stay with you."

"Let you! Let you!" in a sort of gasp.

Poor little Lady Anstruthers sank on a settle and began to cry again. It was plain that she always cried when things occurred. Ughtred's speech from his window-seat testified at once to that.

"Don't cry, mother," he said. "You know how we 've talked that over together. It 's her nerves," he explained to Bettina. "We know it only makes things worse, but she can't stop it."

Bettina sat on the settle, too. She herself was not then aware of the wonderful feeling the poor little spare figure experienced as her softly strong young arms curved about it. She was only aware that she herself felt that this was a heart-breaking thing, and that she must not let it be seen how much she recognized its woefulness. This was pretty, fair Rosy, who had never done a harm in her happy life—this forlorn thing was her Rosy!

"Never mind," she said, half-laughing again. "I rather want to cry myself, and I am stronger than she is. I am immensely strong."

"Yes, yes," said Lady Anstruthers, wiping her eyes and making a tremendous effort at self-respecting composure. "You are strong. I have grown so weak in—well, in every way. Betty, I 'm afraid this is a poor welcome. You see—I 'm afraid you 'll find it all so different from—from New York."

"I wanted to find it different," said Betty.

"But—but—I mean—you know," Lady Anstruthers turned helplessly to the boy. Bettina was struck with the painful truth that she looked even silly as she turned to him. "Ughtred—tell her," she ended, and hung her head.

Ughtred had got down at once from his seat and limped forward. His unprepossessing face looked as if he pulled his childishness together with an unchildish effort.

"She means," he said in his awkward way, "that she does n't know how to make you comfortable. The rooms are all so shabby—everything is so shabby. Perhaps you won't stay when you see."

Bettina perceptibly increased the firmness of her hold on her sister's body. It was as if she drew it nearer to her side in an act of possession. She knew that the moment had come when she might go this far, at least, without expressing alarming things.

"You cannot show me anything that will frighten me," was the answer she made. "I have come to stay, Rosy. We can make things right if they require it. Why not?"

Lady Anstruthers started and stared at her. She knew ten thousand reasons why things had not been made right, and the casual inference that such reasons could be lightly swept away, as if by the mere wave of a hand, implied a power appertaining to a time that was gone forever.

"Oh, Betty! Betty!" she cried, "you talk as if—you are so—"

The fact so simple to the members of the abnormal class to which she of a truth belonged and had been born in,—the class which heaped up its millions,—the absolute knowledge that there was a great deal of money in the world, and that she was of those to whom much of it belonged, had ceased to seem a fact and had vanished into the region of fairy-stories.

"You did n't forget? You did n't?" faltered the poor wreck of Rosy. "Oh! oh! I thought you had all forgotten me—quite—quite!"

And her face went down in her spare, small hands, and she began to cry again.

XII

UGHTRED

BETTINA stood alone in her bedroom a couple of hours later. Lady Anstruthers had taken her to it, preparing her for its limitations, by explaining that she would find it quite different from her room in New York. She had been pathetically nervous and flushed about it, and Bettina had also been aware that the apartment itself had been hastily made ready for her, with much moving of objects from one chamber to another.

The room was large and square and low. It was paneled in small squares of white wood. The panels were old enough to be cracked here and there, and the paint was stained and yellow with time, where it was not knocked or worn off. There was a small-paned, leaded window which filled a large part of one side of the room. Sitting in its deep seat, one looked out over several red-walled gardens, and through breaks in the trees of the park, to a fair beyond. Bettina stood before this window for a few moments, and then took a seat in the embrasure that she might gaze out and reflect at leisure.

Disorder filled her with a sort of impatience which was akin to physical distress. If she had been born a poor woman, she would have worked hard for

her living and found an interest, an exhilaration, in her labor. Such gifts as she had, would have been applied to the tasks she undertook. It had frequently given her pleasure to imagine herself earning her livelihood as a seamstress, a house-maid, a nurse. She knew what she could have put into her service, and how she could have found it absorbing. Imagination and initiative could make any service absorbing. The actual truth was that if she had been a house-maid, the rooms she set in order would have taken a character under her touch; if she had been a seamstress, her work would have been swiftly done, her imagination would have invented for her combinations of form and color; if she had been a nurse-maid, the children under her care would never have been sufficiently bored to become tiresome or intractable, and they also would have gained character, to which would have been added an undeniable vividness of outlook. She could not have left them alone, so to speak. In obeying the mere laws of her being, she would have stimulated them. Unconsciously she had stimulated her fellow-pupils at school; when she was his companion, her father had always felt himself stirred to interest and enterprise.

"You ought to have been a man, Betty," he used to say to her sometimes.

But Betty had not agreed with him.

"You say that," she once replied to him, "because you see I am inclined to do things, to change them, if they need changing. Well, one is either born like that or one is not. Sometimes I think that perhaps the people who must act are of a distinct race. A vigorous restlessness drives them. I remember that when I was a child I could not see a pin lying upon the ground without picking it up, or pass a drawer which needed closing without giving it a push. But there has always been as much for women to do as for men."

There was much to be done here of one sort of thing or another. That was certain. As she gazed through the small panes of her large windows, she found herself overlooking part of a wilderness of garden which revealed itself through an arch in an overgrown laurel hedge. She had glimpses of unkempt grass paths and unclipped topiary work which had lost its original form. Among a tangle of weeds rose the heads of clumps of daffodils stirred by a passing wind of spring. In the park, beyond, a cuckoo was calling.

"Her spirit and her health are broken," was her summing up. "Her prettiness has faded to a rag. She is as nervous as an ill-treated child. She has lost her wits. I do not know where to begin with her. She herself is too timid to speak yet. I must let her tell me things as gradually as she chooses. Until I see Nigel, I shall not know what his method with her has been. She looks as if she had ceased to care for things, even for herself. What shall I write to mother?"

She knew what she should write to her father. With him she could be explicit. He would understand when she told him that one of the first things which had struck her had been that Rosy herself, her helplessness and timidity, might, for a period at least, form obstacles in their path of action. He not only loved Rosy, but he would know how far a slight creature's gentleness might be over-powered and beaten down.

There was so much that her mother must be spared, there was indeed so little that it would be wise to tell her, that Bettina sat gently rubbing her forehead as she thought of it. The truth was that she must tell her nothing until all was over, accomplished, decided. Whatsoever there was to be "over," whatsoever the action finally taken, must be a matter lying as far as possible between her father and herself. Mrs. Vanderpoel's trouble would be too keen, her anxiety too great, to keep to herself, even if she were not overwhelmed by them. She must be told of the beauties and dimensions of Stornham; all relatable details of Rosy's life must be generously dwelt on. Above all, Rosy must be made to write letters, and with an air of freedom, however specious.

A knock on the door broke the thread of her reflection. It was a low-sounding knock, and she thought it might be Rosy's. But it was not Lady Anstruthers who stood outside, but Ughtred, who balanced himself on his crutches and lifted his small, too mature face.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Certainly you may."

He swung in, and then turned to speak to her.

"Please shut the door and lock it," he said.

There was sudden illumination in this. That modern people in modern days should feel bolts and bars a necessity of ordinary intercourse was suggestive. She was plainly about to receive enlightenment. She turned the key, and followed the halting figure across the room.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked.

"When mother and I talk things over," he said, "we always do it where no one can see or hear. It 's the only way to be safe."

"Safe from what?"

His eyes fixed themselves on her as he answered her almost sullenly:

"Safe from people who might listen, and go and tell that we had been talking."

In his thwarted-looking, old child face there was a shade of appeal not wholly hidden by his evident wish not to be boy-like. Betty felt a desire to kneel down suddenly and embrace him, but she knew he was not prepared for such a demonstration. He looked like a creature who had lived continually at bay and had learned to adjust himself to any situation with caution and restraint.

"Sit down, Ughtred," she said, and when he did so, she herself sat down, but not too near him.

Resting his chin on the handle of a crutch, he gazed at her almost protestingly.

"I always have to do these things," he said. "And I am not clever enough or old enough. I am only eleven."

The mention of the number of his years was plainly not apologetic, but was a mere statement of his limitations. There the fact was, and he must make the best of it he could.

"What things do you mean?"

"Trying to make things easier—explaining things when she can not think of excuses. To-day it is telling you what she is too frightened to tell you herself. I said to her that you must be told. It made her nervous and miserable, but I knew you must."

"Yes, I must," Betty answered. "I am glad she has you to depend on, Ughtred."

His crutch grated on the floor.

"I know I seem queer and like a little old man," he said. "Mother cries about it sometimes; but it can't be helped. It is because she has never had any one but me to help her. When I was very little, I found out how frightened and miserable she was. After his rages,"—he used no name,—"she used to run into my nursery and snatch me up in her arms and hide her face in my pinafore. Sometimes she stuffed it into her mouth and bit it to keep herself from screaming. Once—before I was seven—I ran into their room and shouted out and tried to fight for her. He was going out, and had his riding-whip in his hand, and he caught hold of me and struck me with it—until he was tired."

Betty stood upright.

"What! What! What!" she cried out.

He nodded his head. She saw what the thing had been by the way his old face lost color.

"Of course he said it was because I was impudent and needed punishing," he said. "He said she had encouraged me in American impudence. It was worse for her than for me. She kneeled down and screamed out, as if she was crazy, that she would give him what he wanted if he would stop."

"Wait," said Betty, drawing in her breath sharply. "He is Sir Nigel? And he wanted something?"

He nodded again.

"Tell me," she demanded, "has he ever struck her?"

"Once," he answered slowly, "before I was born—he struck her, and she fell against something. That is why I am like this." And he touched his shoulder.

The feeling which surged through Betty Vanderpoel's being forced her to go and stand with her face turned toward the windows, her hands holding each other tightly behind her back.

"I must keep still," she said; "I must make myself keep still."

She spoke unconsciously half-aloud, and Ughtred heard her and replied hurriedly.

"Yes," he said, "You must make yourself keep still. That is what we have to do, whatever happens. That is one of the things mother wanted you to know. She is afraid. She dare n't let you—"

She turned from the window, standing at her full height and looking very tall for a girl.

"She is afraid! She dare n't! See—" said Betty, "that will come to an end now. There are things which can be done."

He flushed nervously.

"That is what she was afraid you would say." He spoke fast, and his hands trembled. "She is nearly wild about it, because she knows he will try to do something that will make you feel as if she does not want you."

"She is afraid of that?" Betty exclaimed.

"He 'd do it! He 'd do it, if you did not know beforehand."

"Oh," said Betty, with unflinching clearness, "he is a liar, is he?"

The helpless rage in the unchildish eyes, the shaking voice, as he cried out in answer, were a shock. It was as if he rejoiced that she had spoken the word.

"Yes, he 's a liar," he shrilled. "He 's a liar, and a bully, and a coward. He 'd —he 'd be a murderer if he dared; but he dare n't." And his face dropped on his arms folded on his crutch, and he broke into a passion of crying. Then Betty knew she might go to him. She went and knelt down and put her arm round him.

"Ughtred," she said, "cry if you like. I should do it if I were you. But I tell you it can all be altered—and it shall be." He seemed quite like a little boy when he put out his hand to hers and spoke sobbingly.

"She—she says—that because you have only just come from America—and in America people can—can do things—you will think you can do things here—and you don't know. He will tell lies about you—lies you can't bear. She sat wringing her hands when she thought of it. She won't let you be hurt because you want to help her." He stopped abruptly and clinched her shoulder. "Aunt Betty —Aunt Betty—whatever happens—whatever he makes her seem like—you are to know that it is not true. Now you have come, now she has seen you, it would kill her if you were driven away and thought she wanted you to go."

"I shall not think that," she answered slowly, because she realized that it was well that she had been warned in time. "Ughtred, are you trying to tell me that above all things I must not let him think that I came here to help you, because if he is angry he will make us all suffer—and your mother most of all?"

"He 'd find a way. We always know he will. He would either be so rude that you would not stay here, or he would make mother seem rude, or he would write lies to grandfather. Aunt Betty, she scarcely believes you are real yet. If she won't tell you things at first, please don't mind." He looked quite like a child again in his appeal to her to try to understand a state of affairs so complicated. "Could you—could you wait until you have let her get—get used to you?"

"Used to thinking that there may be some one in the world to help her? Yes, I will. Has any one ever tried to help her?"

"Once or twice people found out, and were sorry at first; but it only made it worse, because he made them believe things."

"I shall not *try,* Ughtred," said Betty, a spark kindling in the deeps of the pupils of her steel-blue eyes. "I shall not *try.* Now I am going to ask you some questions."

Before he left her she had asked many questions which were pertinent and searching, and she had learned things she realized she could have learned in no other way and from no other person. But for his uncanny sense of the responsibility he clearly had assumed in the days when he wore pinafores, and which had brought him to her room to prepare her mind for what she would find herself confronted with in the way of apparently unexplainable obstacles, there was a strong likelihood that at the outset she might have found herself more than once dangerously at a loss. Yes, she would have been at a loss, puzzled, perhaps greatly discouraged, she was face to face with a complication so extraordinary.

That one man, through mere persistent steadiness in evil temper and tyranny, should have so broken the creatures of his household into abject submission and hopelessness seemed incredible. Such a power appeared as remote from civilized existence in London and New York as

did that which had inflicted tortures in the dungeons of castles of old. Prisoners in such dungeons could utter no cry which could reach the outside world; the prisoners at Stornham Court, not four hours from Hyde Park Corner, could utter none the world could hear or comprehend if it heard it. Sheer lack of power to resist bound them hand and foot. And she, Betty Vanderpoel, was here upon the spot and, as far as she could understand, was being implored to take no steps, to do nothing. The atmosphere in which she had spent her life, the world she had been born into, had not made for fearfulness that one would be at any time defenceless against circumstances and be obliged to submit to outrage. To be a Vanderpoel was, it was true, to be a shining mark for envy as for admiration, but the fact removed obstacles as a rule, and to find oneself standing before a situation with one's hands, figuratively speaking, tied, was new enough to arouse unusual sensations. She recalled, with an ironic sense of bewilderment, as a sort of material evidence of her own reality, the fact that not a week ago she had stepped upon English soil from the gangway of a solid Atlantic liner. It aided her to resist the feeling that she had been swept back into the middle ages.

"When he is angry," was one of the first questions she put to Ughtred, "what does he give as his reason? He must profess to have a reason."

"When he gets in a rage he says it is because mother is silly and common, and I am badly brought up. But we always know he wants money, and it makes him furious. He could kill us with rage."

"Oh," said Betty, "I see."

"It began that time when he struck her. He said then that it was not decent that a woman who was married should keep her own money. He made her give him almost everything she had, but she wants to keep some for me. He tries to make her get more from grandfather, but she will not write begging letters, and she won't give him what she is saving for me."

In him had been born the makings of a domestic tyrant who, even had he been favored by fortune, would have wrecked his humors upon the defenceless things made his property by ties of blood and marriage, and who, being unfavored, would do worse. Betty could see what the years had held for Rosy and how her weakness and timidity had been considered as positive assets. A woman who will cry when she is bullied may be counted upon to submit after she has cried. Rosy had submitted up to a certain point, and then, with the stubbornness of a weak creature, had stood at timid bay for her young.

What Betty gathered was that, after the long and terrible illness which had followed Ughtred's birth, she had risen from what had been so nearly her deathbed, prostrated in both mind and body. Ughtred did not know all that he revealed when he touched upon the time which he said his mother could not quite remember—when she had sat for months staring vacantly out of her window, trying to recall something terrible which had happened and which she wanted to tell her mother, if the day ever came when she could write to her again. She had never remembered clearly the details of the thing she had wanted to tell, and Nigel had insisted that her fancy was part of her past delirium. He had said that at the beginning of her delirium she had attacked and insulted his mother and himself, but they had excused her because they realized afterward what the cause of her excitement had been. For a long time she had been too brokenly weak to question or disbelieve, but later she had vaguely known that he had been lying to her, though she could not refute what he said. She recalled, in course of time, a horrible scene in which all three of them had raved at one another, and she herself had shrieked and laughed and hurled wild words at Nigel, and he had struck her. That she knew, and never forgot. She had been ill a year, her hair had fallen out, her skin had faded, and she had begun to feel like a nervous, tired, old woman instead of a girl. Girlhood with all the past had become unreal and too far away to be more than a dream. Nothing had remained real but Stornham and Nigel and the little hunchbacked baby. She was glad when the dowager died and when Nigel spent his time in London, or on the Continent, and left her with Ughtred. When he said

that he must spend her money on the estate she had acquiesced without comment, because that insured his going away. She saw that no improvement or repairs were made, but she could do nothing and was too listless to make the attempt. She only wanted to be left alone with Ughtred, and she exhibited will power only in defence of her child and in her obstinacy with regard to asking money of her father.

"She thought somehow that grandfather and grandmother did not care for her any more—that they had forgotten her, and only cared for you," Ughtred explained. "She used to talk to me about you. She said you must be so clever and so handsome that no one could remember her. Sometimes she cried and said she did not want any of you to see her again, because she was only a hideous, little, thin, yellow old woman. When I was very little she told me stories about New York and Fifth Avenue. I thought they were not real places—I thought they were places in fairy-land."

Betty patted his shoulder and looked away for a moment when he said this. In her remote and helpless loneliness, to Rosy's homesick, yearning soul, noisy, rattling New York, Fifth Avenue, with its traffic and people, its brownstone houses and rickety stages, had seemed like that,—so splendid and bright and heart-filling that she had painted them in colors which could belong only to fairy-land. It said so much.

The thing she had suspected as she had talked to her sister was made, before the interview ended, curiously clear. The first obstacle in her pathway would be the shrinking of a creature who had been so long under dominion that the mere thought of seeing any steps taken toward her rescue filled her with alarm. One might be prepared for her almost praying to be let alone because she felt that the process of her salvation would bring about such shocks and torments as she could not endure the facing of.

"She will have to get used to you," Ughtred kept saying. "She will have to get used to thinking things."

"I will be careful," Bettina answered. "She shall not be troubled. I did not come to trouble her."

(To be continued)

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

TO spring the flowers return, to winter, frost.
These their particular jewels have re-won.
Life owns no treasure that is wholly lost.
Love, art thou only gone?

The humbler boasts of nature, by thee scorned,
The fickle planets and the changing year,
Behold! their lesser heaven have re-adorned!
And dost thou not appear?

I mourn not that my heart, unworth, is lone,
Nor that I shiver over embers ceased;
But that fair Truth is robbed of scepter, throne,
The greatest made the least.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC" IN THE CENTRAL WEST

COUNTRY DANCES OF MANY NATIONALITIES IN WISCONSIN

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

MY very first country dance, and my first and last Irish dance, was at the age of eighteen, when, as a college freshman, I was resting from the not too arduous labors of a plain curriculum of the then usual Latin and Greek. One Adolf Baumgartner, having announced a dance, and a raffle for a silver watch, in an old, uninhabited house, I determined to go. Stealing away from my friends, who would not think of taking part in the bucolic Terpsichorean revels of the countryside, I yielded up my quarter and entered the ill-lighted, bare old house. A violin and an accordion were scraping and wheezing away in the corner, and a silent mob of young people, with serious and even strained faces, were pounding painfully through a waltz, accenting the first beat of each bar with an extra hard thump of the hard thumps they were dealing the floor. Seeing a small girl of a pleasing rotundity of person in a jersey of an atrocious red and a skirt of an atrocious blue sitting alone in a corner, I solicited the honor of a dance. Rising with alacrity, she seized me in a tight clutch, and we, too, went *whack,* whack, whack; *whack,* whack, whack, for some minutes until a couple, taking in the fact that a stranger was present, stopped, the girl giggling and the boy glowering.

Presently there were several couples giggling and glowering, and my lady broke from me and rushed to a seat, where she hid as much of her face as she could in a very small handkerchief. While I stood lingering near, to comfort and protect her, if need be, a tall young Firbolgian, whose name was appositely Bolger, caromed violently into me, hurled by some one across the room, casting me into a chair, where three more Firbolgians, Gadhaels, or whatever branch of the Celts of Erin they might be, immediately sat superimposed upon my lap, jovially conversing about some person foreign to their social order and an ass, whom I knew to be myself. I could have fought, and entertained the idea. Now some of my ancestors came from Ireland, and another lone one from Wales, all before the Revolution, and there is reason to believe that yet others were Highlanders and adherents of the Pretender, for a Scotch name and a devotion to Jacobite songs are not otherwise easily accounted for. So I am not biased when I say that the most numerous branch of the Celtic race, the Irish, does not always fight fair. It is a gallant and brilliant people, handsome and lovable, but I will admit for it that it has faults, and one of its bad and undeniable faults is its habit of fighting any way to win; and though it will not refuse to fight one against three, it will also fight three against one. The three in my lap would all have set upon me had I made a demonstration. I would have been pounded to within an inch of my life; and I had on my good clothes, too, which is ever a hostage of peace. So I smiled, inwardly cursing, dissembled, and, at the first chance, escaped.

It was an Irish dance, even though given by Adolf Baumgartner. I have since then eschewed the dances of the Irish, and even those of the Welsh and the Cornishmen, who are scarcely less

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by J. Tinkey

A NORWEGIAN BOY ON SKEES AT MOUNT HOREB, WISCONSIN

pugnacious than their kindred across St. George's Channel. I eschewed them not merely because of this experience, but because of the fights which always go on at them; for while the Celts merrily fall upon a stranger, with an inarticulate prayer of thanksgiving to the infernal gods who have provided him, in the dearth of other quarry they will crack one another's skulls. The Kymry are a hand-some people, to begin with, and there is arsenic in the wells of Wisconsin's lead region, and so the girls of our Welsh-Cornish counties are not only lovely of face, but of brilliant complexions and superb liquid eyes. Would that I might have dances with those Welsh and Irish girls to look back upon, but the cantankerous Celtic men, loaded with usquebaugh and crwrw dha—

I am speaking of Wisconsin, because it happens to be the State where I have pursued my ethnological studies, and because it epitomizes the central West. No other Western State has such a diversity of

GERMAN-AMERICAN (AT THE TOP) AND TWO GERMANS

racial elements. Illinois alone, with its queer colony of Portuguese Protestants at Jacksonville, has an element which Wisconsin has not. None but Wisconsin has Bulgarians and Flemings. It has an Indian population of over eight thousand. It is the greatest Welsh, Cornish, Norwegian, and German State. It has Icelanders with Minnesota; Bohemians with Iowa; and French, Finns, and Hollanders with Michigan. The oldest and only purely Hungarian colony in America is on its soil, and the largest colony of Swiss. It has a native white element as old as the Knickerbockers, and even English-descended families who go back one hundred and fifty years on Wisconsin soil.

Though you may not venture imprudently into a Celtic dance, you may go with impunity where the races are mingled, for a Celt will never hit you so long as a pure Teuton is within reach of his fists. Not so long as there is a German or a Norwegian about will even the most drunken Irishman touch a Yankee.

Here is instinct, that ever transcends reason, which at its best is only an artificial and factitious makeshift for instinct —here is instinct declaring the Sassenach next of kin to the Celt. First of all the Celt hits the German; then the Norse, with whom he has some mental traits and even blood in common; then the Sassenach, his half-brother; and finally the Celt: for he must hit somebody.

Let me pause to answer a query that rises in the reader's mind. He has gained the impression that our country dances in the central West are as much occasions of combat as social diversion. There is a good deal of truth in this inference from what I have said. The social entertainment where men do not fight is the last flower of the best of modern civilization. In bucolic communities primitive instincts still rule. In the days of chivalry, all great social gatherings were at once social gatherings and occasions of combat. The tourneys had the element of woman and the element of combat. The noble knights composed madrigals, sang roundelays to the ladies, and cracked one another's heads. In the very lowest estate of savagery, where the man cares not for gold or dominion, he will still fight for woman. The country dance, with its

usual fight, is the legitimate descendant of the old tourney, and the harvest dance at old man Birrenkott's tavern as near an approach to the Field of the Cloth of Gold in essence as we can expect to find in these degenerate days. The country dance that does not count two or three fights is the exception. The sight of woman arouses the immemorial instinct to fight, and emulation, and the desire for renown in her eyes. The excitement of the crowd, the music, and the strong drink add circumstance to instinct.

German dances are like other German things. With all their simple virtues, the German peasantry have few romantic or picturesque qualities.

At the German dances, at about the third waltz, you look with suspicion and gathering loathing at the straw-color-haired, round-faced, innocent-eyed girl who, with a curious appoggiatura-like click before each step of the waltz bar, a brief fourth step, an enclitic tap, characteristic of Germans and of no other race, is revolving with you. You smell onions. You lay it to her. You get your nose as far as possible from that glistening straw-colored hair,—German straw-colored hair glistens, Norse does not,—combed with such painful care, as far as possible from that little, appealing mouth parted in the serious exertion of the dance. But as you pass the stairway, you perceive that it is not the round, good little person you are dancing with who is responsible for the odor of onions. When you think of it, you realize that one small rosebud mouth could not be responsible for all that mighty and "robustious" odor. It floats up the stairway from the banquet-room. It emanates from the viands that constitute "refreshments," a delicate refection of unmentionable sausages, unutterable cheeses, strange pickles, and unholy oniony things of manifold sorts.

At the German dances, father, mother, and the more important children attend. The parents sit stolid, the women ever with arms folded, unsmiling, unwinking, while the children make themselves noticeable and notorious.

When a couple stops dancing, if they remain on the floor, the man's arm remains about the girl and hers still rests on his shoulder. But if he seats her, he does not sit at her side and converse. If he does that, he will set the whole bench of girls giggling. You could walk around the room with your arm about a girl and not embarrass her in the least, but to pay

Drawn by Leon Guipon

A GERMAN BRIDE

her the unaccustomed attention of talking with her, to show that you believe she has other functions in the world besides being your partner in the dance, working in the field, cooking queer comestibles, with sugar in the beef gravy and salt in cake frosting, embarrasses her and starts her nervous giggles.

Of these Germans, some are dark-haired, olive-cheeked, and some are palest blondes. Some are short and active; some are large, loutish, loosely knit, awkward, their forms and faces alike of an unfinished appearance. You seldom see this unfinished appearance among the Scandinavian- and British-descended people. There are loutish Yankees, Irish, and Norse, but they do not have that curious effect of having been suddenly left by some modeler that is frequent among the Germans. The lines of the shoulder are poor, the backbone is straight. A lot

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A SWISS DANCE

of these fellows, if they dropped to their hands and knees, would have the straight backbone of an ox. I will not go into the convincing reasons which the late General Francis A. Walker gave to prove his statement that the Swiss, Dutch, Scandinavian, and British peasantry were finer breeds than the peasantry of the rest of Europe. Few of these Germans of the first and second generation are graceful or handsome. Some of the dark South Germans are both, but the North Germans, while superior to the Southerners mentally and morally, are not so personable.

SWISS-AMERICAN

SWISS GIRL

SWISS

SWISS GIRL

Of all our old immigrant stocks, the German in the raw is the least personable. Nor is he, superstition to the contrary notwithstanding, so big a man as the Yankee or the Irishman. Civil War enlistment statistics proved that our native stock averaged bigger men than any other element. Comparative measurements of Eastern and Western colleges give the effete East the advantage, due, I believe, to the large percentage of Europeans in the Western institutions, inferior in height to the British nationalities. While there are many large and stalwart Germans,—probably as many as there are large and stalwart Irish and Yankees,—little, short, squatty men are as common among them as they are rare among Norse and Anglo-Celts. Whatever has happened to England in the last forty years, the city-bred German is a smaller man than can be found in any other North European stock in this country. It would seem that the city-bred Englishman to-day is even smaller; but the Yankees did not come from that element, and for two centuries they have lived where there were air and food in abundance.

With the third generation the Germans show a change. You can go into an old German town like Watertown, Wisconsin, where the third generation is now to the fore, and actually exclaim at the number of pretty girls you see, the pleasing result of three generations of American life upon the original uncomely material. Faces and forms of men and women have been refined. It is a new race mentally and physically. They are slimmer, cleaner-limbed, much taller. Their backs have a curve unknown to their grandparents, their eyes have a sparkle that never lighted the eyes of that poor peasantry which, until the tramp of the armies of Napoleonic France shook its fetters free, could

Drawn by Leon Guipon
Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A YOUNG SWISS CHEESEMAKER

He came to the ball at Monticello wearing the black velvet jacket and leather cap of the cheese-makers of the canton of Berne, Switzerland

not leave the soil upon which it was born.

The music at the German country dances is execrable stuff. I maintain the heresy that a German cannot write a good waltz. Physically incapable of translating sinuous, languorous, voluptuous waltz music into other than stiff, jerky, hoppety motion, he cannot in the first place originate music of that sort. His members were not designed to give physical expression to gliding, flowing, melting music; he cannot write it, and his waltzes are all *tum, tum, tum,* each beat distinct. Germans can beat the world on galops and gavottes, but not on waltzes. The great waltz-writers are Austrians or Slavs, and you never hear any of their music at a German country dance. The waltzes are the work of Berliners, pump-handle things, the same phrase repeated over and over again. They are never lively, nor do they ever have that haunting melancholy characteristic of the perfect waltz, nor that swooning flow where the notes and bars melt liquidly together. There is, indeed, a funny little grouchiness that takes the place of melancholy, a genuine German irritability. This is the music they serve you at a German rural dance. Be they Pommers, Beyers, Badeners, or what not, it is the same music.

In the towns, of course, the music is better. Germans make most of our music in America, and make it far better than British-descended people ever could. The larger orchestras always include many Bohemians, and the Germans tend to be Austrian Germans, who write and play more fiery music than the Germans of Wilhelm's realm. Here is hoping that the domains of the Hapsburgs will never be united with the domains of the Hohenzollerns!

There is far more drinking at German dances than at Irish dances, while at Norse dances there is seldom any at all. But while a drunken Irishman or a drunken Norseman is likely to be even murderous, a drunken German does not usually make much trouble. Beware of the races that drink the burning usquebaugh! But beer is an unwarlike fluid, which lulls the passions of strife to sleep, rather than excites them. It lies too cold in the stomach. Perchance it rises to the head in a fog of vapor that anon descends as maudlin tears; but slumbering wrath and the love of battle it causes to slumber yet the sounder.

You will see more national traits and more interesting ones at a Swiss dance than at a dance of any other nationality, for the Swiss have preserved both their nationality and their customs better than any other race in the West. Until recently they have had very little social intercourse, and intermarried almost not at all with other nationalities. In the case of all other nationalities in the third generation, social relations are very free, and that, of course, means intermarriage and the building of a race which will have no hyphen before "American." Two things are about all that retard amalgamation now—the churches and the fact that

nationalities are usually settled in solid bodies both in town and country. But on the border-lines of a row of German townships, meeting rows of Yankee, Irish, and Norse townships, the young people mingle socially. The first intermarriages are of foreigners with Yankees. All intermarry with Yankees, and have done so for a long time, but the intermarriage of Irish and Germans has only lately begun, and the intermarriage of the two great kindred Teutonic stocks, Germans and Norse, does not take place at all as yet.

At New Glarus, Wisconsin, you find the capital of the largest Swiss colony in the country, which, though it has been somewhat Americanized where its expanding borders impinge upon surrounding Yankees, Norse, and French, in the mother village still remains a bit of Switzerland. The romantic history of this colony and its present aspect, richest of agricultural communities in America, its economic importance in Wisconsin and northern Illinois, founding as it did, the greatest industry of that region, is something which deserves a monograph. He who runs may read, but he who dances cannot write a monograph, and must speak merely of the good Switzers as we behold them at their Kilbi ball.

Drawn by Leon Guipon.
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

SWISS STONE CHURCH AT NEW GLARUS, WISCONSIN, BUILT IN 1858 AND RECENTLY DEMOLISHED

The Swiss have many dances, but that of Kilbi Monday is the greatest. Kilbi is a Swiss dialectal corruption of Kirchweihe, or church-hallowing, and is a holiday season observed throughout the Protestant part of German Switzerland, and even in the extreme south of Germany itself. It is in a measure like our Thanksgiving, which is a religious and secular holiday. The last Sunday in September is always Kilbi Sunday. A commemoration sermon is preached in the morning, each family feasts at noon, and then all wait until Monday for the purely secular celebration that would be out of place on Sunday. Just as few towns have a formal celebration of Fourth of July every year, so Kilbi sometimes goes off with games, processions, and speeches, and sometimes with no other observance than the balls—two or three balls, in fact. The balls are managed for pecuniary profit, and the managers, in order to draw a crowd, provide transportation for all the girls within a radius of several miles. The management which secures the most and the prettiest girls also secures the greatest number of paid admissions from the men. At a Swiss ball it is the correct thing for a man to wear his hat. The Norse, French, and Yankees, who together make up perhaps a fourth of the male dancers, do not follow the custom; but the Switzers speed around in tall, funereal felt hats, the crowns truncated cones, the brims wide and flapping. This hat-wearing has some historical reason in the canton of Glarus, though I could never learn what. In fact, the tenacity with which these Glarners hold to the old cantonal customs is almost equaled by the absence of any knowledge of their origin.

There are many small men among these Swiss. There are also many tall ones, though I fancy the tall ones appear taller by contrast. The French and the Swiss of this region are much alike in appearance, and have many of the same traits. The French are the only people the Swiss cannot buy out. Both are spreading, and

NORSE-AMERICAN NORWEGIAN NORWEGIAN

buying out the farmers of other nationalities.

The Swiss girls are pretty. They are rustic, but dress with fairly good taste, though the ethnologists say that Alpine people are dowdy. Well, the Swiss girls look well at their parties, anyway. And you may talk to them, though their men do not. The Yankees and the Norse, who come without girls of their own race, talk to the Swiss girls between dances, while the Swiss men retire to the bar-room and pour things into themselves.

Some of these girls are well off. The father of that strapping big girl at the end of the bench is worth eight hundred thousand. That girl I just danced with is the daughter of a half-millionaire. There are twenty more families represented here which range from one hundred thousand up, and all are farmers. But I must note this drawback: Old O—— has eight hundred thousand dollars, but he has eight daughters and three sons. There is that snapping-eyed, black-haired, white skinned T—— girl (how the French name got to Glarus, I do not know), the nicest-looking girl in the hall. She would be good-looking in any assemblage, and old T—— has one hundred thousand; but he has other treasures as well, and Louise has nine brothers and sisters, and ten goes into one hundred only ten times.

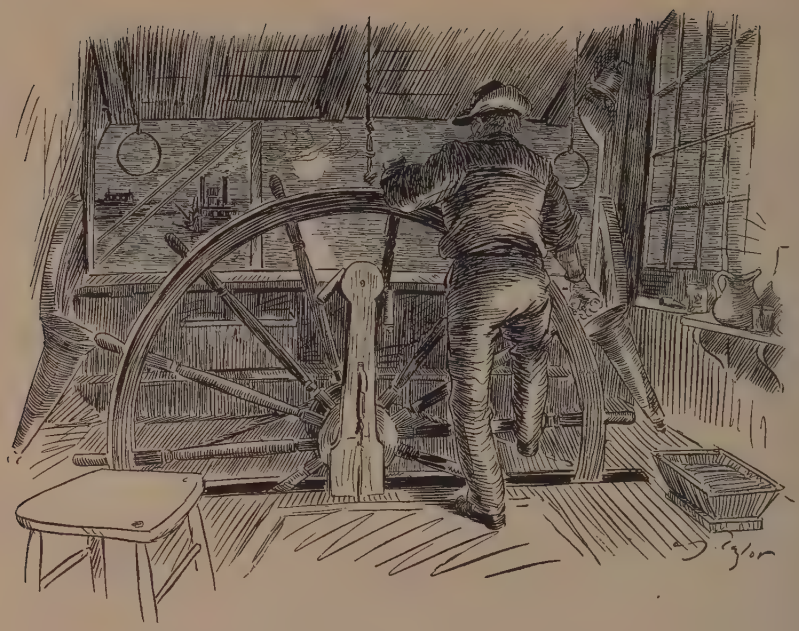
The ball begins at half-past seven, and they are all there at the last dance, which ends at half-past five in the morning. Ten hours of dancing, and such dancing! At intervals the male dancers retire to refresh themselves with intoxicants, but do not give over dancing, keeping an even keel, all awash though they may be. Very curiously, the orchestra is made up of Yankees from Orfordville. The closing bars of each schottische measure (they still polka and schottische in the country) are accompanied by a mighty rataplan of the ample feet of the whole multitude, cheerful, hilarious, exultant, deafening. The Anglo-Saxon musicians play with a verve, dash, fire, that you did not remark up in the townships of the reflective Germans. The music may be ordinary coon-songs of the day, but it is played with an exultant elation, with almost wildness, which, whether it goes from the impetuous musicians to the dancers, or comes from the rushing dancers to the musicians, I cannot tell. At any rate, if you wish to see the old choragic madness as you will see it at no other contemporary occasion, go to a Kilbi ball.

A Norse dance differs so little from a Yankee dance that it is hard to find points of comparison. The Norwegian girls of the present generation and of the better class are very good-looking. They are by no means all blondes. Dark hair, with a glint of gold of the reddish tint of a beam of sinking sun against an eastern hill, is to be found among them. They have fine complexions, with a lovely blending of pink and cream. The beauty of the Norse woman is less likely to be in feature and eyes, as in the case of the Irish and the Welsh, than in her coloring. An amiable, healthy, finely colored face,

evidence of good temper and good humor, is lovely in the sight of the ordinary human being. You will not see the handsome Norse girls in the larger towns. There the large number of somewhat bovine girls who come in from the rural districts to enter domestic service lowers the average of Norse good looks and causes an erroneous idea of it to prevail. But if you will go into the Norse villages, neat, pretty, bright, the blight of the saloon usually absent, where the old Norse democracy prevails and the young people are all equal socially, where all have received a good education in an English-speaking school, there you will find as good-looking a lot of young people as you can find anywhere.

At a Norse dance the drinking of the German and the Irish dance is absent. Not that Norse do not drink. Their whole history reeks with drink. They were the most terrible fighters and terrible drinkers of antiquity; but in this country Prohibition claims many of them. The moderation of the Germans is impossible to them. When they do drink, they drink to the point of stupor. In their cups they are almost as pugnacious as the Irish, and even more savage. They drink what no other people except Russians drink—pure alcohol. This is not sporadic, but common. And so, knowing that they are prone to excess, they go to the other extreme of shunning liquor entirely.

How the French comport themselves at their balls at Belleville I know not. I have been bidden, but something has always prevented. And I have never seen the Magyars dancing czardas,—if they do,—at Count Anthony Haraszthy's old settlement at Prairie du Sac, where the Wisconsin bends westward through its crenelated rampart of towering hills. I have narrowly escaped a Polish dance on the banks of the Fox, and the Indians have dances—not ghost-dances, but regular dances—at Kesheena, Lac du Flambeau, and the Apostle Islands, all in Hiawatha's country. The Bohemians of Kewaunee and the Flemings of Green Bay dance, and there are lots of other places where I might study ethnology at country dances, but I fear I never shall again. In another generation, if not sooner, it will all be American. With the cessation of immigration to Wisconsin, the link with the Old World has been broken. The old tongues are heard no more. English is fast becoming the language of the churches, last stronghold of foreignism. The paper published in a foreign tongue will soon be a curiosity. The body of the central West will be of all races, but the spirit is and will remain the Americanism of Massachusetts of fifty years ago. The genius of the New England founders of these commonwealths is still the over-soul of the central West.



A RACE ON THE MISSOURI

AS DESCRIBED BY SAM, IN HIS REMINISCENCES, ENTITLED "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith"

WITH PICTURES BY C. J. TAYLOR

WHEN Preston—he was the night pilot and had a full license—was going up to take the wheel, the captain met him and slapped him hearty on the back.

"Well, Preston, how would you feel about making a try for that gold eagle for the pilot-house?"

"All right," says Preston. "Goin' to do it now, Cap'?"

"Guess this is a good time. Griswold 's on his ear, and he 'll make things hum; he just feels like it. I 'll get young pig, and postpone Fourth of July till to-morrow, and let them hungry niggers know it; they 'll all get busier than ever, and Briscombe will keep them going; we 'll make quick time at landings. This is the time to do it."

THE SAFETY-VALVE

"Guess you 've got it figured out—so let her go," says Preston; and he went up the stairs.

"Gee whillikins!" I says; and when the captain was gone into the

cabin, I stood on my hands up against the kitchen and thinks to myself, "We are going to bu'st the record!"

Them elevator men was certainly hogs for wheat, and they liked the old *Speed* because she could shove it down. And I bet they 'd be surprised when we come down to St. Louis with last Fourth of July all bu'sted to pieces. They said we could n't beat that record for a gold eagle. That 's why we was going to do it. While I was thinking how we would do it, some one come out of the gangway again, and it was the captain; so I come down on my feet again, and stood right.

"Sammy," he says to me, "I want you to take three or four of the niggers and go away back to that cross-roads saloon I sent you to one time. Tell the man I want four good shoats. You can take each of you one of Bender's sacks to carry them in."

He started away, and I was just going to finish doing it when he come back.

"And, Sammy," he says, "when you 're bringing the shoats aboard, make them squeal some, that they 'll all hear them and know what 's in the bags. Let everybody know they 're *there*."

"All right, Captain," I says; "you bet I 'll make my pig squeal."

"I guess I can depend on you for that," he says; and this time he went up the stairs.

We stuck our flambeau into the bank at Bender's about ten o'clock that night, and right away I took three niggers with wheat-sacks and a lantern, and started out with the money in my hip pocket. I told them niggers to keep a-moving because we did n't have much time; and I thinks to myself, "We 've got a good deal of time because this is the turn." We 'd have to unload and load both, and that would give us double time. Besides that, I heard the engineer say to the captain that there was a tarnation of mud in things, and it would n't do till it was tended to; so I guessed they would be fooling with the doctor, and maybe blow off the boilers some and try to get things right; and, anyway, they would n't start again till they had the old safety-valve a-sputtering, and that would maybe give me more time. I would like to 'a' seen inside of them boilers. The old one that did n't go up when the other blew out her man-hole had more scale in it than there was ashes in the fire-box, I heard. The fellow said so that took away the pieces. I bet there was, too. So we pegged out along a kind of a wagon-track across the open, with the tall nigger ahead carrying

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the lantern so we could see a couple of ruts to go by.

After a while that road faded plumb out on the grass. We went on, and walked to one side and then to the other, and then round and round, to find where it started in again; but we did n't find it, and the only thing was we got our direction all mixed up.

"This won't do at all," I says; "we 've got to start in right and go straight ahead, road or no road, and take her as she comes."

And then blame if we did n't have to hunt all over to find where we was before. I seen it was getting mighty serious, because, you see, if I did n't get

GOING FOR THE SHOATS

them shoats, the whole business would n't work that they was getting ready for, and we would n't bu'st that Fourth of July record. And the captain was depending on me.

"This here kind of business won't do at all," I says; so then I counted them niggers,—but I can't see niggers very well in the dark,—and I told them to follow me while I circled round and zigzagged till I found where we was. Pretty soon I found where it left off, and got started again; so then I piloted straight ahead with the lantern, and stuck to the middle of the road where it ought to be.

After a while I seen a light away off to the right about as big as a lightning-bug; and I says to myself, "We 'll go over there, because no decent people don't stay up this late at night, and maybe it 's a saloon." It was a long distance to go out of the way; but you 've got to take your chances. And, anyway, whoever was sitting up there could tell me where the saloon was.

Well, that was the place. The boss was sitting up playing cards with a couple of old loafers; and when he heard us coming after ten o'clock at night, and seen us with bags on our arms, he jumped up like he thought it was the James gang coming to clean him out. But when I showed him the money and started to talk business, he changed right over and was polite.

We made an awful surprise inside that pig-pen with the lantern; but the tall nigger and the boss caught three likely shoats by the hind legs and dropped them head foremost into the sacks and tied them up—it 's the only way you can get the best of a pig. The captain had told me to get four; so I guessed I would take a smaller-sized one out of the other litter because I could n't manage such big ones.

"Give me one a couple of sizes smaller," I says.

He got me one; and I would n't take it at first, because I thinks to myself, "He is trying to work off the runt on me." And I told him so. But he said he would n't try that on me, and he showed me a little peaked-nosed pig over in the corner that was one too many for its mother, and did n't have no place at her, as it always got crowded away, and had to come and take the leavings, which there was n't any. So when I seen how fat and healthy mine was beside him, I seen mine was no runt at all. So I took him.

When we got back to the saloon, and I finished up the bargain and counted out the money, the saloon-keeper seen I was the boss, and he asked me what would I have to drink. So I stood up to the bar and said I would take some Missouri peach brandy in a saucer and burned off with a match. That 's good for a cold. I did n't have no cold, but that 's what I always drink. When I blowed off the fire and drunk it down, them niggers looked discouraged, and got glummer than when they lost the chicken. So I recommended to the boss that he better

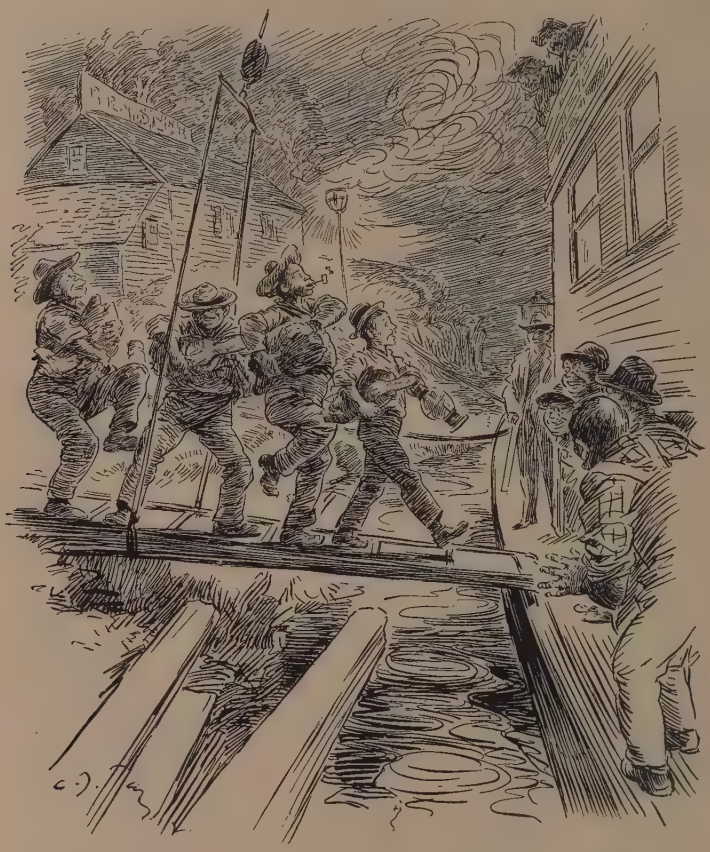
give them some gin if he wanted me to come here for shoats again. He did n't want to give nothing to no niggers: but I told him this was Emancipation Day for white folks and niggers both, and they had n't had nothing; and, besides, we was going to bu'st the record, and them niggers was mighty important, and things must start in to going right. Well, when he found it was a steamboat race, he perked right up and out with a whole bottle of gin, and wanted to get up a bet with the other two fellows about it; and they up and out with their money. He followed me outside and whispered to me; and I told him he could put his money on us because when the *Speed* laid out to do a thing she was a-going to do it; and then I had to shake hands and be hiking out of there.

We went along through the dark, with the pigs kicking and squealing in the bags, me carrying the lantern on my arm, with the niggers following in line just like I said. They carried their shoats on their backs, with the ends of the bags over their shoulders, and I did, too; but mine was always trying to run up me. He kicked and scratched my back so much that I took him in my arms and hugged him round the middle with his legs to the front; and that way he kicked out into the air, but kept wrastling round and trying to run. Once he got the best of me, and I fell down, and he tried to run with me on top of him. But he did n't run far in the bag; he just fell round this way and that, with the bag flopping every which way, like a chicken with its head chopped off, and he could n't get nowheres. So I grabbed him up and got him tight again.

"WHEN I SHOWED HIM THE MONEY . . . HE . . . WAS POLITE"

When I went down, the lantern went out; but that did n't make no difference as long as there was n't no road to go by. I just kept the light of the saloon off to the point where it was when we first saw it, like a government light; and that was enough to steer by. The pig squirmed

When that saloon light was so far away it went clean out, I just kept right on to see what we 'd run into, because you 've mostly got to take your chances anyways. I told them niggers to stick to me; and after a while I saw a red glare shining away off over the edge of the



BRINGING IN THE SHOATS

and twisted; and then he kicked me a good one right in the face, and I went down; and from the direction he kicked I knew what my mistake was—I had been carrying him upside down. So I got him again, and felt careful which end his head was on, and then I carried him right-side up like you 'd ought to carry a baby; and that way I kind of got him quieted down, and feeling it was n't no use.

river-bank; and that was what I was looking for. Well, it was a good thing they had the flambeau out, because the headlight ain't no good to find a steamboat behind a high bank. It don't shine up; it only goes in a streak and lights up a spot. But when that old iron basket was all full of pine, and blazing and standing up on its iron rod that was socked into the bank, it was a bonfire about seven feet up in the air; and you

bet that shone up and down and all around, and lit things up for everybody.

When we got to the top of the bank, the last of the niggers was running abroad with wheat-sacks on their shoulders, and the old safety-valve was sputtering, and the captain was atop of the cabin looking all around, and the wheel was fluttering kind of impatient while the engineer tried things slow to see how they worked, and the exhaust-pipes were heaving breaths so long and deep that you 'd think she was a-sighing to get out of there and be off. So then I turned my pig discomfortable upside down and squeezed him under my arm, and we come a-marching down the bank a-squealing like a whole bag-piper band. I bet I could 'a' played "The Campbells is a-coming" on my pig; he was a good one. And all the niggers on the hog-ways looked up, with the whites of their eyes all thankful and smiling, like we was bringing help. So we come up the staging and across the hog-ways, and the staging began to lift and she began to move. Then we was going to soon be started.

We started slow up-stream and circled around on the down course. Bender himself was standing on the bank with a lantern and a watch in his hand; and he swung the lantern to us and yelled "Yahoo!" and the bell went *dingle-dangle* down in the engine-room, and then she began to thump her up behind. She started in like a horse with the heaves, and the moon began to sail.

I went and stood up on top near the captain; and by that time she was going all over and full of it from end to end like an old speed factory just started up to turn it out steady all night long; and only from the feeling of it you would n't know you was going much except you see something ashore. The moon ain't very satisfactory except you get the edge of a bluff right on the rim of her—then she rolls along lively; but once in a while I 'd see a farm-house where they was up late moving through the trees; and then sometimes a whitewashed post with a government light would be nearer and go faster; and sometimes an old dead-white cottonwood tree would go hurrying through the night like a ghost that had to get back before the graveyard was closed. Pretty soon the motion of it got us all settled down and warmed up, with everybody's feelings keeping time with the engines; and then the coonjiners got it worked into them, and began to roll along with the fancy motions and sing:

De Lord tole Noah to build him an ole ark—
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin' along;
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin',
a-moverin',
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin' along.

Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de
dry land—
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin' along;
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin',
a-moverin',
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin' along.

Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de
timber—
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin', along;
De ole ark a-moverin' a-moverin',
a-moverin',
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin' along.

Well, that song has more to it than you 'd think unless you sung it along twenty or thirty miles; and it 's longer than from Booneville to St. Louis; but the words is easy to learn. After them two coonjiners started, they got to going in the hold,—music is awful catching among niggers,—and then all them laying around on the wheat down there, with nothing to do but put their feet up and think of the Fourth coming special to-morrow, starts to chip in; and then the whole load of them from the tall fellow that sung bass down to the little freckled tenor was a-going:

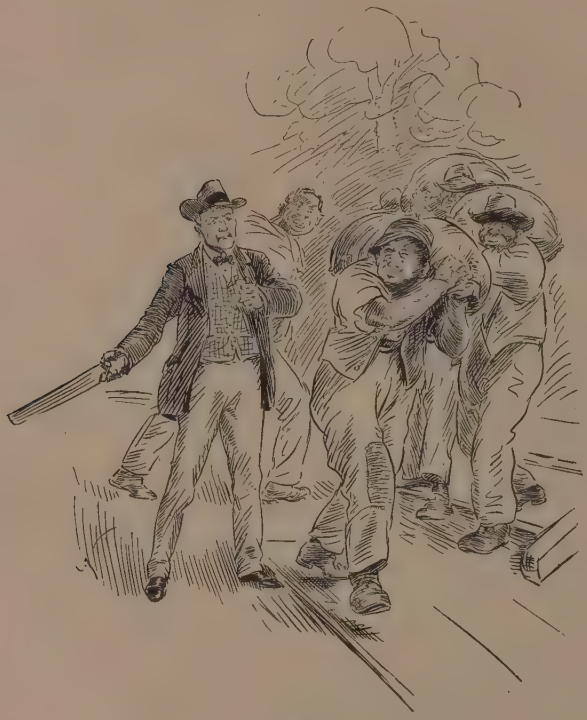
De proud began to laugh an ' de silly pint
der finger—
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin', along;
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin',
a-moverin',
De ole ark a-moverin', a-moverin', along.

That 's the way that night started up, with the coonjiners shuffling along like they was the whole machinery, and the wheel keeping time with them, and the headlight shining out before, and the pipes a-blowing, and the furnaces shooting the red glare out over the bows into the night, with the firemen stripped to the waist as black as coal and throwing it into the fireboxes, with Griswold standing stern in the red firelight like a little

devil in a hell of his own, with the iron doors clanging open and shut.

It did n't seem no time at all till we made the next landing. The whistle blowed, and the bell rang, and the singing shut off like the engineer had stopped it when he slowed the wheel; and when we had gone far enough below that landing we circled round and came up to it just so. You see, on the Missouri you 've got to make a landing with your nose upstream, no matter which direction you 're running; it has a current, and ain't like them poky rivers. And, with your flat stern and the big wheel behind, it 's better to turn tail and let it stop you, and come up against it with the bows, than to try to fight it out by reversing the engines. Then you tie up with your bow splitting the current, and it ain't so hard on the ropes nor nothing.

While we was making the turn, Griswold yapped out like a terrier in the hold, and all them niggers jumped up from the wheat-sacks and landed on their feet in a jiffy; and before we touched the bank he had them woke up to business, till they was marking time all in a line and walking on one spot because there was no place to go to. But when that staging struck shore there was a place to go to, and you bet they went. Two of the niggers ran out with the flambeau burning like a two-man torch, and rammed her into the dirt; and then you could see that file of niggers chasing past it like a procession on a theater-stage that never has no end to it. Griswold took his place with the barrel-stave, and turned himself loose the worst I ever saw. There was the torch on one side, with the pine knots going like red tongues licking the night, and there was Griswold on the other side doing all the cussing he could lay tongue to. And I guess one of them could n't 'a' made it any warmer for them than the other; he was pretty fiery. No matter how they



"GRISWOLD TOOK HIS PLACE WITH THE BARREL-STAVE"

hustled, Griswold could n't get it out of his head that they was slow; and it was like running the gauntlet the way them two files passed each other, one loaded and the other empty, and pouring that wheat aboard like the endless chain in the elevator. We did n't fool long at that landing. When the last sack was coming aboard, the bonfire was pushed over and soused in the river, and then the flambeau clattered on deck, with the rope after it, and the gangplank come up, and the bell rung in the engine-room, and we circled round and pelted on again towards St. Louis. The niggers was all feeling fine.

We ran along low, undercut shore for a while, and then we made the crossing over to the face of the high bluffs on the other side, where the channel followed the flat wall and scooted along. That 's what I like: you can see how you are going. When a wall like that is going past three or four feet away, and you are holding her to it to catch every inch of the current, and the headlight is racing along it, and you are putting the speed on top of a five-mile current, then you can see you are going some. You look at the wall for a mile or so right before your eyes, and it is like running a race down in the deep locks of a canal; them Missouri walls is straight up and down. And Preston could hold her to it; he was good.

Well, it was getting pretty late, but I did n't feel like going to bed that night, somehow. Griswold was staying right up tending to things, and the captain was up yet. And blame if that school-professor passenger was n't up and walking up and down on top of the cabin like he had to be on watch, too. I went and sat on a trestle on the engine-house because that 's where I like it best to feel things a-going. That school-professor seemed to be just itching to talk and be company with somebody that belonged on the boat and had done it before. But all of them had things to tend to without talking to him.

At last he turns and comes down on the engine-house, and I could see that he was coming to ask me questions, and I would have to be saying no to everything he said. He sit down on the trestle with me, and made up to me, and wanted to know if this boat had ever done this before, and was she a good boat, and a lot of stuff. And I told him, No; we would n't blow up, or strike a snag or a sawyer, or run on to a sand-bar, or anything, unless it was an accident, and what was the use of talking about that? Who can help an accident? Anyways, Preston knew the channel. Then he got to talking about the river and what Preston knew, and I seen he wanted me to talk and be sociable with him for company.

"It 's a very crooked river—and swift," he says. "I suppose its crookedness makes it hard to remember—and dangerous. And I hear that it shifts its bed, traveling sideways sometimes."

"Pshaw!" I says, "that ain't half of its crookedness. Anybody could see that crookedness just by looking."

"What other crookedness is there?" he says. "And does n't the pilot go by looking?"

I seen he did n't know nothing.

"Well," I says, "seeing you don't know nothing, I 'll tell you all about the river. Some rivers knows some tricks and other rivers knows others, but the Missouri knows the whole business, and does it. This part of the river used to be about a mile over there where there 's farms; and there used to be farms right here where we 're running—that 's how she shifts sideways sometimes. And sometimes she might go back again if she don't like it here. That 's easy enough for it to do, because the banks is awful crumbly where there ain't rock ridges. It eats under them, and when the bank is all hollow underneath and can't support its weight no more, it breaks away, and falls in with a noise about like an elephant. She 's always doing it one place or another—takes it away somewhere else if it needs it; and if it don't, it takes it down and drops it into the Gulf of Mexico and chokes up the Mississippi. That 's why she 's called the Big Muddy.

"But how she works it—that is a different thing. I 'll tell you how she works it; then you 'll see what the pilot 's got to get by heart and then forget. The bed of this river and the channel of it is two different things. The channel is just the deepest and swiftest part. You hear people say that still water runs deep; but that ain't so—never was so. Deep water is the swiftest be-

"I SEEN HE DID N'T KNOW NOTHING"

cause the top water slides along on the water below, and it can naturally run slicker than shallow water that is rubbing along on bottom. This river is shallow where it looks deep, and you could n't hardly float a tub on it; and the pilot has got to know where it 's deep enough to go up, and not too swift; and he 's got to know where it 's good and swift when he 's breaking the Fourth of July record like we 're doing down-river right now. To look at it, some people would think it was just a plain river running along in its bed at the same speed; but it ain't. The river runs crooked through the valley; and just the same way the channel runs crooked through the river. The river changes whenever it feels like it in the valley; and just the same the channel changes whenever it feels like it in the river. The crookedness you can see ain't half the crookedness there is. Some rivers has the channel right down the middle, and that is the deepest and swiftest part. But this river ain't that way. Some places the channel runs down the middle, and some places it flows right up along one shore, and then crosses over and flows along the other shore a while. That 's how it comes to be moving sideways; and the way it works it you can see easy when I tell you.

"This channel ain't satisfied with nothing. Sometimes it ain't satisfied with the Missouri. So it keeps eating away one bank, and caving it in, and hurrying away like you think it was going to break out sideways and start a river of its own. It *would,* too: but the Missouri is too wise for it; it won't have no such a thing. When that channel gets right over to shore, and the main waters is coming deep and swift and working away, the shallower water on the other side is going along slower, and thinking to itself, and dropping down the mud it has been bringing hundreds of miles, maybe. It says to itself, 'This thing has got to be settled right here'; so it settles down the mud to bottom. That way it keeps building up one side; and when it is doing that, it kind of

slides sideways on it and builds up more; it keeps the river about the same width, no matter how fast it is eating on the other side. I guess this channel would 'a' left the river long ago, only the river follows it up, and is too blame smart for it. The Missouri is a wise old river, and it knows the tricks; but it 's got a shifty channel to manage.

"Well, when that channel has gone sideways a while, maybe a new channel gets started in a mushier place on bottom; and when that is getting to be pretty much of a success, the main waters goes there to help a good thing along —same as people. Then the old channel ain't doing much, and it has got to go to work and crawl back and build up where it tore down—that 's the way it is; nothing certain about it. But mostly when she has struck a stone bluff the waters hurries along and is mad about it and stays right there, working hard and swift. That 's why we are crossing back and forth to the bare bluffs so much. And when we go over the river that way it 's a crossing. Pshaw! this is the greatest river in the world, and the wisest river there is. Some rivers, if they did n't hit the trail oftener than this does, would n't know the way anywhere. They 'd get so mixed up they 'd start emptying into themselves, I guess. But you would n't know it to look at it; you 'd think it was just a plain river running along between its banks."

"I see," he says. "And the pilot has got to know all about that channel besides what he can see. How does he keep track of it so it 's safe—and in the night, this way?"

"Well, he knows how it was; and when the river changes, he changes his mind. He watched how it was when he come up. He could say it right off for hundreds of miles, and he crisscrosses back and forth. You 've got to pay as close attention as if you was reading a

"WE WAS PLUMB ON TO HER"

"YOU COULD SEE THEM BLACK FIREMEN . . . THROWING THE CORD-WOOD IN"

book. And when you 're in doubts about anything, it makes you as tired of life when you get done as if you had read a book clean through. Pshaw! this is the greatest river in the known world. The Mississippi ain't nothing till this river comes along and shows it the tricks. The Ohio ain't nothing. It 's short and poky."

Well, he up and says maybe I was prejudiced and was doing some boasting. "Boasting nothing!" I says. "Why, the Missouri is longer than the Mississippi, and holds more water, and shoots it along livelier. It 's bigger."

"What?" he says. "Think of the Mississippi from St. Louis to the gulf—is n't that bigger?"

"What kind of talk is that?" I says. "Of course it is, if you 're going to add the Missouri and count *it* in. What 's the Mississippi by itself? The Missouri comes out above St. Louis over three thousand miles long; and there comes the Mississippi, just a little over half that long, and it only a stream, clear and slow—a regular country stream. Then the Missouri sails in and shows it the tricks, and broadens it out, and makes something out of it—and you are going to count *that* in for the Mississippi! But s'pose you do; I 'll let you. The Mississippi goes three thousand miles from its head to the gulf. Well, the Missouri is a *little* longer than that before it ever goes into partnership with the Mississippi. You think it 's awful far to go twelve hundred miles from St. Louis to New Orleans without changing steamboats. Why, when this boat was running up to Fort Benton, which is only part of the Missouri, it beat that all hollow. Take the Mississippi with the Missouri water in it, and it 's three thousand miles from the top end to the gulf. Well, the Missouri from its head to the gulf is more than *four* thousand miles, and muddy all the way. Why, the Missouri beats the blame' Mississippi and the Missouri put *together*."

"I see what you mean," he says, and he drew in his horns.

"You bet," I says. "I know all about it, because Preston told me so. By rights it ain't the Mississippi so much below St. Louis; it 's the Missouri. Going by the muddy water it 's the Mississippi that empties into the Missouri, and the Missouri don't get no wider or notice it so much, either. Why, the Missouri won't *associate* with the Mississippi. You take it all along after it empties in:

there 's muddy water all down one side and clear water down the other, and a line drawn where the Missouri won't have nothing to do with it. Why, the Missouri will travel all over the land here, and mix up with dirt and be mud; but blamed if it will mix with Mississippi *water*. But of course after a while it gets used to it and mixes up. It makes it all muddy, and is satisfied."

Aunt Jemima was sitting up yet because it was a nice summer night and it was the Fourth; she brought her chair out and sat at the side of the pantry and kept saying, " 'Deedy, yes, chile," to all that I said to him. So I guess he found out I knew what I was talking about. Anyways, he give up.

Well, I got so busy and was so interested hearing myself talk to him that I never noticed nothing till we was past them bluffs and made a turn, and then the singing all shut up, and things was quiet except just the engines. And when I noticed it and looked up, there was the *Muscoutah* not two hundred yards away and just a little head of us. We had caught up while she was fooling at a landing, and when she come out we was plumb on to her.

All our niggers quit singing and come on to the hog-way and stood in line, looking over at her. Her niggers kept leaking out on to the side towards us, and kept looking over our way. I seen their captain come out on top just like he was taking a walk that evening; then he stopped by the bell up in front, and asked some questions to them down at the boilers.

We was crawling up even with them, slow and sure. They were going pretty good. But when we had got about nose and nose with them we did n't seem to be getting ahead. We was just standing still. We could n't 'a' stood no stiller if we was stuck in the current under the St. Charles's bridge and could n't hardly pull out. We was just a hundred yards or so from them now, and we ought to 'a'

"'I HAS IT RIGHT HEAH'"

"'GO 'LONG, YOU *SPEED!*'"

been closer to get the current right, because the channel was n't very wide there; and we was going along even like a team of horses.

But we was n't going to hurry up and do any trying just to beat that boat. This was n't no race; what 's the sense in that? We just saluted each other with the whistles,—all boats is polite that way,—but our captain and theirs did n't take no particular notice of anything. Only we was n't going to let them beat us or start to showing us anything, you bet. Who would? They could n't keep up to us, anyway, if we ever tried; I heard the captain say so more than once. We was a faster boat.

Their niggers was all looking over at ours, and ours was all looking over at theirs, and kind of buzzing together like bees, and sometimes saying things back to each other. They was firing up pretty busy. You could see them black firemen in front of the fire-box doors throwing the cord-wood in. We did n't seem to get ahead at all; I guess they had the best of the water. They had first choice. I would 'a' liked to 'a' gone over and shoved them out if it was n't for the regulations. It was kind of narrow channel there; but I guess we had nearly just as good current.

Our captain went forward on top and looked down, and asked if we was making just as much steam as usual. They said we was n't making quite as much as we ought to. But pretty soon it began to splutter and fizz up in front, the safety-valve leaking out the steam like it always does just when you are beginning to get enough of it on. That *Muscoutah* had been hunching up on us, but not much. She got a few feet ahead, and she kept hunching up. Then our niggers got to hollering over more, and their niggers hollered back like they had already done it; and then it got all excitement among our niggers. But pretty soon we commenced to come up, slow and steady, just by inches: we was getting up

some steam. Then we kind of come to a stop till you could n't notice it. We was throwing in some cordwood, too, to kind of give her a boost. Them boats went along kind of like scales that ain't decided yet which end is the heaviest. We stood and watched every inch and did n't say a word.

You could n't see no sign then which was going to hunch up next. Our niggers all got plumb quiet and stood still like they was holding their breath. They just made eyes across at each other. Their captain stood up in front and did n't seem to notice we was there. Our captain walked from side to side a little over the boilers like he was enjoying the weather. They had n't paid no attention to each others' niggers. There was just the engines a-blowing away and the wash of our wheels meeting away behind, with the waves jumping up at each other and slopping over and fighting it out.

I stood and watched close. It looked sometimes as if they were taking an inch or two ahead. We did n't seem to be moving. The engines was just blowing and working for nothing. But I looked past their stacks up at a bluff, and the scenery was sailing along pretty good. The professor walked restless up and down; I guess he was worried. Aunt Jemima was standing right at the edge of the deck talking to herself.

Then there come the big black fireman hurrying back with their water-bucket, and he dipped it full in the barrel and called Aunt Jemima.

"Good evenin', Aunt Jemima," he says (niggers is awful polite). "Did you take away de flat-i'on? We ain't seed it since we was at de St. Chawles's bridge.

"I done took it away fo' to i'on de boy's shirt. He got it all dirty. I hain't used it yet. Does yo' want it ag'in?"

"Yes, 'm; we needs it now."

"'SHO-O-OVE IT IN'"

"I has it right heah; but doan' let de steam dry on it when you is frough, ef yo' kin help it. 'Ca'se it make it all rusty on de bottom, an' I has to rub an' scour it wif de ashes."

So she gave it to him, and he went away with the bucket and the iron.

Then I stood and watched close. It seemed like she was going ahead some, but maybe I only thought she did. That *Muscoutah* was doing her dirty best. The fizzing and rumbling stopped up in the front of the *Speed*, and I thinks to myself, "That 's good; now we 'll wait a little and see." The professor he turned of a sudden and went on top of the cabin and stood at the bottom of the pilot-house steps. He looked like he was all ready to run up them. Some people is that way. Them exhaust-pipes began to breathe deep and loud—I guess the farmers along there all knew the *Speed* was snoring louder than usual that night. We began to go ahead a little. We began to move along the *Muscoutah* slow, like a clock. We hunched up steady; then we hunched up a little faster. The engineer stuck his head out of the door, and took a look, and jerked it in, and got busy down there; and then the exhaust-pipes threw some water about five feet into the air, and got her throat clear, and started to blow for keeps. Pretty soon we was a few feet ahead; then we was a quarter ahead. We kept a-going steady, sometimes I thought we was n't a-doing it; but we was,—and then we was pretty near half ahead, and still a-hunching up.

That *Muscoutah* was a-trailing out the sparks lively; we was a-putting in the cord-wood, and sparking just the same. Their niggers was shoving in the cord-wood and slamming the doors after every swallow of it, so the air would n't come in over the fire, but would give them every breath of it from below. I stood

and held my breath and *pretty near* said my prayers. I guess them niggers all was doing it, too; they was dead quiet.

Blame' if we did n't seem to be stopping! That *Muscoutah* pretty near took a tuck in us—at least it looked like it. But, pshaw! we was just getting to the point. We started to move steady; pretty soon we was half ahead, and we kept *on* a-moving. We was crawling away. "Good for you, Aunt Jemima!" I says. "Good for you! The old flat-iron is the stuff; she 's got 'em beat; we 're a-going to do it." And just as we was beginning to show them our stern, and it looked like we would pull out for keeps, them niggers of ours started up again, and all that was canned up in them tore loose; and their niggers hollered back, trying to yell them down.

"Go 'long, you *Speed!* Go 'long, you *Speed!* Come along now; come along now!" And some was standing up hollering, and some was stooped over, watching her close, with their hands on their knees; and some snapping their fingers and trying to bring the luck like they was rolling dice; and all their niggers the same—a-coaxing the boat along till it was like forty-five crap games rolled into one! and then a-hollerin': "Yo' *cain't* do it! Yo' *cain't* do it! Come 'long, you *Muscoutah!* Come 'long, you *Muscoutah!*" It was n't nothing but noise and excitement and smoke and sparks, like a lunatic asylum on fire, with their niggers a-shoving in the cord-wood and our niggers a-shoving in the cord-wood, and the sparks a-flying behind, and the red light of the fire-boxes shooting out over the bows, with the furnaces a-snapping their jaws and showing their red throats like bull-dogs a-pulling to get at each other.

Their captain was walking up and down kind of unsettled, and ours was standing still, looking down at the edge of the cabin where the boilers was. We pulled out till we showed them our stern good and plenty; and still we kept a-moving.

And blame if we did n't stop going and that *Muscoutah* begun to keep up; and she stuck to us like a burr to an old cow's tail. We had n't beat her yet; she was a-getting up the steam for sure. Then their niggers started up all of a sudden again like they seen help a-coming. "Come 'long now—Yah-yah—yah! Yo' *cain't* do it! Com' 'long, you *Muscoutah!*" And then our niggers all got good and excited and went to work. And I stood holding my breath again and watching her close; but she was n't gaining much. You could n't tell whether she was really a-going to come out at all, if they *did* have the valve fixed,—it was n't as good as our flat-iron I bet,—and it was noise and excitement till their captain was just swallowed up in it and ours was a-beginning to move back and forth.

Then he leaned out and looked down at the boilers and says: "Put it to her, Griswold! Pull out of here! *Sho-o-ove it in!*"

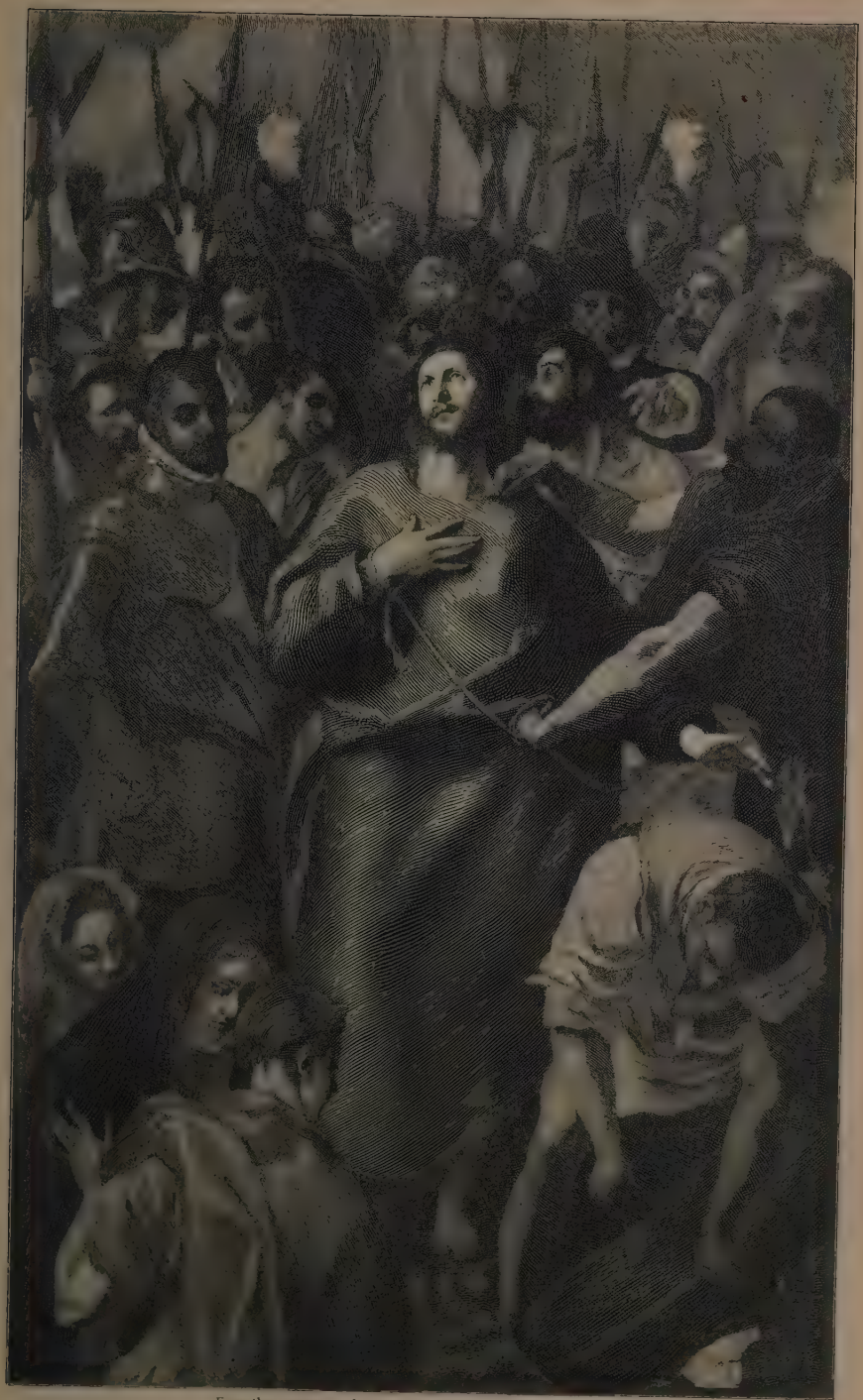
Then I heard Griswold like one bark of a terrier dog. And the engineer he stuck his face out and pulled it in again; and in a little while you could just see the *Speed* spit on her hands and tighten up her belt. She just laid down to it and shoved her wash back against the bows of the *Muscoutah* like she was putting her to the foot of the class. And we moved off till we was two lengths, and three lengths, and four lengths away, and going easy. And the crossing was coming.

I looked up at the pilot-house, which was like the *Speed* had her neck stretched away up in the air to see where she was going, and Preston just standing there alone doing some thinking. He put her into the crossing, where we had the best of the water there was a-going, and we kept right on. When we was six or seven more lengths ahead I heard their valve let loose, which I says to myself: "They have lost their nerve, and are getting discouraged." Then we walked away from them. We got to the bluffs, turned in close, and started to run. You ought to 'a' seen them fade.

The professor come down from above, and thought a minute, like he was making up his mind, and then he went forward to the boilers. Pretty soon he come back, and climbed up on the engine-house, and wiped off sweat.

"One hundred and sixty-five pounds," he says, "and only a hundred and forty down on the license!"

Some people is that way. But we don't carry passengers much, except they take a notion to come.



From the painting in the Cathedral, Toledo. See "Open Letters."

THE STRIPPING OF CHRIST. BY EL GRECO

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS

TWENTY-EIGHTH OF THE SERIES

THE STRIPPING OF CHRIST

BY

EL GRECO

TO MAXFIELD PARRISH

(AN ITALIAN GARDEN)

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THOUGH like some alchemist of ancient days
You change all baser substance into gold,
Yours only are the secrets that unfold
A sky which rivals liquid chrysoprase;
Yours only is the veil of magic haze
Through which allures a garden, wood or wold—
Enchanted vistas that invite the old
To tread anew dear unforgotten ways.
But sweeter still, to those in cities penned,
The silent pool, whose cypress sentinel
Has caught the last red kisses of the west,
To vesper-music from yon steeple's bell.
O master-understanding, thus to blend
With solemn beauty all the balm of rest!

THE CASE OF KATRINA

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

WITH PICTURES BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

MY memory of Katrina goes back to the morning when, at the tender age of ten, she was violently precipitated into our class-room. The motive power, we subsequently learned, was her brother Jacob, slightly older than Katrina, whose nervous system had abruptly refused the ordeal of accompanying her into the presence of the teacher. Pushing the door ajar until the opening was just large enough to admit her, he thrust her through, following her fat figure for a second with one anxious eye and breathing audibly in his excitement. The next instant the cheerful clatter of his hob-nailed boots echoed down the hall, followed by a whoop of relief as he emerged upon the playground.

It was Katrina's bearing as she stood, thus rudely projected into our lives, endeavoring to recover her equilibrium, and with thirty pairs of eyes fixed unswervingly upon her, that won my heart and Jessica's. Owing to a fervid determination of our teacher to keep us well in view, we sat in the front row, directly facing her. Having, even in our extreme youth, a constitutional distaste to missing anything, we undoubtedly stared at Katrina longer and harder than any

of the others. We smiled, too, largely and with the innocent abandon of childhood; and Katrina smiled back at us as if she also tasted a subtle flavor of the joke, lost to cruder palates. Then she shifted her tiny school-bag from one hand to the other, swept the room with a thoughtful glance, and catching sight of frantic gestures I was making, obeyed them by walking casually to an empty seat across from my own, where she sat down with deepening dimples and an air of finality.

Several moments subsequently our teacher, Miss Merrill, aroused herself from the trance into which she apparently had been thrown by the expeditiousness with which this incident was accomplished, and coming to Katrina's side, ratified the arrangement, incidentally learning the new pupil's name and receiving from her hand a card, written by the principal and assigning her to our special grade. But long before these insignificant details were completed, Jessica and I had emptied Katrina's bag, arranged her books in her desk, lent her a pencil she lacked, indicated to her the boy most to be scorned and shunned, given her in pantomime the exact standing of Miss Merrill in the regard of her pupils, and accepted in turn the temporary loan of the spruce gum with which she had happily provided herself. At recess the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened into a warm friendship, and on the way home from school that night we made a covenant of eternal loyalty and love, and told one another the stories of our lives.

Jessica's and mine were distressingly matter-of-fact. We were both supplied with the usual complement of parents, brothers, and sisters, and, barring the melancholy condition that none of them, of course, understood our complex natures, we had nothing unusual to chronicle. But Katrina's recital was of an interest. She was, to begin with, an orphan, living with two brothers and an old uncle in a large and gloomy house we had often noticed as it stood with its faded back turned coldly to Evans Avenue. Seemingly her pleasures and friends were few. Once a month she went to the cemetery to put flowers on her father's and mother's graves. Katrina herself seemed uncertain as to whether this pilgrimage properly belonged in the field of pleasure or the stern path of duty; but Jessica and I classified it at once, and dropped an easy tear. We hoped her uncle was grim and stern and did not give her enough to eat. This, we felt, would have made the melancholy picture of Katrina's condition most satisfyingly complete. But when we sought eagerly for such details, Katrina, with shameless indifference to dramatic possibilities, painted for us an unromantic, matter-of-fact old German, kind to her when he remembered her existence, but submerged in his library and in scientific research. We further learned that they ate five meals a day at Katrina's home, with "coffee" and numerous accompaniments in between. Moreover, Katrina's school-bag bulged at the sides with German cakes of various shapes and composition. Our stern disapproval of these was tempered in time by the fact that she freely shared them with us. We were not surprised to discover, also, though these revelations came later, that the old housekeeper had difficulty in keeping buttons on the child's frocks, and that Katrina was addicted to surreptitious consumption of large cucumber pickles behind her geography in school hours. These were small defects of an otherwise beautiful nature, and stimulating to our youthful fancy in the possibilities they suggested. Unquestioningly we accepted Katrina as a being to be loved, pitied, and spared the ruder shocks of life. Lovingly we sharpened her pencils, cheerfully we covered her books, unenthusiastically but patiently we wrote her compositions; for Katrina's mind worked slowly and literature was obviously not her forte. In return, Katrina blossomed and existed and shed on us the radiance of a smile which illumined the dim school-room even as her optimistic theories of life leavened our infant pessimism.

Time swept us on, out of childhood school-rooms into the dignified shades of the academy, and Katrina developed from a fat little girl with yellow braids into a plump young person with a rather ordinary complexion, some taste in dress, and a really angelic smile. As a possible explanation of her lack of interest in intellectual pursuits, she explained to us

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SURVEYED US, NOT UNPLEASANTLY, BUT WHOLLY WITHOUT INTEREST"

that she continued to attend school only because her uncle suggested nothing else. Whatever the reason, we were glad to have her there; and though we still did most of her work, and she carefully refrained from burdening her mind with academic knowledge, the tie between us was strengthened, if anything, by the fact. Jessica and I were already convinced that more was being put into us than two small heads could hold. It was a grateful as well as a friendly task to pass the surplus on to Katrina.

When we were seventeen, Jessica and I were told that we were to be sent East to college, and Katrina's uncle, first stimulating thought by pushing his spectacles back upon his brow, decided that she was already sufficiently burdened by education and that the useful arts of the *Hausfrau* should engage her attention forthwith. She should keep house for him and her brothers, he announced, until she carried out her proper mission in life by marrying and having babies. With this oracular utterance he closed further discussion by burying himself once more in his library, while Katrina came to tell us his decision.

She had looked forward to the pleasing social aspects of college life, so she seemed slightly disappointed, did Katrina, and the end of her nose held certain high lights. But aside from this evidence of sorrow she made no protest against the peremptory masculine shaping of her future. Stricken to the heart, Jessica and I stormed, begged, implored, wept. Katrina opposed to our eloquence the impassive front of a pink sofa-cushion.

"My uncle says it," she sighed, and was silent.

Jessica and I were not the natures to remain inactive at such a crisis. We appealed to her brothers, who promptly declined to express any opinion in the matter beyond a general conviction that their uncle was right in all things. Baffled, we proceeded to beard the uncle in his den. We found him wearing worn carpet slippers, a faded dressing-gown, a serene expression, and an air of absorption in science which did not materially lift at our approach. He listened to us patiently, however, greeting our impassioned climaxes with long drawn "ach so's," which Jessica subsequently confided to me brought to birth in her the first murderous impulse of a hitherto blameless life. Once we experienced high hopes, when Jessica, whose conscience had seemingly not accompanied us to the conference, dwelt feelingly on Katrina's unusual intellectual achievements at the academy. Her uncle grew very grave at this, and his "ach so's" rolled about in the bare old library like echoes of distant thunder.

"Ach, that is bad," he sighed; "I did not think it; I was careless. I should have taken her away sooner, is it not so? But she will quickly forget—yes, yes." His face cleared. "It will do her no harm," he went on. "It is not good that the women know too much. *Kirche, Kinder, und Kuchen*—that is best for them. Ach, yes."

There being obviously little to gain by prolonging this painful discussion, Jessica and I bore our outraged sensibilities to the calming atmosphere of our homes. And in due time, our trunks being packed and our farewells said, we departed to apply our thirsty lips to the fountain of knowledge flowing at the Eastern college, leaving Katrina to embark upon her domestic career.

Time and distance, we reminded Katrina, could be bridged by letters, and Katrina responded nobly to the hint. She wrote every day at first, and we consumed most of our waking hours in inditing our replies. There seemed, indeed, little else to engage our attention in a community which was experiencing great difficulty in recalling our names and was in heathen darkness as to our brilliant achievements at the academy. As time passed, however, we grew more busy. For a few months the necessity of asserting our individuality to an extent which would at least prevent our being trodden upon in the halls engaged our attention, and after that a conscientious imitation of loved ones in the Junior class occupied much time.

The great news of Katrina's engagement fanned into a fierce flame the warm embers of our friendship. Oh, joy, oh romance, oh, young, young, love! We wrote Katrina forty pages of congratulations, and Katrina coyly but fully replied. We could almost see her rosy blushes as she bent over the pages of her long letters

to us. Her future lord was a German, a professor in the Lutheran college in our native city, and, it seemed, though Katrina dwelt but lightly on the fact, somewhat past the first fine flush of youth. So much Katrina naïvely conveyed to us, with the further information that the wedding was to be early in February, because Professor von Heller, the happy bridegroom, seemed unaccountably to be in haste, and had bought a home, to which he was anxious to take her.

There was much in all this to arouse our girlish enthusiasm; the charms of our beloved Juniors paled into temporary insignificance as we followed Katrina's love affair. We could not go home for the wedding, for reasons which seemed sufficient to the faculty, and this was a bitter blow. But we spent more than we could afford on the wedding present we sent Katrina, and we still occupied most of our waking hours writing to her.

The wedding, according to Katrina's account, was in the nature of a brilliant social function. She found time during her honeymoon to write us lengthy accounts of its splendors. She obviously had taken considerable satisfaction in the presence of the entire faculty of Professor von Heller's college and in the effect of her gown, which was of white satin, with orange blossoms. She also sent us a box of her wedding cake, some of which we ate and upon the rest of which we conscientiously slumbered, experiencing horrible nightmares. Then, as the weeks passed, her letters became less frequent, and we, in turn, whirling in the maelstrom of spring examinations, gave to her paradise the tribute of an occasional envious thought, and respected her happy silence.

When we went home for our summer vacation our first caller, most properly, was Katrina. She was a subdued, rather chastened Katrina, whose thoughtful, slightly puzzled expression might have suggested to maturer minds that some, at least, of the vaunted joys of domestic life had thus far escaped her. She urged us to come to her at once,—the next day, in fact,—and we accepted her invitation with the alacrity it deserved. We could not dine with her, we explained, as Jessica's sister had thoughtlessly made another engagement for us; but we would come at two and remain until after five, unbosoming ourselves of the year's experiences in a long talk and listening to the wisdom that flowed from Katrina's lips.

The next day was very beautiful, and Jessica and I, casting off a haunting suspicion of our individual unimportance which we had not quite succeeded in leaving behind us at college, expanded joyfully, and lent ourselves to the charms of a sunlit world. The Lutheran fount of knowledge was on the edge of the city, and Katrina's home was a short distance beyond it. It was quite a country place, this home, over the big, bare lawn of which an iron dog fiercely mounted guard. A weather-beaten house confronted us, with a cold, forbidding expression. We felt chilled as we opened the gate, but Katrina presented herself at the first click of its latch, and her welcome was so hospitable and eager that our temporary constraint vanished. Simultaneously we fell upon her neck; loudly we assured her of our envious delight; noisily we trooped into her hall. As we entered it, a large, cheerful room confronted us. Through its open door we could see soft, leather-covered easy-chairs, and big windows overlooking distant hills. Jessica started toward this, but Katrina checked her with a gentle touch.

"Not there," she said gravely; "that is my husband's study, and he may come in any moment. *This* is our sitting-room."

She opened another door as she spoke, and we followed her dazedly across the threshold into a space which, properly utilized, might have made a comfortable single sleeping-room. It was quite seven feet by nine and had one window, looking out on a dingy barn. The painted floor was partly covered by a rug, Katrina's zither stood stiffly in a corner, three chairs backed themselves sternly against the wall. Katrina indicated two of these, and dropped on the third with her radiant smile.

"We use this as the sitting-room," she remarked casually, "because my husband needs plenty of light and space when he works. Oh, my dear girls!" she broke out; "you don't know how glad I am to see you! Tell me every-

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE . . . SHOWED A SYMPATHY ALMOST HUMAN IN HER REPLIES"

thing that has happened since we met—all about college and your friends there."

As she spoke, there was the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, followed by the noisy opening and shutting of a door. The pushing about of chairs in the next room and the drop of a heavy body into one of them suggested that the professor was at home and in his study. Katrina corroborated this surmise.

"My husband," she murmured, with a little blush. "He is early to-day."

The words were drowned by a roar.

"Katrina," bellowed a bass voice of startling depth, "bring my slippers."

Katrina rose on the instant.

"You will excuse me?" she said hastily. "Talk till I come back."

We did not talk, having some abysmal suspicion that if we talked we might say something. I gazed steadily at a little German picture on the wall,—one I had given our hostess years before,—and Jessica hummed a college-song under her breath. We heard Katrina's feet fly upstairs, down again, and into the study. Almost immediately she returned to us, her cheeks pink from her exertions.

"Now," she began, "I want to hear all about it—the nicest teachers, the chums who have taken my place."

The voice in the next room boomed out again.

"Ka-tri-na!" it bellowed. "My pipe! It is up-stairs."

Katrina departed for the pipe. Jessica and I indulged in the luxury of a long, comprehending gaze into the depths of each other's eyes. Katrina returned, and we all talked at once; for five minutes reminiscences and confidences flowed with the freedom of a mountain stream after a thaw.

"Ka-tri-na!"

Katrina sat still. She was listening to the end of Jessica's best story, but one willing foot went forward tentatively.

"Ka-tri-na!" Katrina should have heard that call though she lay with folded hands beside her mother 'neath the churchyard mold.

"Katrina, get me Haeckel's 'Wonders of Life!'"

Katrina got it, by the simple and effective process of going into the room where the professor sat and taking it from its shelf. We heard the soft murmur of her voice, followed by the rumble of his. When she returned to us, Jessica finished her story in the chastened spirit which follows such an interruption, and there were ten minutes of talk. We forgot the bare little room; old memories softly enfolded us; the Katrina we knew and loved dominated the situation.

"Ka-tri-na!"

Katrina's soft lips were not smiling now, but she rose at once, and with a murmured apology left the room. We heard the suggestion of the rest of her task as she closed the door.

"Where is that box of pens I got last week?"

Apparently their lurking place was a distant one; Katrina's absence was long. When she returned, she volunteered to show us the house. We surmised that her desire was to get away from the sound of that summoning voice, and even as we rose we realized the futility of such an effort.

The dining-room, into which she led us for cake and tea, was almost comfortable. Its furniture, dark, serviceable oak, was a gift, Katrina told us, from her uncle. Twice as she served the tea she responded to a summons from the professor's study. Once he desired a handkerchief, and the second time he wished an important letter posted at once. His wife went out to the rural box which adorned the fence in front of the house and cast the envelop into its yawning mouth. Returning, she showed us her kitchen, an immaculate spot, the floor of which was evidently scrubbed by her own hands, for she mentioned that she employed no servant.

"Hans thinks we do not need one," she added simply.

To the right of the dining-room was a fine, bright, cheerful room, full of shelves on which stood innumerable jars and bottles of evil odor.

"My husband's laboratory," announced Katrina, proudly. "He has to have light and air."

Up-stairs there was a bedroom containing a huge double bed; a companion room off this was evidently used by the professor as a dressing-room and storeroom. His clothes and several startling

German trunks filled it. There were other rooms, but not one of them contained a rug or a piece of furniture. Slowly, convincingly, the knowledge entered our sentimental little hearts that Katrina's sole refuge for herself and her friends was the tiny, so-called "sitting-room" down-stairs. She continued to show us about with housewifely pride. So far as we could see, her unconsciousness of her wrongs was complete. She was wholly untouched by self-pity.

"Do you mean to say," began Jessica, warmly, and then suddenly realized that she herself could not say it. It was as well, for there was no opportunity. Even as Katrina was beginning to explain that her husband did not think it necessary to complete the furnishing of the house for a year or two, he summoned her to his side by a megaphonic demand for water to thin his ink. His impatience for this overcame his obvious aversion to exertion, and he came into the hall to take it from her hand as we descended the stairs. She introduced him to us, and he bowed gravely and with considerable dignity. He had a massive head, with iron-gray, curling hair, and near-sighted eyes, which peered at us vaguely through large steel-rimmed spectacles. He surveyed us, not unpleasantly, but wholly without interest, nodded again, partly to himself and partly to us, as if our appearance had confirmed some dark surmise of his own, took the water from Katrina's hand, grunted an acknowledgment, and retreated to his fastness in the study. He had not spoken one articulate word. Even Katrina, smiling her untroubled smile, seemed to feel that something in the situation demanded a word of comment.

"He is not at ease with girls," she murmured gently. "He has taught only boys, and he does not understand women; but he has a kind heart."

Jessica and I ruminated thoughtfully upon this tribute as we went away. We had learned through the innocent prattle of our hostess's busy tongue that she desired a garden, but that Hans thought it a waste of time; that she had suggested open plumbing, and that Hans declined to go to the expense; that she saw little of her brothers nowadays, as Hans did not approve of them; that her old friends came to see her rarely since her marriage, as, for some reason unaccountable to Katrina, they seemed not to like her husband.

We waited until we were out of sight of the house, and then seated ourselves gloomily on a wayside rock under a sheltering tree. A robin, perched on a branch above our heads, burst into mocking song. The sun still shone; I wondered how it could.

"Well, of all the selfish beasts and unmanageable brutes!" Jessica began hotly. Jessica's language was frequently too strong for elegance, and even at this exciting moment my sense of duty forced me to call the fact to her attention. I moreover essayed judicious weighing of the situation as the most effective means of cooling her off.

"If the secret of happiness is work, as most authorities agree," I reminded Jessica, "Professor von Heller's wife ought to be the happiest bride in this country."

Jessica turned one disgusted glance upon me, rose with dignity, and moved haughtily down the road to a street car which was bumping its way toward us on its somewhat uneven track.

"Oh, well, if you are going to be funny over a tragedy in which one of your dearest friends is a victim," she observed icily, "we will not discuss the matter. But I, for one, have learned a lesson: I know *now* what matrimony is."

I had a dim sense that even this experience, interesting and educative though it was, could not be fairly regarded as a postgraduate course in matrimonial knowledge, and I ventured to say so.

Jessica set her teeth and declined to discuss the matter further, resolutely turning the conversation to the neutral topic of a cat-bird which was mewing plaintively in a hedge behind us. Late that night, however, she awoke me from my innocent slumbers with a request for knowledge as to the correct spelling of *irrevocable* and *disillusionment*. She was at her desk, writing hard, with her brows knit into an elaborate pattern of cross-stitching. I knew the moment I looked upon her set young face that the missive was to Arthur Townsend Jennings, the brother of a classmate, whose letter urging her to "wait five years" for him Jessica had received only that morning. It

was quite evident, even to the drowsiest observation, that Jessica was not promising to wait.

Jessica's pessimism on the subject of matrimony dated from that hour, and grew with each day that followed. Coldly, even as she had turned from the plea of Arthur Townsend Jennings, did she turn from all other suitors. She grew steadily in charm and beauty, and her opportunities to break hearts were, from the susceptible nature of man, of an almost startling frequency. Jessica grasped each one with what seemed even to my loyal eyes diabolical glee. She was an avenging Nemesis, hot on the trail of man. Grave professors, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Juniors and Seniors, loyal boy friends of her youth who came in manhood to lay their hearts at her feet—all of these and more Jessica sent forth from her presence, a long, stricken procession. "I know *now* what matrimony is," was Jessica's battle-cry. If, in a thoughtless partizan spirit, I sought to say a good word for one of her victims, pointing out his material advantages or his spiritual graces, or both, Jessica turned upon me with a stern reminder. "Have you forgotten Katrina?" she would ask. As I had not forgotten Katrina, the question usually silenced me.

For myself, I must admit Jessica's Spartan spirit had its effect as an example. Left alone to work out the problem according to my elemental processes, I might possibly have arrived at the conclusion that Katrina's domestic infelicity, assuming that it existed, need not necessarily spread a somber pall over the entire institution of matrimony. But Jessica's was a dominant personality, and I was easily influenced. In my humble way I followed her example; and, though, lacking her beauty and magnetism, the havoc I wrought was vastly less than hers, I nevertheless succeeded in temporarily blighting the lives of two middle-aged professors, one widower in the dry-goods line, and the editor of a yellow newspaper. This last, I must admit, my heart yearned over. I earnestly desired to pluck him from the burning, so to speak, and assist him to find the higher nature of which he had apparently entirely lost sight. There was something singularly pleasing to me in the personality of this gentleman, but Jessica would have none of him. I finally agreed to be a maiden aunt to him, and, this happy compromise effected, I was privileged to see him frequently. If at any time I faltered, quoting him too often on the political problems of the day, or thoughtlessly re-reading his letters in Jessica's presence, she reminded me of Katrina. I sighed, and resumed the mantle, so to speak, of the maiden aunt. Unlike Katrina, I never had been good at running errands, and now, in my early thirties, I was taking on stoutness: it was plain that the risk of matrimony was indeed too great.

For we had been growing older, Jessica and I, and many things more or less agreeable had happened to us. We had been graduated with high honors, we had spent four years abroad in supplementary study, and we had then returned to the congenial task of bringing education up to date in our native land. We taught, and taught successfully; and our girls went forth and married, or studied or taught, and came back to show us their babies or their theses, according to the character of their productiveness. We fell into the routine of academic life. Occasionally, at longer intervals as the years passed, an intrepid man, brushing aside the warnings of his anxious friends, presented himself for the favor of Jessica, and was sternly sent to join the long line of his predecessors. Life was full, life in its way was interesting, but it must be admitted that life was sometimes rather lonely. My editor, loyal soul that he was, wrote regularly, and came to see me twice a year. Professor Herbert Adams, a victim long at Jessica's feet, made sporadic departures from that position, and then humbly returned. These two alone were left us. Jessica acquired three gray hairs and a permanent crease in her intellectual brow.

During all these changing scenes we had not seen Katrina. Under no circumstances, after that first melancholy visit, would we willingly have seen her again. At long intervals we heard from her. We knew there were three fat babies, whose infant charms, hitherto unparalleled, were caricatured in snapshots sent us by their proud mother. Jessica looked at these, groaned, and dropped them into the dark corners of our study.

Our visits home were rare, and there had been no time in any of them for a second call at the home of Professor von Heller. Seven years after our return from Europe, however, Jessica decided that she needed a rest and a summer in her native air. Moreover, she had just given Professor Adams his final *congé*, and he had left her in high dudgeon. I sapiently inferred that Jessica had found the experience something of a strain. As Jessica acted as expeditiously in other matters as in blighting lives, I need hardly add that we were transported to our home town with gratifying dispatch. We had stepped from the train at the end of our journey before a satisfactory excuse for remaining behind had occurred to me, and it was obviously of little avail to mention it then. Twenty-four hours after the newspapers had chronicled the exciting news of our arrival Katrina called on us.

We gasped as we looked at her. Was this indeed Katrina—this rosy, robust, glowing, radiant German with shining eyes and with vitality flowing from her like the current of an electric battery? I looked at Jessica's faded complexion, the tired lines in her face, the white threads in her dark hair, and my heart contracted suddenly. I knew how I looked—vastly more tired, more faded than Jessica, for I had started from a point nearer to these undesirable goals. We three were about the same age. There were six months at the most between us. Who would believe it to look at us together?

Katrina seized us in turn, and kissed us on both cheeks. To me there was something life-giving in the grasp of her strong, firm hands, in the touch of her cool, soft lips. She insisted that we come to see her and at once. When would we come? We had no excuse now, she pointed out, and if we needed a rest, the farm—her home—was the best place in the world for rest. With a faint access of hope I heard her. The farm? Had she, then, moved? No, she was still in the same place, Katrina explained, but the city had lurched off in another direction, leaving her and Hans and the children undisturbed in their peaceful pastoral life.

"Ka-tri-na!"

I almost jumped, but it was only a memory, helped on by my vivid fancy. I had tried to picture the peaceful pastoral life, but all that responded was the echo of that distant summons. Jessica, however, was explaining that we would come—soon, very soon—next week,—yes, Tuesday, of course. Jessica subsequently inquired of me, with the strong resentment of the person who is in the wrong, how I expected her to get us out of it. It was something that had to be done. Obviously, she said, it was one of those things to do and have done with.

She discoursed languidly about Katrina in the interval between the promise and the visit.

"Well! Of course she 's well," drawled Jessica. "She 's the kind that would n't know it if she was n't well. For the rest, she 's phlegmatic, has no aspirations, and, evidently, no sensitiveness. All she asks is to wait on that man and his children, and from our glimpse of Hans we can safely surmise that he is still gratifying that simple aspiration. Heavens! don't let 's talk about it! It 's too horrible!"

Tuesday came, and we made our second visit to Katrina's—fourteen years to a month from the time of our first. Again the weather was perfect, but the years and professional cares had done their fatal work, and our lagging spirits refused to respond to the jocund call of the day. Again we approached, with an absurd shrinking, the bleak old house. The bleak old house was not there; nay, it was there, but transformed. It was painted red. Blossoming vines clambered over it; French windows descended to meet its wide veranda; striped awnings sheltered its rooms from the July sun. The lawns, sloping down to a close-clipped hedge, were green and velvety. The iron dog was gone. A great hammock swung in the corner of the veranda, and in it tumbled a fat, pink child and a kitten. The fat child proved that all was not a dream. It was Katrina reborn—the Katrina of that first day in school twenty years and more ago. Rather unsteadily we walked up the gravel path, rather uncertainly we rang the bell. A white-capped maid ushered us in. Yes, Frau von Heller was at home

and expecting the ladies. Would the ladies be gracious enough to enter? The ladies would. The ladies entered.

The partition between two of the rooms had been taken down, and the entire floor made over. There was a wide hall, with a great living-room at the right. As we approached it we heard the gurgle of a baby's laugh, Katrina's answering ripple, and the murmur of a bass voice buzzing like a cheerful bumble-bee. Our footsteps were deadened by the thick carpet, and our entrance did not disturb for a moment the pleasing family tableau on which we gazed. The professor was standing with his baby in his arms, his profile toward the door, facing his wife, who was laughing up at him. The infant had grasped a handful of his father's wavy gray hair and was making an earnest and gratifyingly successful effort to drag it out by the roots. Von Heller's face, certainly ten years younger than when we saw it last, was alight with pride in this precocious offspring. Seeing us, he tossed the baby on his shoulder, holding it there with one accustomed arm, and came to meet us, his wife close by his side. They reached us together, but it was the professor who gave us our welcome. This time he needed no introduction.

"My wife's friends, Miss Lawrence and Miss Gifford, is it not?" He smiled, extending his big hand to each of us in turn, and giving our hands a grip the cordiality of which made us wince. "It is a pleasure. But you will excuse this young man, is it not?" He lowered the baby to his breast as he spoke, while his wife fell upon our necks in hospitable greeting. "He has no manners, this young man," added the father, sadly, when Katrina had thus expressed her rapture in our arrival. "He would yell if I put him down, and he has lungs—ach, but he has lungs!"

He busied himself drawing forth chairs for us, apparently quite unhampered by his small burden. We contemplated the baby and said fitting things. He had cheeks like beefsteaks and eyes that stuck out of his head with what appeared to be joyful interest in his surroundings. Katrina exclaimed over a sudden discovery.

"But you have n't taken off your hats!" she cried. "Hans, give the baby to Gretchen and take my friends' wraps and hats up to the guest-room. I don't want Miss Lawrence to climb stairs."

The professor obediently summoned the nurse, dropped the baby, burdened himself with our garments, and ambled off with the tread of a peaceful elephant. When he returned, with the eager look of a retriever waiting for another stick, his wife promptly met his hopes.

"Arrange the easy-chair for Miss Lawrence, dear," she said comfortably, "and put an ottoman under her feet. I want her to rest while she is here."

The professor did it, while we gazed. He also inquired feelingly as to the state of Jessica's health, showed a sympathy almost human in her replies, and placed a pillow behind her back. Subsequently, during that call, he did these things:

He answered the telephone half a dozen times, faithfully repeating to his wife the messages of her various friends, and carrying hers back, as she declined to be torn from us long enough to talk to them herself.

He rounded up the remaining two children and presented them for our inspection, straightening his son's shoulders with an experienced hand, and tying with consummate skill the bow on his little girl's hair.

He went to the stable and ordered the family carriage, that we might drive later in the afternoon.

He searched for and found the morning newspaper, thoughtfully dropped in the wast-paper basket by the maid, and he read aloud to us a paragraph to which Katrina had referred chronicling the achievements of a classmate of ours.

He brought to Katrina, at different times and from remote parts of the house, one white shawl, six photographs of the children, an essay written by their son, aged ten, two books, a bib to meet a sudden need of the baby, and Katrina's address-book. He did these things, and he did them cheerfully, and with the unmistakable ease of frequent repetition. I glanced at Jessica. The expressions of incredulity and amazement to which she had freely yielded during the first half-hour of our call had given way to a look of deep reflection.

Subsequently Katrina showed us her home. The room that had been the professor's study was now part of the large general living-room. The laboratory was now Katrina's personal sitting-room. Through its French windows we saw Katrina's garden blossoming like the rose. Jessica asked the present location of the professor's study and laboratory. She subsequently admitted to me that she should not have done it, but that to leave the house without the information would have been a physical and moral impossibility. Katrina looked at her vaguely, as one seeking to recall a fleeting moment of the long-dead past; but the professor responded with gratified alacrity.

"But you shall see them," he cried. "Surely, yes;" and like a jovial schoolboy he led us up to the third floor. There indeed was his study—a hall bedroom, much crowded by his desk and easy-chair; and off it, in a closet, were his beloved bottles and chemicals. I felt a throb of sympathy for the professor, but he was evidently blissfully ignorant of any reason for such a sentiment.

"The *Mütterchen* and the babies need the rest," he smiled complacently. "They must not climb too many stairs—no;" and he led the way back to comfort with unconsciousness of the painful contrast between past and present conditions that made Jessica and me carefully refrain from meeting each other's eyes. The children, when they espied him upon our return, uttered shrieks of joy. The baby sprang to his arms, the little boy swarmed up his leg. The picture of Professor von Heller as a perfectly trained husband and father was complete.

In silence, after our prolonged farewells, Jessica and I left the house. In silence we entered the trolley car; in silence we rode home. At last I voiced a sudden suspicion:

"Do you think," I asked hopefully, "that it was all a—a—well, that she persuaded him to do it just this once, for our edification?"

Jessica shook her head.

"I thought so, at first," she conceded slowly. "That in itself would have been a miracle—one I 'd never believe if I had n't seen it with these eyes. But everything disproves the theory. Do you think she could have trained those children to advance and retreat like a Casino ballet? On the contrary, it 's evident that they literally live on him. They 've worn the creases off his trousers! Did n't you notice where the creases left off and the sliding place of the babies began?"

I reluctantly admitted that this detail had escaped my observation. Jessica sighed.

"Incredible as it is," she summed up, "it 's all true. It 's the real thing."

"It opens quite a vista," I observed thoughtfully. "If you would like Professor Adams's present address, I can give it to you. He is in the Adirondacks with his sister Mollie, and I had a letter from her this morning."

Jessica looked at me and urged me not to be vulgar. Her thoughtful expression did not lift.

"If Katrina can do *that* with *that* man," I murmured reflectively, as we entered the house, "I really believe you could work wonders with Adams. He would probably do the cooking and marketing—"

"If you 're so impressed," remarked Jessica, in incisive tones, "I wonder you don't yield to the prayers and tears of your editor man."

My reply made Jessica sink into a hall chair which was fortunately at hand.

"I am going to," I said placidly. And I did.

Jessica's nature being less womanly and yielding than mine, her surrender was a matter of longer time. In the interval I quite forgot her unimportant affairs, being wholly absorbed in the really extraordinary values of my own. Two weeks before the re-opening of college, my reformed yellow journalist, who had come West to spend his brief vacation with me, was seated by my side one evening studying the admirable effect of a ring he had just placed on my finger. It is singular how fraught with human interest such moments can be, and Edward and I failed to hear Jessica as she opened the door. She looked over our heads as she spoke to me. Her face was rather red, but her voice and manner expressed a degree of indifference which I am convinced no human being has ever really felt on any subject.

"Did you say that you could give me Mollie Adams's address?" asked Jessica.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MOTHER AND CHILD

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MOSCHCOWITZ

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

PICTURE BY H. S. POTTER

XXI

CHAYNE WORKS OUT A PROBLEM

"SIX weeks ago I said good-by to the French commission on the borders of a great lake in Africa. A month ago I was still walking to the rail head through the tangle of a forest's undergrowth," said Chayne, and he looked about the little restaurant in King street, St. James, as though to make sure that the words he spoke were true. The bright lights, the red benches against the walls, the women in their delicate gowns of lace, and the jingle of harness in the streets outside, made their appeal to one who for the best part of a year had lived within the dark walls of a forest. June had come round again, and Sylvia sat at his side.

"You must tell me how these months have gone with you while we dine," said he. "Your letters told me nothing of your troubles."

"I did not mean them to," replied Sylvia.

"I guessed that, my dear. It was like you. Yet I would rather have known."

Only a few hours before he had stood upon the deck of the Channel packet, and had seen the bows swing westward of Dover Castle and head toward the pier. Would Syliva be there, he had wondered, as he watched the cluster of atoms on the quay; and in a little while he had seen her, standing quite alone, at the very end of the breakwater, that she might catch the first glimpse of her lover. Others had traveled with them in the carriage to London, and there had been no opportunity for speech. All that he knew was that she had been alone now for some weeks in the little house in Hobart Place.

"One thing I see," he said. "You are not as troubled as you were. The look of fear—that has gone from your eyes. Sylvia, I am glad."

"There were times," she answered—and, as she thought upon them, terror once more leaped into her face—"times when I feared more than ever, when I needed you very much. But they are past now, Hilary," and her hand dropped for a moment upon his, and her eyes brightened with a smile. As they dined, she told the story of those months.

"We returned to London very suddenly after you had gone away," she began. "We were to have stayed through September; but my father said that business called him back, and I noticed that he was deeply troubled."

"When did you notice that?" asked Chayne, quickly. "When did you first notice it?"

Sylvia reflected for a moment.

"The day after you had gone."

"Are you sure?" asked Chayne, with a certain intensity.

"Quite."

Chayne nodded his head.

"I did not understand the reason of the hurry. And I was perplexed, and also a little alarmed. Everything which I did not understand frightened me in those days." She spoke as if "those days" and all their dark events belonged to some dim period of which no consequence could reach her now. "Our departure had almost the look of a flight."

"Yes," said Chayne. For his part

he was not surprised at their flight. He had passed more than one wakeful night during the last few months, arguing and arguing again whether he should have disclosed to Sylvia the meaning of that softly opening door and the shadow on the ceiling as he read it. He might have been wrong; if so, he would have added to Sylvia's burden of troubles yet another, and one more terrible than all the rest. He might have been right; and if so, he might have enabled Sylvia to avert a tragedy. Thus the argument had revolved in a circle, and left him always in the same doubt. Now he understood that his explanation of the incident had been confirmed. The loud whistle from the darkness of the road, the yokel's cry, which had driven Garratt Skinner from the room as noiselessly as he had entered it, had done more than that: they had driven him from the neighborhood altogether. Some one had seen him—had seen him standing just behind Walter Hine in the lighted room, and on the next day he had fled.

"I was right," he said absently—"right to keep silent." For here was Sylvia at his side, and the dreaded peril unfulfilled. "Well, you returned to London?" he added hastily.

"Yes. There is something of which I did not tell you that night when we were together on the downs. Walter Hine had begun to take cocaine."

Chayne started.

"Cocaine!" he cried.

"Yes. My father taught him to take it."

"Your father," said Chayne, slowly, trying to fit this new and astounding fact in with the rest. "But why?"

"I think I can tell you," said Sylvia. "My father knew quite well that he had me working against him, trying to rescue Walter Hine out of his hands. And I was beginning to get some power. He understood that, and destroyed it. I was no match for him. I thought that I knew something of the underside of life. But he knew more, ever so much more, and my knowledge was of no avail. He taught Walter Hine the craving for cocaine, and he satisfied the craving: there was his power. He provided the drug. I do not know,—I might perhaps have fought against my father and won,—but against my father and a drug I was helpless. My father obtained it in sufficient quantity, withheld it at times, gave it at other times, played with him, tantalized him, gratified him. You can understand there was only one possible result. Walter Hine became my father's slave, his dog. I no longer counted in his thoughts at all. I was nothing."

"Yes," said Chayne.

The device was subtle, diabolically subtle. But he wondered whether it was only to counterbalance and destroy Sylvia's influence that Garratt Skinner had introduced cocaine to Hine's notice; whether he had not had in view some other end even still more sinister.

"I saw very little of Mr. Hine after our return to London," she continued. "He did not come often to the house, but when he did come, each time I saw that he had changed. He had grown nervous, and violent of temper. Even before we left Dorsetshire the violence had become noticeable."

"Oh," said Chayne, looking quickly at Sylvia. "Before you left Dorsetshire?"

"Yes; and my father seemed to me to provoke it, though I could not guess why. For instance—"

"Yes?" said Chayne. "Tell me!"

He spoke quietly enough, but once again there was audible a certain intensity in his voice. There had been an occasion when Sylvia had given to him more news of Garratt Skinner than she had herself. Was she to do so once more? He leaned forward with his eyes on hers.

"The night when you come back to me. Do you remember, Hilary?" and a smile lightened his face.

"I shall forget no moment of that night, sweetheart, while I live," he whispered; and blushes swept prettily over her face, and in a sweet confusion she smiled back at him.

"Oh, Hilary!" she said.

"Oh, Sylvia!" he mimicked; and as they laughed together, it seemed there was a danger that the story of the months of separation would never be completed. But Chayne brought her back to it.

"Well? On that night when I came back?"

"I saw you in the road from my window, and then, motioning you to be silent, I disappeared from the window."

"Yes, I remember," said Chayne, eagerly. He began to think that the cocaine was, after all, going to fit in with the incidents of that night.

"Walter Hine and my father were going up to bed. I heard them on the stairs. They were going earlier than usual."

"You are sure?" interrupted Chayne. "Think well!"

"Much earlier than usual, and they were quarreling. At least, Walter Hine was quarreling; and my father was speaking to him as if he were a child. That hurt his vanity, and made him worse."

"Your father was provoking him?"

Sylvia's forehead puckered.

"I could not say that, and be sure of it; but I can say this: if my father had wished to provoke him to a greater anger, it 's in that way that he would have done it."

"Yes, I see."

"They were speaking loudly, even my father was,—more loudly than usual,—especially at that time. For when they went up-stairs, they usually went very quietly."

Again Chayne interrupted her.

"Your father might have wanted you to hear the quarrel?" he suggested.

Sylvia turned to him curiously.

"Why should he wish that?" she asked, and considered the point. "He might have. Only, on the other hand, they were earlier than usual. They would not be so careful to go quietly. I was likely to be still awake."

"Exactly," said Chayne.

For in the probability that Sylvia would be still awake, would hear the violent words of Hine, and would therefore be an available witness afterward, Chayne found the reason both of the loudness of Garratt Skinner's tones and his early retirement for the night.

"Did you hear what was said? Can you repeat the words?" he asked.

"Yes. My father was keeping something from Mr. Hine which he wanted. I have no doubt it was the cocaine," and she repeated the words.

"Yes," said Chayne—"yes" in the tone of one who is satisfied. The incident of the lighted room and the shadow on the ceiling were clear to him now. A quarrel, of which there was witness—a quarrel all to the credit of Garratt Skinner, since it arose from his determination to hinder Walter Hine from poisoning himself with drugs,—at least that is how the evidence would work out,—the quarrel continued in Walter Hine's bedroom, whither Garratt Skinner had accompanied his visitor, a struggle begun for the possession of the drug by a man half-crazy for want of it, a blow in self-defense, delivered by Garratt Skinner, perhaps a fall from the window—that is how Chayne read the story of that night, as fashioned by the ingenuity of Garratt Skinner.

But on one point he was still perplexed. The story had not been told out to its end that night: there had come an unexpected shout, which had interrupted it, and, indeed, forever had prevented its completion in that spot. But why had it not been completed afterward, during the next few months, somewhere else? It had not been completed. For here was Sylvia with all her fears allayed, continuing the story of those months.

"But violence was not the only change in Walter Hine. There were some physical alterations which frightened me. Mr. Hine, as I say, came very seldom to our house, though my father saw a great deal of him. Otherwise I should have noticed them before. But early this year he came, and—you remember he was fair—well, his skin had grown dark, quite dark; his complexion had changed altogether. And there was something else which shocked me: his tongue was black, really black. I asked him what was the matter? He grew restless, and angry, and lied to me, and then he broke down and told me he could not sleep. He slept for only a few minutes at a time. He really was ill—very ill."

Was this the explanation, Chayne asked himself. Having failed at the quick process,—the process of the lighted room and the open window,—had Garratt Skinner left the drug to do its work slowly and surely?

"He was so weak, so broken in appearance, that I was alarmed. My father was not in the house. I sent for a cab, and I myself took Mr. Hine to a doc-

tor. The doctor knew at once what was amiss. For a time Mr. Hine said 'No,' but he gave in at the last. He was in the habit of taking thirty grains of cocaine a day."

"Thirty grains!" exclaimed Chayne.

"Yes. Of course it could not go on. Death or insanity would surely follow. He was warned of it, and for awhile he went into a home. Then he got better, and he determined to go abroad and travel."

"Who suggested that?" asked Chayne.

"I do not know. I know only that he refused to go without my father, and that my father consented to accompany him."

Chayne was startled.

"They are away together now?" he cried. A look of horror in his eyes betrayed his fear. He stared at Sylvia. Had she no suspicion—she who knew something of the underside of life? But she quietly returned his look.

"I took precautions. I told my father what I knew—not merely that Mr. Hine had acquired the habit of taking cocaine, but who had taught him the habit. Yes, I did that," she said simply, answering his look of astonishment. "It was difficult, my dear, and I would have very much liked to have had you there to help me through with it. But since you were not there, since I was alone, I did it alone. I thought of you, Hilary, while I was saying what I had to say. I tried to hear your voice speaking again outside the Chalet de Lognan: 'What you know, that you must do.' I warned my father that if any harm came to Walter Hine from taking the drug again,—any harm at all which I traced to my father,—I would not keep silent."

Chayne leaned back in his seat.

"You said that—to Garratt Skinner! Sylvia!" The warmth of pride and admiration in his voice brought the color to her cheeks, and compensated her for that bad hour. "You stood up alone and braved him out! My dear, if I had only been there! And you never wrote to me a word of it!"

"It would only have troubled you," she answered. "It would not have helped me to know that you were troubled."

"And he—your father?" he asked. "How did he receive it?"

Sylvia's face grew pale, and she stared at the table-cloth as though she could not for the moment trust her voice. Then she shuddered, and said in a low and shaking voice, so vivid was still the memory of that hour:

"I thought that I should never see you again."

She said no more. From those few words, and from the manner in which she uttered them, Chayne had to build up the terrible scene which had taken place between Sylvia and her father in the little back room of the house in Hobart Place. He looked round the lighted room, listened to the ripple of light voices, and watched the play of lively faces and bright eyes. There was an incongruity between these surroundings and the words which he had heard which shocked him.

"My dear, I 'll make it up to you," he said. "Trust me; I will. There shall be good hours now. I 'll watch you till I know surely without a word from you what you are thinking and feeling and wanting. Trust me, dearest!"

"With all my heart, and the rest of my life," she answered, a smile responding to his words, and she resumed her story.

"I extracted from my father a promise that every week he would write to me and tell me how Mr. Hine was and where they both were. And to that, at last, he consented. They have been away together for two months, and every week I have heard. So I think there is no danger."

Chayne did not disagree; but, on the other hand, he did not assent.

"I suppose Mr. Hine is very rich," he said doubtfully.

"No," replied Sylvia. "That 's another reason why—I am not afraid." She chose the words rather carefully, unwilling to express a deliberate charge against her father. "I used to think that he was, in the beginning, when Captain Barstow won so much from him; but then the bets ceased, and no more cards were played. I used to puzzle over why they ceased last year. But I think I have hit upon the explanation. My father discovered then what I only found out a few weeks ago. I wrote

to Mr. Hine's grandfather, telling him that his grandson was ill, and asking him whether he would not send for him. I thought that would be the best plan."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, the grandfather answered me very shortly that he did not know his grandson, that he did not wish to know him, and that they had nothing to do with one another in any way. It was a churlish letter. He seemed to think that I wanted to marry Mr. Hine,"—and she laughed as she spoke,—"and that I was trying to find out what we should have to live upon. I suppose that it was natural he should think so. And I am so glad that I wrote. For he told me that although Mr. Hine must eventually have a fortune, it would not be until he himself died, and that he was a very healthy man. So, you see, there could be no advantage to any one—" she did not finish the sentence.

But Chayne could finish it for himself. There could be no advantage to any one if Walter Hine died. But, then, why the cocaine? Why the incident of the lighted window?

"Yes," he said in perplexity; "I can corroborate that. It happened that my friend John Lattery, who was killed in Switzerland, was also connected with Joseph Hine. He, also, would have inherited, and I knew from him that the old man did not recognize his heirs. But—but Walter Hine had money—some money, at all events. And he earned none. From whom, then, did he get it?"

Sylvia shook her head.

"I do not know."

"Had he no other relatives, no friends?"

"None who would have made him an allowance."

Chayne pondered over that question. For in the answer to it, he was convinced, he would find the explanation of the mystery. If money was given to Walter Hine, who had apparently no rich relatives but his grandfather, and certainly no rich friends, it would have been given with some object. To discover the giver and his object, that was the problem.

"Think! Did he never speak of any one?"

Sylvia searched her memories.

"No," she said. "He never spoke of his private affairs. He always led us to understand that he drew an allowance from his grandfather."

"But your father found that that was untrue when you were in Dorsetshire, ten months ago; for the card-playing and the bets ceased."

"Yes," Sylvia agreed thoughtfully. Then her face brightened. "I remember a morning when Mr. Hine was in trouble. Wait a moment! He had a letter. We were at breakfast, and the letter came from Captain Barstow. There was some phrase in the letter which Mr. Hine repeated. 'As between gentlemen'—that was it! I remember thinking at the time what in the world Captain Barstow could know about gentlemen, and wondering why the phrase should trouble Mr. Hine. And that morning Mr. Hine went to London."

"Oh, did he?" cried Chayne. "'As between gentlemen.' Had Hine been losing money lately to Captain Barstow?"

"Yes; on the day when you first came."

"The starlings!" exclaimed Chayne, in some excitement. "That 's it—Walter Hine owes money to Captain Barstow which he can't pay. Barstow writes for it—a debt of honor between gentlemen—one can imagine the letter. Hine goes up to London. Well, what then?"

Sylvia started.

"My father went to London two days afterward."

"Are you sure?"

It seemed to Chayne that they were getting hot in their search.

"Quite sure; for I remember that, after his return, his manner changed. What I thought to be the new plot was begun. The cards disappeared, the bets ceased, Mr. Parminter was brought down with the cocaine. I remember it all clearly; for I always associated the change with my father's journey to London. You came one evening—do you remember? You found me alone and afraid. My father and Walter Hine were walking arm in arm in the garden. That was afterward."

"Yes, you were afraid because there

was no sincerity in that friendship. Now let me get this right!"

He remained silent for a little while, placing the events in their due order, and interpreting them one by the other.

"This is what I make of it," he said at length. "The man in London who supplies Walter Hine with money finds that Walter Hine is spending too much. He therefore puts himself into communication with Garratt Skinner, of whom he has doubtless heard from Walter Hine. Garratt Skinner travels to London, has an interview, and a concerted plan of action is agreed upon, which Garratt Skinner proceeds to put in action."

He spoke so gravely that Sylvia turned anxiously toward him.

"What do you infer, then?" she asked.

"That we are in very deep and troubled waters, my dear," he replied; but he would not be more explicit. He had no doubt in his mind that the murder of Walter Hine had been deliberately agreed upon by Garratt Skinner and the unknown man in London. But just as Sylvia had spared him during his months of absence, so now he was minded to spare Sylvia. Only, in order that he might spare her, in order that he might prevent shame and distress greater than she had known, he must needs go on with his questioning. He must discover, if by any means he could, the identity of the unknown man who was so concerned in the destiny of Walter Hine.

"Of your father's friends, was there one who was rich? Who came to the house? Who were his companions?"

"Very few people came to the house. There was no one among them who fits in." Upon that she started. "I wonder," she said thoughtfully, and turned to her lover. "After my father had gone away, I found a telegram in a drawer in one of the rooms. There was no envelop,—there was just the telegram,—so I opened it. It was addressed to my father. I remember the words, for I did not know whether there was not something which needed attention. It ran like this. 'What are you waiting for? Hurry up.'"

"Was it signed?" asked Chayne.

"Yes. 'Jarvice,'" replied Sylvia.

"Jarvice?" Chayne repeated; and he spoke it again, as if, in some vague way, it was familiar to him. "What was the date of the telegram?"

"It had been sent a month before I found it. So I put it back into the drawer."

"'What are you waiting for? Hurry up. Jarvice,'" said Chayne, slowly; and then he remembered how and when he had come across the name of Jarvice before. His face grew very grave.

"We are in deep waters, my dear," he said.

There had been trouble in his regiment some years before, in which the chief figures had been a subaltern and a money-lender. Jarvice was the name of the money-lender—an unusual name. Just such a man would be likely to be Garratt Skinner's confederate and backer. Chayne again ran over the story in his mind, by this new light. It certainly strengthened the argument that the Mr. Jarvice who sent the telegram was Mr. Jarvice, the money-lender. Thus did Chayne work it out in his thoughts.

"Jarvice, for some reason unknown, pays Walter Hine an allowance. Walter Hine gives it out that he receives it from his grandfather, whose heir he undoubtedly is, and being a vain person, much exaggerates the amount. He falls into Garratt Skinner's hands, who, with the help of Barstow and others, proceeds to pluck him. Walter Hine loses more than he has, and applies to Jarvice for more. Jarvice elicits the facts, and instead of disclosing who Garratt Skinner is, and the obvious swindle of which Hine is the victim, takes Garratt Skinner into his confidence. What happened at the interview between Mr. Jarvice and Garratt Skinner in London the subsequent facts make plain. At Jarvice's instigation, the plot to swindle Walter Hine becomes a cold-blooded plan to murder him. That plan has been twice frustrated, once by me in Dorsetshire, and a second time by Sylvia."

So far the story worked out naturally, logically; but there remained two questions. For what reason did Mr. Jarvice make Walter Hine an allowance, and how would Walter Hine's

death profit him? Chayne pondered over those two questions, and then the truth flashed upon him. He remembered how the subaltern had been extracted from his difficulties. Money had been raised by a life insurance. Again Chayne ranged his facts in order.

"Walter Hine is the heir to great wealth; but he has no money now. Mr. Jarvice makes him an allowance, the money to be repaid with a handsome interest on the grandfather's death. But, in order to insure Jarvice from loss, if Walter Hine should die first, Walter Hine's life is insured for a large sum. Thus Mr. Jarvice makes his position tenable should his conduct be called in question. Having insured Walter Hine's life, he arranges with Garratt Skinner to murder him. The attempt failed the first time; the slower method is then adopted by Garratt Skinner, and, as a result, comes the impatient telegram! 'What are you waiting for? Hurry up.'"

The case was thus so far clear; but anxiety remained. Was the plan abandoned altogether, now that Sylvia had stood bravely up and warned her father that she would not keep silent? So Sylvia certainly thought. But then she did not know all that Chayne knew. It seemed that she had not understood the incident of the lighted window. Nor was Chayne surprised. For she was unaware of what was, in Chayne's eyes, the keystone of the whole argument. She did not know that her father had worked as a convict in the Portland quarries.

"So they are abroad together, your father and Walter Hine," said Chayne slowly.

"Yes," replied Sylvia, with a smile. "Guess where they are now!" and she turned to him with a tender look upon her face which he did not understand.

"I can't guess."

"At Chamonix!"

She saw her lover flinch, his face grow white, his eyes stare in horror; and she wondered. For her the little town, overtopped by its tumbled, glittering fields of snow and tall rock spires, was a place apart. She cherished it in her memories, keeping clear and distinct the windings of its streets, where they narrowed, where they widened into open spaces; yet all the while her thoughts transformed it, and made of its mere stones and bricks a tiny city magical with light and grace. For while she stayed in it her happiness had dawned, and she saw it always roseate with that dawn. It seemed to her that plots and thoughts of harm could there hardly outlive one starlit night, one sunlit day. Had she mapped out her father's itinerary, thither and nowhere else would she have sent him.

"You are afraid?" she asked. "Hilary, why?"

Chayne did not answer her question. He was minded to spare her, even as she had spared him. He talked of other things until the restaurant grew empty and the waiters began to turn out the lights as a hint to these two determined loiterers. Then in the darkness, for now there was only one light left, and that at a little distance from their table, Chayne leaned forward and turning to Sylvia, as they sat side by side, said:

"You have been happy to-night?"

"Very," she answered, and there was a thrill of joyousness in her clear, low voice, as though her heart sang within her. Her eyes rested on his with pride. "No man could quite understand," she said.

"Well, then, why should we wait longer, Sylvia?" he said. "We have waited long enough, my dear. We have, after all, no one but ourselves to please. I should like our marriage to take place as soon as possible."

Sylvia answered him without affectation.

"I, too," she whispered.

"To-morrow, then! I 'll get a special license to-morrow morning, and make the arrangements. We can go away together at once."

Sylvia smiled, and the smile deepened into a laugh.

"Where shall we go, Hilary?" she cried. "To some perfect place."

"To Chamonix," he answered. "That was where we first met. There could be no better place. We can just go and tell your father what we have done, and then go up into the hills."

It was well done. He spoke without wakening Sylvia's suspicions. She had never understood the episode of the lighted window; she did not know that

her father was Gabriel Strood of whose exploits in the Alps she had read; she believed that all danger to Walter Hine was passed. Chayne, on the other hand, knew that hardly at any time could Hine have stood in greater peril. To Chamonix he must go, and to Chamonix he must take Sylvia, too; for by the time when he could reach Chamonix, he might already be too late. There might be publicity, inquiries, and for Garratt Skinner ruin and worse than ruin. Would Sylvia let her lover share the dishonor of her name? He knew very surely that she would not. Therefore he would have the marriage.

"By the way," he said, as he draped her cloak about her shoulders, "you have that telegram from Jarvice?"

"Yes."

"That 's good," he said. "It might be useful."

XXII

A VISIT TO MICHEL REVAILLOUD

NEVER had that familiar journey across France seemed to Chayne so slow. Would he be in time? Would he arrive too late? The throb of the wheels beat out the questions in a perpetual rhythm, and gave him no answer. The words of Jarvice's telegram were ever-present in his mind, and grew more sinister the more he thought upon them. "What are you waiting for? Hurry up." Once, when the train stopped over-long, as it seemed to him, he muttered the words aloud, and then glanced in alarm at his wife, lest perchance she had overheard them. But she had not. She was remembering her former journey along this very road. Then it had been night; now it was day. Then she had been used to seek respite from her life in the shelter of her dreams. Now the dreams were of no use, since what was real made them by comparison so pale and thin. The blood ran strong and joyous in her veins to-day; and looking at her, Chayne sent up his prayer that they might not arrive in Chamonix too late. To him, as to her, Walter Hine was a mere puppet, a thing without importance —so long as he lived. But he must live. Dead, he threatened ruin and dishonor, and since from the beginning Sylvia and he had shared—for so she would have it—had shared in the effort to save his life, it would be well for them, he thought, that they should not fail.

The long, hot day drew to an end, and at last, from the platform at the end of the electric train they saw the snow-fields lift toward the soaring peaks, and the peaks, purple with the afterglow, stand solitary and beautiful against the evening sky.

"At last!" said Sylvia, with a catch in her breath, and the clasp of her hand tightened upon her husband's arm. But Chayne was remembering certain words once spoken to him in a garden of Dorsetshire by a man who lay idly in a hammock and stared up between the leaves. "On the most sunny day the mountains hold in their recesses mystery and death."

"You know where your father is staying?" Chayne asked.

"He wrote from the Hôtel de l'Arve," Sylvia replied.

"We will stay at Coullet's, and walk over to see him this evening," said Chayne, and after dinner they strolled across the little town. But at the Hôtel de l'Arve they found neither Garratt Skinner nor his friend Walter Hine.

"Only the day before yesterday," said the proprietor, "they started for the mountains. Always they make expeditions."

Chayne drew no satisfaction from that statement. Garratt Skinner and his friend would make many expeditions from which both men would return in safety. Garratt Skinner was no blunderer. And when at the last he returned alone with some flawless story of an accident in which his friend had lost his life, no one would believe but that here was another mishap, and another name to be added to the Alpine death-roll.

"To what mountain have they gone?" Chayne asked.

"To no mountain to-day. They cross the Col du Géant, monsieur, to Courmayeur. But after that I do not know."

"Oh, into Italy," said Chayne, in relief. So far there was no danger. The Col du Géant, that great pass between France and Italy across the range of Mont Blanc, was almost a highway. There would be too many parties abroad

among its ice séracs, on these days of summer, for any deed which needed solitude and secrecy.

"When do you expect them back?"

"In five days, monsieur; not before." At this reply Chayne's fears were all renewed. For clearly the expedition was not to end with the passage of the Col du Géant. There was to be a sequel, perhaps some hazardous ascent, some expedition, at all events, which Garratt Skinner had not thought fit to name.

"They took guides, I suppose," he said.

"One guide, monsieur, and a porter. Monsieur need not fear; for Monsieur Skinner is of an excellence prodigious."

"My father!" exclaimed Sylvia, in surprise. "I never knew."

"What guide?" asked Chayne.

"Pierre Delouvain"; and so once again Chayne's fears were allayed. He turned to Sylvia.

"A good name, sweetheart. I never climbed with him, but I know him by report. A prudent man, as prudent as he is skilful. He would run no risks."

The name gave him, indeed, greater comfort than even his words expressed. Delouvain's mere presence would prevent the commission of any crime. His great strength would not be needed to hinder it. For he would be there to bear witness afterward. Chayne was freed from the dread which during the last two days had oppressed him. Perhaps, after all, Sylvia was right, and the plot was definitely abandoned. Chayne knew very well that Garratt Skinner's passion for the Alps was a deep and real one. Perhaps it was that alone which had brought him back to Chamonix. Perhaps one day in the train, traveling northward from Italy, he had looked from the window and seen the slopes of Monte Rosa white in the sun,—white with the look of white velvet,—and all the last twenty years had fallen from him like a cloak, and he had been drawn back as with chains to the high playground of his youth. Chayne could very well understand that possibility, and, eased of his fears, he walked away with Sylvia back to the open square in the middle of the town. Darkness had come, and both stopped with one accord and looked upward to the massive barrier of hills. The rock peaks stood sharply up against the clear, dark sky, the snow slopes glimmered faintly like a pale mist, and, incredibly far, incredibly high underneath a bright and dancing star, shone a dim and rounded whiteness, the snow-cap of Mont Blanc.

"A year ago," said Sylvia, drawing a breath and bethinking her of the black shadows which during those twelve months had lain across her path.

"Yes, a year ago we were here," said Chayne. The little square was thronged, the hotels and houses were bright with lights, and from here and there music floated out upon the air, the light and lilting melodies of the day. "Sylvia, you see the café down the street there by the bridge?"

"Yes."

"A year ago, on just such a night as this, I sat with my guide Michel Revaillaud. I was going to cross the Col Dolent on the morrow. He had made his last ascent. We were not very cheerful, and he gave me, as a parting present, the one scrap of philosophy his life had taught him. He said: 'Take care that when the time comes for you to get old that you have some one to share your memories. Take care that when you go home in the end, there shall be some one waiting in the room and the lamp lighted against your coming."

Sylvia pressed against her side the hand which he had slipped through her arm.

"But he did more than give advice," Chayne continued: "for as he went away to his home in the little village of Les Praz Conduits, just across the fields, he passed Coullet's Hôtel, and saw you under the lamp talking to a guide he knew. You were making your arrangements to ascend the Charmoz; but he dissuaded you.

"Yes."

"He convinced you that your first mountain should be the Aiguille d'Argentière. He gave you, no doubt, many reasons, but not the real one which he had in his thoughts."

Sylvia looked at Chayne in surprise.

"He sent you to the Aiguille d'Argentière because he knew that so you and I would meet at the Pavilion de Lognan."

"But he had never spoken to me until that night," exclaimed Sylvia.

"Yet he had noticed you. When I went up to fetch down my friend Lattery, you were standing on the hotel step. You said to me, 'I am sorry.' Michel heard you speak, and that evening talked of you. He had the thought that you and I were matched."

Sylvia looked back to the night before her first ascent. She pictured to herself the old guide coming down the narrow street and out of the darkness into the light of the lamp above the doorway. She recalled how he had stopped at the sight of her, how cunningly he had spoken. He had desired that her last step on to her first summit should bring to her eyes and soul a revelation which no length of after years could dim. That was the argument, and it was just the argument which would prevail with her.

"So it was his doing," she cried with a laugh, and at once grew serious, dwelling, as lovers will, upon the small accident which had brought them together, and might so easily never have occurred. An unknown guide speaks to her in a doorway, and, lo! for her the world is changed, dark years come to an end, the pathway broadens to a road, she walks not alone. Whatever the future may hold, she walks not alone. Suppose there had been no lamp above the doorway! Suppose there had been a lamp, and she not there! Suppose the guide had passed five minutes sooner or five minutes later!

"Oh, Hilary," she cried, and put the thought from her.

"I was thinking," he said, "that if you were not tired, we might walk across the fields to Michel's house. He would, I think, be very happy if we did."

A few minutes later they knocked upon Michel's door. Michel Revailloud opened it himself, and stood for a moment peering at the dim figures in the darkness of the road.

"It is I, Michel," said Chayne, and at the sound of his voice Michel Revailloud drew him with a cry of welcome into the house.

"So you have come back to Chamonix, monsieur! That is good"; and he looked his "monsieur" over from head to foot and shook him warmly by the hand. "Ah, you have come back!"

"And not alone, Michel," said Chayne.

Revailloud turned to the door and saw Sylvia standing there. She was on the threshold, and the light reached to her. Sylvia moved into the low-roofed room. It was a big, long room, bare, and with a rafted ceiling, and since one oil lamp lighted it, it was full of shadows. To Chayne it had a lonely and dreary look. He thought of his own house in Sussex and of the evening he had passed there, thinking it just as lonely. He felt, perhaps, at this moment, more than at any, the value of the great prize which he had won. He took her hand in his, and turning to Michel, said simply:

"We are married, Michel. We reached Chamonix only this evening. You are the first of our friends to know of our marriage."

Michel's face lighted up. He looked from one to the other of his visitors and nodded his head once or twice. Then he blew his nose vigorously. "But I let you stand!" he cried in a voice that shook a little, and he bustled about, pushing chairs forward, and of a sudden stopped. He came forward to Sylvia very gravely, and held out his hand. She put her hand into his great palm.

"Madame, I will not pretend to you that I am not greatly moved. This is a great happiness to me," he said with simplicity. He made no effort to hide either the tears which filled his eyes or the unsteadiness of his voice. "I am very glad for the sake of Monsieur Chayne. But I know him well. We have been good friends for many a year, madame."

"I know, Michel," she said.

"And I can say therefore with confidence I am very glad for your sake, too. I am also very glad for mine. A minute ago I was sitting here alone, now you are both here and together. Madame, it was a kind thought which brought you both here to me at once."

"To whom else should we come?" said Sylvia, with a smile. "Since it was you, Michel, who would not let me ascend the Aiguille de Charmoz when I wanted to."

Michel was taken aback for a moment; then his wrinkled and weather-beaten face grew yet more wrinkled, and he broke into a low and very pleasant laugh.

"Since my diplomacy has been so suc-

Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE . . . OFFERED THEM THE HOSPITALITIES OF HIS HOUSE EASILY AND NATURALLY"

cessful, madame, I will not deny it. From the first moment when I heard you with your small and pretty voice say on the steps of the hotel, 'I am sorry,' to my patron in his great distress, and when I saw your face, too thoughtful for one so young, I thought it would be a fine thing if you and he could come together. In youth, to be lonely—what is it? You slip on your hat and your cloak and you go out. But when you are old, and your habits are settled, and you do not want to go out at nights to search for company, then it is as well to have a companion. And it is well to choose your companion in your youth, madame, so that you may have many recollections to talk over together when the good of life is chiefly recollection."

He made his visitors sit down, fetched out a bottle of wine, and offered them the hospitalities of his house easily and naturally, like the true gentleman he was. It seemed to Chayne that he looked a little older, that he was a little heavier in his gait, a little more troubled with his eyes, than he had been last year. But, at all events, to-night he had the spirit, the good humor, of his youth. He talked of old exploits upon peaks then unclimbed, he brought out his guide's book, in which his messieurs had written down their names and the dates of the climbs, and the photographs which they had sent him.

"There are many photographs of men grown famous, madame," he said proudly, "with whom I had the good fortune to climb when they and I and the Alps were all young together. But it is not only the famous who are interesting. Look, madame! Here is your husband's friend, Monsieur Lattery, a good climber, but not always very sure on ice."

"You always will say that, Michel," protested Chayne. "I never knew a man so obstinate."

Michel Revailloud smiled and said to Sylvia:

"I knew he would spring out on me. Never say a word against Monsieur Lattery if you would keep friends with Monsieur Chayne. See, I give you good advice in return for your kindness in visiting an old man. Nevertheless," and he dropped his voice in a pretense of secrecy, and nodded emphatically, "it is true. Monsieur Lattery was not always sure on ice. And here, madame, is the portrait of one whose name is no doubt known to you in London—Professor Kenyon."

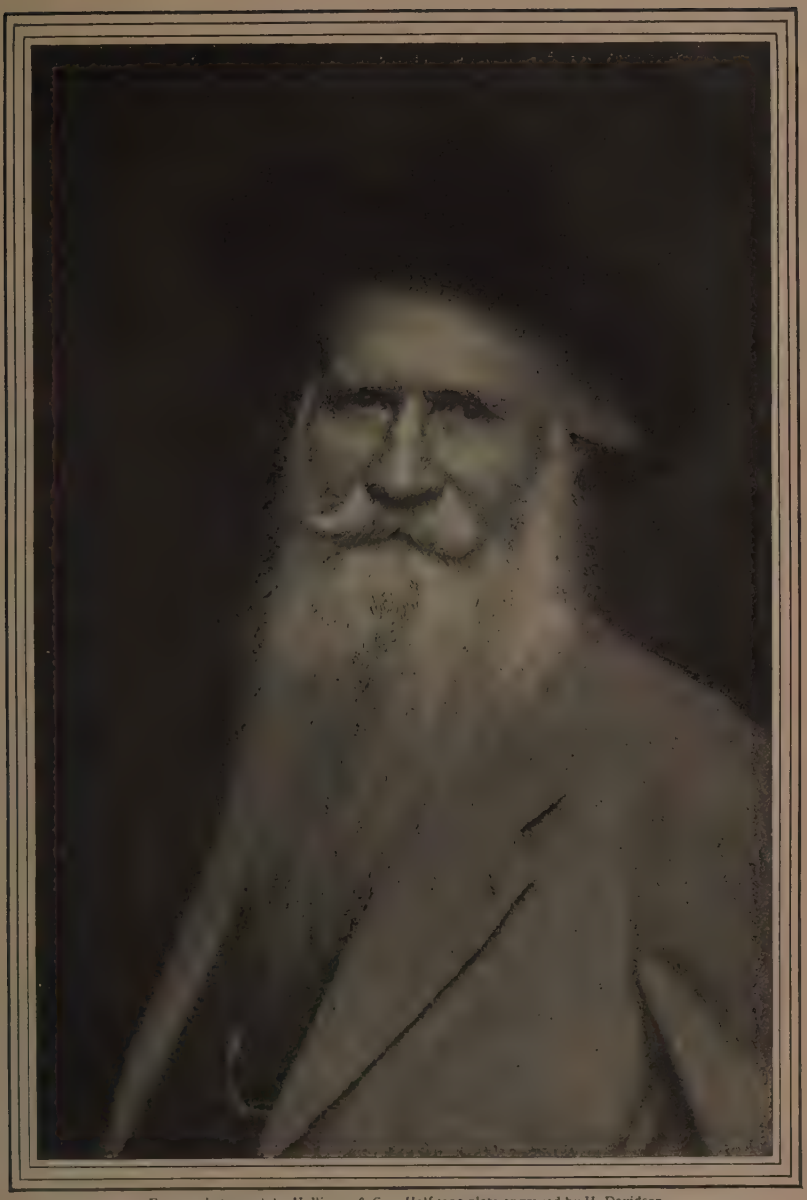
Sylvia, who was turning over the leaves of the guide's little book looked up at the photograph.

"It was taken many years ago," she said.

"Twenty or twenty-five years ago," said Michel, with a shrug of the shoulders, "when he and I and the Alps were young."

Chayne began quickly to look through the photographs outspread upon the table. If Kenyon's portrait was among Revailloud's small treasures, there might be another which he had no wish for his wife to see—the portrait of the man who climbed with Kenyon, who was Kenyon's "John Lattery." There might well be the group before the Monte Rosa Hotel in Zermatt which he himself had seen in Kenyon's rooms. Fortunately, however, or so it seemed to him, Sylvia was engrossed in Michel's little book.

(To be continued)



From a photograph by Hollinger & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Joaquin Miller.

MISSOURI[1]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

WHERE ranged thy black-maned, woolly bulls
By millions, fat and unafraid;
Where gold, unclaimed, in cradlefuls,
Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge, and glade;
Where peaks companioned with the stars,
And propt the blue with shining white,
With massive silver beams and bars,
With copper bastions, height on height—
There wast thou born, O lord of strength!
O yellow lion, leap and length
Of arm from out an Arctic chine
To far, fair Mexic seas are thine!

What colors! Copper, clay, and gold
In sudden sweep and fury blent,
Enwound, unwound, inrolled, unrolled,
Mad molder of the continent.
What whirlpools and what choking cries
From out the concave swirl and sweep,
As when some god cries out and dies
Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep!
Yet on, right on, no time for death,
No time to gasp a second breath!
We plow a pathway through the main
To Moro's castle, Cuba's plain.

Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas,
Gray father of the continent,
Fierce fashioner of destinies,
Of states thou hast upreared or rent,
Thou know'st no limit: seas turn back
Bent, broken, from the shaggy shore;
But thou, in thy resistless track,
Art lord and master evermore.
Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!
Missouri, master of the deep,
From snow-reared Rockies to the sea
Sweep on, sweep on eternally!

[1] Captain Hall, a British subject, who descended the Porcupine from the Arctic Ocean to Fort Yukon, in the edge of the Arctic Circle, reports finding many local names up and down the great gold-bearing river, earlier explorers having given such names as they saw fit, wherever they chanced to "discover" it. Lieut. Schwatka, descending the Yukon from source to mouth, reported much the same. But both officers insisted on the one name, and so the Yukon came to its own.

Sooner or later, the Missouri must have its rights. Spanish pride in the discovery of this great North American river, near the mouth, together with French interests at the source and on the lakes, kept the lesser known as the greater. But now that the world understands which is the greater and stronger, is it not about time to iron out this wrinkle in our map and give the Missouri right of way to the gulf?

From a photograph lent by the author

THE "GJOA," THE VESSEL IN WHICH CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN MADE THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

AMUNDSEN'S EXPEDITION AND THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

BY A. W. GREELY

Major General U. S. Army

FOR more than three centuries, and until the advent of steam, the discovery of a Northwest Passage for commercial purposes was an *ignis fatuus,* luring the adventurous mariner of every age to fruitless voyages and wasted efforts. Its practicability was vigorously proclaimed and absolutely denied, its prospective value extolled, and its utter uselessness derided. In turn it became the subject of national rivalries, of poetical effusions, of artistic representations, and of polemical disputations. Incidentally it has ruined reputations, bestowed honors, initiated careers, entailed vast expenditures, and cost scores of lives.

Yet it has been well worth the effort, whether considered materially, in its development of fishing or fur industries, as a nursery of seamen, or, in the more important moral phases, through its extension of knowledge and its inspiration to heroic effort. Even the trading world was thrilled with enthusiastic feeling as it gazed on Millais's famous picture of the Northwest Passage, with its legend, "It can be done, and England should do it."

Half a century ago honor and reward were given to the British mariners who, tracing new waterways through the mazes of Parry archipelago, carried the cross of St. George in their Northwest Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Now the world owes acclaim and fame to the modern Norse sea-king, Roald Amund-

sen, who has passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean in the only ship that has ever made the voyage in its entirety.

As the writer has received scores of letters and had hundreds of verbal inquiries as to whether or not the Northwest Passage exists, a brief account of its location and discovery seems needful for a clear and full understanding of Amundsen's voyage.

EARLY NORTHWEST VOYAGES

Beginning with the American discoveries of John Cabot in 1497, the search for the Northwest Passage was for many years the object of rival expeditions from Denmark, England, France, and Portugal. It was Frobisher, however, who in 1576–78 first gave a distinct national character to the quest. John Davis, of Davis Strait, followed in three voyages, 1585–88, and then, in 1612, came the illustrious and hapless Henry Hudson, whose motto was that explorers should "achieve what they had undertaken or else give reasons wherefore it will not be." The search from the Atlantic side closed for two centuries with the voyage of a great seaman, William Baffin, who, in a tiny boat of fifty-five tons, with a miserable equipment, but an undaunted heart, attained, in 1616, the highest north in the Western Hemisphere, 77° 45′ N., and discovered three radiating sounds, Jones, Smith, and Lancaster, the last being the eastern entrance to the long-sought passage.

PARLIAMENTARY REWARDS

The commercial value of the trade of the Pacific, marked in the eighteenth century by the famous South-Sea bubble and later by the Spanish war, led to the offer by the British Parliament, in 1743, of a reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling to the discoverer of a Northwest Passage; but there was no immediate outcome, and the offered bounty was withdrawn. In 1776, however, the great navigator James Cook, fresh from his most successful Antarctic voyages, entered Bering Strait, to accomplish the long-sought passage, reaching that year Icy Cape. His intention to return the following year ended with the spear-thrust of a savage in Hawaii.

Early in the nineteenth century the astonishing success of the William Scoresbys, father and son, as whalers and explorers in the Greenland seas, stirred Great Britain to renewed efforts in the search; but after two centuries of discontinuance the conditions were so indefinitely known that the extensive discoveries of Baffin were discredited by the foremost authorities of the Admiralty. To stimulate perseverance and foster success, Parliament offered new rewards—five thousand pounds sterling to any expedition that should pass from the Atlantic Ocean to the 110th degree of west longitude, and the sum of ten thousand to any crew that should discover the complete Northwest Passage.

TWO NORTHWEST PASSAGES

The work, thus encouraged, begun by Sir John Ross in 1818 was intermittingly pursued both by land and by sea with great energy, fierce rivalries, and varying fortunes, until *officially* terminated in 1853 by Sir Robert M'Clure, although *in reality* the discovery, by another and more southerly route, had been made six years earlier by the expedition of Sir John Franklin, as shown by records recovered by McClintock in 1859. As in most great and extended operations, the final accomplishment was due to the heroic and contributory work of various men. Nevertheless, far the greater part is to be credited to Sir John Franklin, with whose name and fame the Northwest Passage is inseparably and justly associated. The two routes, which may be properly called the southern, the Franklin Passage, and the northern, the Parry-M'Clure, are indicated on the accompanying map.

M'CLURE'S NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Briefly summarized, the northern route runs as to its eastern end through Barrow Strait, Melville Sound, and Banks or M'Clure Strait, all discovered by Parry in his memorable voyage of 1819, which, extending to 114 degrees west longitude, earned the bounty of five thousand

pounds sterling authorized by act of Parliament.

As the only passage hitherto traversed in its entirety by a single expedition it requires brief treatment. Its discovery was incidental to the primary duty of determining the fate of Sir John Franklin, then unknown since his departure in 1845. In 1850, Great Britain sent through Bering Strait a search squadron, the *Enterprize* and the *Investigator,* under command of Captain Richard Collinson, with orders not to separate. M'Clure, pushing on independently, took the pack-ice north of Cape Bathurst, and entering unknown regions, made extensive discoveries. He ascertained that Banks Land (Parry, 1819) was an island, its eastern shores washed by Prince of Wales Strait, while its western coast was unceasingly ground by Arctic ice-floes of an extent and size hitherto unknown.

From a photograph lent by the author

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

M'Clure had found the Northwest Passage, as this strait connected with Melville Sound (Parry, 1819), but he was determined to make the passage with his crew. Therefore, with great skill and daring, he sailed the *Investigator* around Banks Land, and passing its northwest cape, was forced by an early winter to find anchorage for his ship in Mercy Bay, 74° N., 118° W. This voyage had been exceedingly dangerous, for the ship was obliged to skirt the precipitous cliffs of the unknown coast of Banks Land on the one hand, while on the other the yards of the *Investigator* at times struck the towering floebergs, which rose one hundred feet above the sea.

In April, 1852, M'Clure placed the Northwest Passage beyond doubt by crossing M'Clure Strait to Melville Island, where he placed a record in McClintock's cairn in the quarters of Parry, 1819, at Winter Harbor.

In entering Mercy Bay, the fate of the *Investigator* was sealed, and the sufferings of its crew initiated. Ice conditions in 1852 made extrication of the ship impossible; rations were reduced, scurvy set in, deaths began, and the necessity of retreat by sledge became evident. Arrangements were made in April, 1853, to send one half the crew east to Cape Spencer, and the other half south to the Mackenzie River. At this critical juncture the appearance of Lieutenant Bedford Pim saved the crew. Sledging from the *Resolute,* of Belcher's squadron, then fortunately at Dealy Island, Pim found in McClintock's cairn the M'Clure record, and with great energy and sound judgment pushed on to the *Investigator* just in time to obviate the necessity of a disastrous retreat. Abandoning the *Investigator* in June, 1853, M'Clure joined Belcher's squadron to the eastward, and reached England that autumn. This accomplishment of the Northwest Passage was officially recognized by the award to M'Clure's crew of the standing bounty of ten thousand pounds.

FRANKLIN'S NORTHWEST PASSAGE

However, the existence of the southern, or Franklin route, had been previously determined, and this passage, traversed now by Amundsen, had indeed been virtually traversed by two of his predecessors, half by Franklin from the Atlantic Ocean and half by Collinson from the Pacific Ocean.

Briefly summarized, the original discoveries of the route are as follows:

Peary's farthest North
Lat. 87° 06'
1906
ARCTIC OCEAN
BEAUFORT SEA
GREENLAND
BAFFIN BAY
Davis Strait
BAFFIN LAND
Hudson Strait
HUDSON BAY
CANADA
ALASKA
PACIFIC OCEAN
Bering Strait
Yukon R.
Mackenzie R.
Melville Sound
Wrangell Land
Victoria Land
Prince of Wales Str.
Boothia Felix
North Magnetic Pole
Pr. Patrick Bay
Pr. Regent Inlet
Pr. Charlotte
Pr. Albert
Pr. Royal
Pr. Alexandra
Pr. Victoria
Pr. Maud
Pr. Wales I.
Pr. Barrow
Pr. Franklin
Pr. Parry
Pr. Frederick
Pr. Hardinge
Pr. Regent
Pr. Alfred
Pr. Albert

Baffin, in 1616, entrance to Lancaster Sound; Parry, the most persistent and successful of Arctic explorers, in 1818, extension of Lancaster Sound, all of Barrow Strait and Peel Sound; Franklin and Richardson, in 1821 and 1826, from Point Turn-again, Dease Inlet, 190° W. along the south shores of Coronation Gulf, Bathurst Inlet, Dolphin and Union straits, and thence along the continental coast-line to Return Reef, 148° 52′ W.; Elson, in 1826, from Icy Cape to Point Barrow; Ross, in 1831, Ross Strait, Victoria Strait, King William Land from Cape Felix to Franklin Point, 69° 30′ N., 99° 05′ W.; Dease and Simpson, in 1837–39, Point Barrow to Return Reef, and Point Turn-again to Cape Herschel, Simpson Strait; and Franklin, in 1845–46, Franklin Strait and southern part of Victoria Strait, the *Erebus* and the *Terror* being abandoned, in 1848, in 69° 50′ N., 98° W.

The remainder of the passage was made by the hapless Franklin expedition, of whom twenty-four, including Franklin, died on shipboard while one hundred and five others perished in their memorable retreat. This expedition, composed of the *Erebus* and the *Terror,* sailing in 1845, passed its first winter at Beechey Island, having in view the Northwest Passage. In 1846, entering Peel Sound, it discovered and navigated Franklin Strait, but was unfortunately beset in the ice of Victoria Strait on September 12, in 70° 05′ N., 98° 23′ W. It was held fast by the ice for nineteen months, and, Franklin dying on June 11, 1847, the ships were abandoned April 22, 1848, after drifting nineteen miles to the southwest.

Landing at Cape Victory, where a brief record was left (discovered by McClintock's expedition in 1859) Crozier and his command of one hundred and five vanished from sight. The natives tell of their courage, that "as they walked along they fell down and died," and we know by skeletons and other remains that they reached Cape Herschel (Simpson, 1839) and the American continent. Thus, as Weld says, by their lives "Franklin and his companions forged the last link in the chain of a Northwest Passage, which they were the *first* to discover."

AMUNDSEN'S ORIGINAL PLANS

Tall, lithe, blue-eyed, with a frank, open face somewhat marked by the vicissitudes of a sea-life, Roald Amundsen strikes the observer as a typical Norseman; so that the man matches the work. In the midst of a youthful medical career, Amundsen could not drown the ceaseless call of the ocean, and beginning his true vocation as a sailor, was soon familiar with the experiences of Arctic fishing and sealing. He entered the field of exploration as a member of the Belgian Antarctic expedition, under Lieutenant DeGerlache in the *Belgica,* in 1897–1898. The vicissitudes of a drifting Antarctic pack for thirteen months did not deter Amundsen from his career, but only served to stimulate his aspirations for the active service wherein he might display his qualities as a commander.

Fortunately his attention was drawn to the desirability and importance of relocating the north magnetic pole, which had been located by Sir James Clark Ross, R. N., in 1831, in Boothia Felix Peninsula, the extreme northerly point of the continent of North America. Repeated efforts had been made to send forth an expedition for this important purpose, but it failed to appeal to promoters, as it afforded nothing startling in its aspects, being strictly scientific and not purely adventurous.

While Amundsen recognized his magnetic work as of primary importance, he shrewdly planned to supplement its completion by a voyage to the westward which, under favorable conditions, should terminate in a northwest passage.

In choosing his type of ship, Amundsen reverted to the Norwegian fishing smacks, which many consider the best seaboats, equally suited to withstand severe ice-pressure and the strain of rough seas. The *Gjoa* is a tiny craft, rather like the boats of Baffin and Davis than the Arctic ships of this age. She is a boat of some 47 tons burden, 70 feet long, 16 feet beam, cutter-rigged, and provided with auxiliary power in the shape of a small petroleum engine.

Realizing the great importance of discipline, training, and disposition, Amundsen chose as his assistant, Lieutenant Hansen, of the Danish Navy, and in his

crew of seven were Sergeant Ristvedt and other well-known and intelligent men.

OUTWARD VOYAGES

Sailing June 16, 1903, from Christiania, Norway, the *Gjoa,* in its progress through Lancaster Sound, found little or no ice, so that Amundsen reached Beechey Island without difficulty. Advantage was taken of this visit, August 22–24, to determine the magnetic elements, a work of value as furnishing data by which could later be determined the secular variation for that area. The observations clearly indicated that the magnetic pole yet remained in a southerly direction, and so not materially changed from its previously known locality. In addition, there were geological investigations, as far as the brief stay would permit. The Franklin Monument and the graves of the three seamen were found in good condition, but the depot of supplies established by the British government for possible castaways had been entirely destroyed. The record left by Amundsen at this point, found by the *Neptune* in the summer of 1904, gave the first information to the world of his progress and initial success.

On entering Peel Sound, the *Gjoa* experienced serious difficulty with her compass, which failed at Prescott Island, 73° N., 97° W., 180 miles due north of the magnetic pole as located by Ross in 1831. Foggy, snowy weather, with considerable ice, made progress through Franklin Strait difficult until Bellot Strait was passed. The *Gjoa* sought the westerly lee of Boothia, which was so closely skirted that she grounded. A severe gale arising, it was through fine seamanship that the vessel was saved, and that only by the jettison of all her deck cargo.

Arriving at Cape Adelaide, Amundsen decided to pass to the eastward of King William Land by entering Ross Strait, which McClintock, after his own voyage, strongly recommended as the best course, saying that "perhaps some future voyager, profiting by the experience acquired by the Franklin expedition, may succeed by this route in carrying his ship from sea to sea."

Amundsen, struggling southward, had the happiness of entering Gjoa Harbor, 68° 37′ N., 95° 45′ W., on the south coast of King William Land, September 17, 1903.

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS

With the *Gjoa* safely laid up for winter, Amundsen began his important scientific observations. While those pertaining to magnetism were of the highest importance, yet due attention was given to meteorological data. Fortunately, he was equipped with various self-registering instruments, which not only lessened the labor, but also ensured continuous records. The work thus begun at Gjoa Harbor on November 2, 1903, was maintained until August 13, 1905.

Amundsen daily made the absolute magnetical readings, Wiik assumed charge of the photographically recording declinometer, Ristvedt similarly supervised the self-recording meteorological instruments, and Lieutenant Hansen took the astronomical observations.

In order to ensure accuracy, the magnetic instruments were installed in temporary wooden buildings, built with copper nails, and entirely free of any iron, heat, or even light, except the lamp behind the reflector. Here day and night, for twenty months, were made photograph records, and these were supplemented by personal eye-readings to serve as needful checks on those photographically obtained. The observers in this work were clothed entirely in deerskin garments, and before entering the building where the magnetometers were installed, carefully divested themselves of watches, keys, knives, and other metallic objects. The observations were made in winter under such conditions of cold, monotony, and darkness as to merit the highest commendation for endurance and constancy.

The magnetical data, when reduced and discussed (the work of a year or more), should satisfactorily answer, among others, the following questions, much discussed by scientists:

1. Is the north pole of magnetic declination a single well-defined point?
2. If it is such a well-defined point, what is its secular variation?
3. If not a single definite point, what is the area through which the pole ranges?
4. If the pole changes its location

steadily, are such changes influenced by seasonal conditions of light and darkness, heat and cold?

5. Do auroral displays materially affect magnetic variations, or are they merely concomitant phenomena?

The value of the continuous observations at Gjoa Harbor was largely increased by similar observations in the field, which necessarily entailed severe exposure and consequent hardships on the sledging parties. In March, 1904, a preliminary journey, made for the purpose of establishing food depots, involved much suffering, owing to excessive cold, the temperature falling to 79 degrees below zero, Fahr. The sledge journey to the magnetic pole itself was made by Amundsen and Ristvedt, starting April 2, 1904, with ten dogs and two sledges, much difficulty resulting from rough ice.

Five observing stations were occupied between Gjoa Harbor and Tasmania Islands, which are about eighty miles directly north of Ross's magnetic pole. This field-work occupied about two months, being summarily finished at the end of May, owing to the loss of food-caches through the thieving Itchnachtorviks of eastern Boothia. While no definite result of the field observations can yet be given, it is not thought that there has been any decided change from the magnetic conditions observed by Ross in 1831, when the pole of declination was in the neighborhood of Cape Adelaide, 70° 05′ N., 96° 44′ W.

At Gjoa Harbor, in 1904, the magnetic declination was about five degrees west, with fluctuation usually ranging between 10° east and 10° west, though these limits were occasionally exceeded during severe magnetic storms. The free needle was almost vertical, as the average magnetic inclination was 89° 20′.

The weather varied much from winter to winter, that of 1903–04 being largely clear and very cold, the average temperature of February, 1904, being forty-one degrees below zero. A temperature of seventy-nine below zero was recorded, and the thickness of the sea-ice reached about twelve and a half feet. In the winter of 1904–05 the lowest temperature (in February) was only forty-nine degrees below zero, while the sea-ice scarcely exceeded five and a half feet in thickness.

NATIVE NEIGHBORS

King William Land and its vicinity are not uninhabited regions, as Ross, Rae, Hall, Schwatka, and Gilder there met roving bands of Eskimo hunters. Amundsen's camp was likewise visited by these good-natured children of the ice. Despite difficulties of language, there was much intercourse, with traffic and helpful exchange of services. While most Eskimo tribes had met the Hudson Bay traders, yet one band did not appear to have before known white men.

The experiences of this expedition confirm the statement that it is the practice of the Eskimo to change their habitations with the movements of game. As is well known, the Franklin expedition perished of starvation on this very island because there was no game. In October, 1903, Amundsen's party killed one hundred deer, and on the 29th of the month the Eskimo made their appearance. They were of three tribes and came from different quarters: the Ogluli from the main American coast, the Netchilli from the west coast, and the Itchnachtorvik from the east coast of Boothia Land. While relations with the Itchnachtorviks were generally satisfactory, yet in the spring of 1904 these natives sadly interfered with Amundsen's field-work by stealing his food-caches on the Boothian coast. The Ogluli and Netchilli were most friendly, many of the latter camping with him during the darkest part of the winter of 1904–05. A study was made of their language and customs, which should be interesting, and which enabled him to utilize them in various ways.

AMERICAN FISHERMEN

Nor was Amundsen quite without white neighbors, as neighbors go in the Arctic. Learning that there were white men to the south, Amundsen sent letters to the world under date of November 24, 1904. They were carried by a Netchilli Eskimo, Talurnakto, who went south with a visiting party of Kinepatu Eskimo, which, coming north, had reported two fishing vessels in Chesterfield Inlet. One of these proved to be the *Arctic* (formerly the *Gauss*) then at Cape Fullerton, about 300 miles to the southeast, temporarily

under command of Major Moodie, Northwest Mounted Police, who had the letters sent south to Quebec, as he advised Amundsen by Talurnakto. Letters under date of May 22, 1905, were similarly forwarded to Chesterfield Inlet, where were then in harbor the *Arctic,* Captain Bernier, and a New Bedford whaling schooner, *Era,* under Captain George Conner. Conner not only sent Amundsen information concerning the probable point of meeting the Pacific whalers when he should attempt the Northwest Passage, but also sent him by Mangala, a native, six dogs to replace those lost the previous winter. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Hansen had already taken the field, and so could not profit by this generous treatment.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXPLORATIONS

Solicitous as Amundsen was regarding his magnetic observations, he did not miss an opportunity for exploration. His station was on King William Land, which, as the scene of the final drama of the dispersion and death of Franklin's crews, had been exhaustively searched by McClintock and Hobson for England, and by Hall, Schwatka, and Gilder as American explorers. In adjacent regions the activities of Collinson, Rae, Ross, Simpson, and Young, had left unknown only one short stretch of coast-line somewhat remote —the northeast shore of Victoria Land.

The open state of the ice in the summer of 1904 permitted Lieutenant Hansen to make a boat-journey with Helmjer Hansen, westward through Simpson Strait to lay down caches of food for a sledge trip on Victoria Land. When the time of starting came (April 2, 1905), the loss of seven dogs by cramps and leg paralysis sadly lessened their means of travel. Hansen proceeded, however, with Sergeant Ristvedt, provided with rations for seventy days, enabling them to be absent two months. Passing Gateshead Island of Collinson, 1853, in 71° N., Hansen endeavored to fill in the gap between that point and the Glenelg Bay of Wynniatt, 1851. Eastern Victoria Land has a low, barren, limestone coast, difficult to follow, and, despite his utmost endeavors, Hansen was obliged to turn back from a point in 72° 10′ N. The journey was most creditable, and leaves only forty miles of unknown coast to Wynniatt's farthest, 72° 47′ N., 110° 35′ N.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE COMPLETED

Botanical, geological, ornithological, and other usual collections were made, including fossils. Fresh meat and fish steadily rewarded their hunters, and the health of the men was perfect, when, on August 13, 1905, the *Gjoa* started on her westward way. She had come 770 miles from Baffin Bay, and only 760 remained to Cape Bathurst, the American whalers, and the successful navigation of the Northwest Passage.

At one point in Simpson Strait there was barely room for the *Gjoa* to pass, and in another place there were only three fathoms of water. In Victoria Strait a dense ice-pack was found, but thenceforward the water was generally clear in Dease Inlet, and entirely so in Dolphin and Union Straits. On August 26, somewhat to the east of Cape Bathurst, Amundsen met the first whaler, the *Charles Hansen* of San Francisco.

An unfortunate accident to the propeller necessitated the wintering of the *Gjoa* at King Point, 69° 10′ N., 138° W. Amundsen, taking sledge, arrived at Eagle City, Alaska, December 12, 1905, when the news of his great feat of navigation was welcomed by the world. Returning to the *Gjoa* that winter, he brought her through Bering Strait this year, the only disaster during the third Arctic winter being the death of Wiik, presumably from pneumonia.

Although anticipated as to geographical discoveries by his British predecessors, yet the voyage of Amundsen stands forth unrivalled as to scant means, scientific work, and successful navigation. Under his skilful handling the tiny *Gjoa* is the first ship to make the Northwest Passage, and the redetermination of the location of the north magnetic pole, by observations covering nearly two years in the immediate vicinity of the pole, is a most notable contribution to science. It should be borne in mind that these results have been produced by the labor of only nine men, without undue suffering, and with most modest equipment. The outcome stamps Amundsen as a man endowed with high qualities of administration, judgment, and resourcefulness.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF IMMIGRATION

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

LET me first put my thesis into the form of a personal experience—a day's tramp in southern Italy to see the peasantry at work in the poorer farming districts. In Naples I was encouraged to do this by an Italian who had come back after seven years of successful fruit-vending in Boston. In one of the lower suburbs he had restored the poor shanty of his boyhood to something like luxury. His father, mother, and a crippled sister lived there amid comforts that were like the chink of gold to a local emigrant agent, who had only to point to this household as the most persuasive of object-lessons.

"I can sell more tickets," he said, "by showing such homes as that than by all my other advertisements put together. From his commission business in Naples Nello comes out here once a week, and is always ready to tell them what he did in Boston, and what his two sisters earn in the market gardens at Arlington. These restored homes, together with the money and letters pouring in from the States, are filling the ships with emigrants."

Nello was eager for the tramp into the country. He wished to show me the contrasts between the life of the farm laborer there and that of the Italian immigrant in America. We both had in mind the wages, clothing, food, and housing of Italian men and women at work upon the soil and in fruit industries about Boston.

Less than an hour by rail from Naples, we found the workers at their tasks. In no tested case was the day's wage more than a third of what is paid with us; in others it was not a fourth, and in extreme cases, a fifth. The contrast in food and clothing was sharper still. If we include the huts in which they slept, we have the measure of the "standard of living" there and here. It seems to me an understatement to say that the standard is three times as high with us. Indeed, if one were to select an Italian colony in some of the California fruit regions, the contrast can have no statistical expression whatever. The lower estate is, as upon the farm to which I went, essentially that of slaves toiling on the bare outer margin of physical existence. The higher estate (as in Sonoma County) is that of almost boisterous success. The courage, hope, gaiety of the Italian in that charmed Western valley are fairly flaunting. On a large farm east of Rome, yet so near that I could see St. Peter's dome, the field-hands had every mark of half-fed and overweighted animals. Listless, heavy-footed, they were drudging for their thirty cents with no more interest than that of the ox which one of them goaded on. Here, too, were living several families released from debt, mortgages, and rents by fathers and children in America. One home had become the envy of the little village, restored by the father, who had come back to stay. More than the dollars, he had brought back ideas about sanitation, about the school, about gardening, and specially about methods of marketing fruits that made him a power in the community. If we multiply the influence of this man in Europe by many thousands, we have a glimpse at least of the neglected side of immigration problems.

Simple as these incidents are, they gave me, eight years ago, the first hint of what

I had never heard discussed—the reactions of our immigration on other countries. Pro and con, for half my life, I had heard the dispute over the immigrant, as if his values were alone determined within our national bounds. By a chance meeting in the streets of Naples, I was led to see the human or world-side of this influence. With some care, since then, I have watched for this kind of evidence. It comes now in an ever-broadening stream from a dozen countries where economic and, in some cases, political and social conditions are incomparably harder and more cruel than among us. Later, in Italy, I learned that my few instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and now the Countess di Brazza, out of her long experience, tells me there are few more cheering signs than the embodied influence of returning emigrants at hundreds of places in Italy. One knows well that they will also take back some loud and ungracious qualities; but, on the whole, they take what the communities to which they go most sorely need—money with which to do things, but, better far, an enlarged and hardier spirit. As Nello said: "They go away with a hundred fears; they come back fearing nothing. They go with a swarm of petty superstitions and timidities; they return with the courage and enterprise that come from definite success."

A friend who has journeyed much in eastern Europe, from which increasing numbers of our immigrants have come during the last fifteen years, tells me that no single influence in those countries has so much hope in it as the "rebound of the emigrant," not alone the cash remittance, but the steady current of cheering messages which the mail also brings. Here, too, an increasing number return to stay; and Mr. Watchorn, traveling on government service a dozen years in Europe before he was given charge at Ellis Island, tells me that one never sees what the problem means for humanity until he looks upon the communities that are helped and uplifted on the other side. "It is, if taken as a whole," he says, "the greatest influence for civilization among men."

A fact so momentous for good is surely not to be omitted in any discussion of immigration. An ardent student of this subject to whom I went for light said to me, "Of course that larger side is important, but we cannot consider it practically, because American interests alone must influence us." I knew this answer would come. It is drearily familiar, and it is also embarrassing, because there is so much truth in it. But are we never to outgrow it, are we not even to modify it? The ethics of the tribe and the village are far behind us; even the ethics of the State no longer satisfy us. Two years ago, in a Southern city, I heard a scholar applauded by Virginians for saying, "The State-line must no longer limit our sense of citizenship. Greater than the State is the nation. We shall not love Virginia less for loving the nation more." A gentleman of the South, sitting behind me, whispered: "It marks a great change to hear this audience respond to a speech like that."

We should delight in the direction of the change, but the larger national boundaries do not set the limit of sympathies. We are still reveling in the ethics of nationalism; yet that, too, must some day appear as narrowly provincial as tribal ethics now seem. That immigration is slowly preparing us for that larger citizenship seems to me assured. By sheer contact it is wearing away the very superstitions that have made peoples hate and despise one another. Maeterlinck has said it well, "Hells are made out of our human misunderstandings." I am far from suggesting that we have outgrown national ethics, much less that we hasten to act primarily from the world point of view. The manageable good of the United States will rightly be our first and chief concern. But why should we accept this flinty assumption that in this or that particular our national well-being so necessarily conflicts with a good larger than our own? This assumption, *acted upon,* has been the main check in the world's civilizing.

Nothing is easier than to show that most of the historic fears of immigration into this country have been mistaken. It was assumed as early and by as enlightened a man as Governor Winthrop that our own development would be endangered by the coming of "strangers."

More definitely still, since 1787, we have had one varying succession of forebodings as to the coming evils of immigration. They never really arrive, but they are always lurking there in the future. I asked several genuine restrictionists among the delegates at the recent Immigration Conference in this city why they feared immigration. They agreed that they could point to no observable evil thus far, but it certainly would arrive, if we did not put up the bars. It was admitted that enormous undertakings were everywhere waiting for more labor, and were quite dependent upon it. "But think of a million coming in a single year!" Here is the ghost that for a century and a half has worked on our imagination. Note that they are always assuming this conflict between our good and a larger human good. The advantage to those who come here is not questioned. Look, then, a little more in detail at my bits of history. A long list of very able foreign observers, French and English, both report local opinions upon immigration and give their own. T. Hamilton, Miss Martineau, Dickens, Tocqueville, the Economist Chevalier, Sir Charles Lyall, and Marryat among the number.

When 20,000 came in a single year, many wise people were alarmed, and for precisely the same reason that the people are now alarmed. "How could we assimilate such masses?" "How could the American standard be maintained in the face of these multitudes?" "What will become of the wages of the laborer?" So many immigrants came without their wives, they would send their money back to Europe." "Bred under other political and religious systems, how could harmony be long preserved?"

Before the nineteenth century came in, Washington and the Federalists generally were afraid of immigration. In 1812, at the Hartford Convention, many of the ablest men thought we had inhabitants enough of our own. Even Jefferson was pretty nearly hysterical in his fears of immigration.

Coming down to 1826, when the foreign observers I have mentioned begin to come, there is a successive chronic alarm reported among our most thoughtful people because of this swelling tide of foreigners. "What can we do with 55,000 people a year?" As we look back upon the tempest of savage prejudice in the middle of the century against the Irish and the Catholics,—riots, a convent and two churches burned to the ground,—we feel that the "Know-Nothing" fury was appropriately named. They were as bat-blind to their own interests as to the interests of foreigners.

What prejudice, too, against the Germans who flocked here after the revolution of '48! Would they not subvert the very principles of our government? What a light is thrown on these fears when we look to-day at the German city of Milwaukee and the American city of Philadelphia, not forgetting that such political shame as Milwaukee has had was under an American boss, and not under a German.

In the earlier years, moreover, there was no effective attempt made to exclude the unfit in any sense. A steady stream of criminals and physically unfit poured into the country, and doubtless brought us much harm, yet the absorbing power of this country has been beyond the wildest calculation. Our immigration, taken as a whole, has been rapidly assimilated, and has probably raised the standard of living rather than lowered it. If exception be made to certain choked conditions in the larger cities, I do not believe that we assimilated our immigrants more easily in those earlier days than we are now doing, for the reason that the number and variety of industries has so enormously increased. Think of the assimilation power of 8000 industries at present, as against three or four hundred industries in those days! Barring, again, exceptional centers into which unskilled labor has dropped, our standard of living—wages, hours, and conditions—has been improved by immigration to the present moment; again, for the plain reason that these newcomers have added so much to that general wealth from which wages are paid.

But if a million a year are to come, can we continue to use them to the common good? One cannot answer this except by such experience as we have passed through. It should, however, be kept steadily in mind that ocean and railway

transportation is so developing that it will more and more act to give automatic relief for congested periods and districts. A half million can now easily leave this country in a single season. Steam traffic will more and more have the same motive to take them away as it has had to bring them, and inducements will be forthcoming. Many agencies are now at work to strengthen the weakest links in this chain. Of this possible outlet and easing of the pressure no earlier writer seems to have had a glimpse. Within twenty years as many may return to their homes in a single season as ever have come in one year. We touch here the economic bearing of the question. Mobility, free going and coming according to conceived industrial advantage, has rightly been held among the highest values.

Indeed, the whole study of race migrations has gone far enough to bring out the dominant fact that economic causes are at the heart of these movements. Adventure has played its part, and war (with plunder for its aim) a still greater part; but plunder was the economics of the barbarian, while the lode-star guiding the world's most romantic adventure was the glitter of precious metals. It is even a little chilling to learn that the most gallant of these explorers, from Columbus down, did not for a moment forget that they were out for "the dust of the gods."

If, for simplicity, we exclude the war element in migrations, we have the main fact that some millions of people yearly change their habitations on the planet wholly for economic reasons. They believe that they can raise the standard of living through migration, and so far as our own immigration problem is concerned, this is too clear to require proof. If, for a moment, we look at the results of this migration into the United States—look at it strictly from the human or world point of view, who would question for an instant that it stood for results that enlarge opportunity and progress? The *world* has been the gainer. Let us cling to this big and cheering fact. We will hold to it until our fearsome opponents show us far better evidence than they have yet given that the world's good is our ill. Let them convince us that the good of Sweden, Italy, Greece, and Hungary, in respect of immigration, is set over against our own good. We see the incalculable benefit to them. Let the alarmists make clear to us the consequent injury to this country. They have thus far done two things. They have created out of the imagination a thousand evils that have not arrived; they have, secondly, fixed attention upon various accidental ills which never fail to shadow every great human activity. What a swarm of mischiefs beset trade and democracy! Yet we do not propose to discontinue trade or give up democracy. The moral and social problem is rather the oldest one of the world—that of separating abuses from uses. The opponents point to city congestion, to heightened insanity, and to certain forms of crime. They are all present, and they have been increased by immigration; yet they are exceptional, and should be dealt with strictly as such, and quite apart from the totality of the movement.

It is this large human side of immigration, through which we are related to the whole realm of ideal values that connect themselves with the free and friendly movement, which brings races long enough into contact to know one another and to tolerate differences.

The supreme world question is that of races learning the highest and most difficult art of civilization; that of living together with good will and intelligence—living together so that they may help one another rather than exploit or despoil one another. The United States is helping to solve that problem in the only conceivable way; namely, by giving the races a chance to live together long enough to substitute human and social habits for mere clannish and tribal habits.

What is now the mother-mischief in our race relationships? Obviously the shadow of an extremely vulgar ignorance and prejudice, one race against another. Think of two nations as advanced as England and France living century after century hard by each other, and, until the most recent years, having merely contempt for each other—the average Englishman honestly thinking that a Frenchman was a kind of monkey with clothes on, and that chiefly because he had a different manner and speech from the English!

By what plummet, then, are we likely to measure the depths of ignorance that separate the white from the yellow races? Japan has already done something to show us the density of our prejudice about a portion of the East. China has doubtless quite as startling surprises for us. An Australian prime minister, who knows the Chinese, opposed their admission—not because they were a low race, but because of their ability. They are a "superior set of people," he said, belonging "to an old, deep-rooted civilization. We know how wonderful are their powers of imagination, their endurance, and their patient labor." Wherever they have been fairly dealt with in this country, their standards of living very rapidly have adjusted themselves to those about them.

I am not here arguing the removal of all barriers to their incoming, but rather for the overcoming of the most primary evil of our own ignorance—an ignorance that is probably the main obstacle to the world's civilizing.

As stubborn and unyielding as this evil of race prejudice is, there is probably no agency for its slow removal like that of common work and contact which these migrations offer in the United States.

We are helped a good deal in discussing this problem by first stating and defining certain points of agreement. There is, for example, no dispute over the exclusion of the "unfit." There is, however, not the least agreement as to what this word is to mean in its completer applications.

The word now legally applies to idiots, insane, criminals, and epileptics. In 1891 certain specific diseases, like trachoma and favus, were added; but it is clear that the unfit will be made to include a far larger variety of infirmities until some manageable standard of physical and mental qualifications has been determined upon. If Syrians, Greeks, and Armenians, for instance, bring in a percentage of infirmity (as is true) manyfold greater than Northern races, that of itself will enlarge the category of the unfit, precisely as the term "sanitation" has been widened by the choking of city slums by low-class occupants. It is probably assumed by the student and administrators that the extension and defining of the unfit has still largely to be worked out. It is probably further assumed that, in order to make this exclusion effective, agencies must be devised, like far heavier penalties upon steamship-owners for bringing the unfit, and also a definite international understanding so organized that migrations shall be brought under more conscious control and direction. Professor von Philippovich, an authority on migration, has already given this the kind of theoretic statement that so often antedates practical legislation. The beginnings of this exist already in the Act of 1903, under which our marine hospital surgeons are applying much more careful tests in several Canadian towns, in Italy, Japan, and China; in these latter countries, under definite arrangements with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. A large percentage of disease, like trachoma, has thus been detected at the point of departure. If there be added to this, quite apart from disease, a fair physical test of size and strength, we shall be doing only what many physicians familiar with this work are now demanding.

It is thus easily conceivable that this form of restriction or selection might eventually exclude an immensely larger proportion of the anemic, undersized, and devitalized, whom we do not wish as propagating types in this country.

Again, it is agreed that the possibilities of distribution away from cities into country areas may be immeasurably extended. This has passed the theoretic stage, having now a solid basis of experience at a score of promising centers in the South and among Western fruit-growers. The still bolder step, under international agreement and organization, of directing migrations with reference to geographic and economical conditions, demand for skilled and unskilled labor, has also its working model within national boundaries, as in the German dealing with *Arbeitslosigkeit*.

There is, indeed, a more sharply defined model still. Canadians, noticing the immigrants arriving late in the autumn found difficulty in securing work, the Home of Industry and other charitable institutions of Montreal, being thus overcrowded, have agitated for legislation to

restrict immigration between October and March. To broaden the scope of this proposal and give to it a statistical basis, such as international bureaus will soon make possible, is the gist of Professor von Philippovitch's scheme of a scientifically controlled *Auswanderung,* to use his term for migration.

On the whole speculative side of this question, we are bound to allow for these two future possibilities: (1) an effective exclusion of the really unfit, so organized at selected points of departure and with such a standard and such penalties as to check the evil at its sources; (2) an international control and direction of these migratory currents with deliberate reference to local trade demands. That physically and politically we are suffering from the slovenly neglect with which we have met this immigration is clear. This is seen in the whole humiliating history of our naturalization frauds, in staggering burdens of insanity, dependency, pauperism, and certain forms of crime. These are, however, largely traceable to avoidable causes—to causes that should in future be brought under control, and constitute, indeed, the main problem.

With these considerations in mind, what is to be our attitude toward the general subject under discussion? That the people on this small globe are to travel with increasing freedom from one part of it to another, we may safely take for granted. That nearly a thousand large ocean steamships for human traffic are every moment in process of construction is pretty good evidence that they will be used. The merely physical and pecuniary difficulties of forcing peoples to stay in places from which they want to escape will every year become more embarrassing and more costly. The old "Know-Nothing" cry of "America for Americans, Canada for the Canadians," is not only already seen to be unwise and impracticable, but, what is more, it is becoming ridiculous.

From the point of view of race education, this human or world side of the problem should have not only increasing attention, but it should have the utmost practical weight consistent with safeguarding interests within national bounds. We are in little danger of neglecting these self-regarding interests. The more impending danger is the moral one of narrowly distrusting the principle of liberty as applied to races reaching out toward an enlarged social and economic life.

Up to date, this common weal of the peoples has surely not been opposed to, but rather part and parcel of, our own national strength and vigor.

We may say as a nation what Gladstone, in one of his last conversations with John Morley, is reported to have said, "In my sixty years of public life, I have found no principle so safe to trust as that of an ever-enlarging social liberty."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, LONGFELLOW

IN this month of February, 1907, one hundred and seventy years ago, was born George Washington; one hundred years ago Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; ninety-eight years ago Abraham Lincoln. It is to these three great Americans that this, our February number, is largely devoted. In the March number will be described the other houses that were associated with Longfellow's life, the interest in the poet being intensified by the centenary of his birth.

The position of Longfellow as his countrymen's most popular and cherished poet, and the American poet most widely known abroad, is still maintained. No one claims for the fortunate bard the traits which he did not possess of depth, passion, dramatic fire. He did not strike the ineffable note of Emerson; he did not have Bryant's resonance, or Poe's imagination. He could not have matched Lowell's "Washers of the Shroud," or Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed." But he had a lasting sense of beauty, and he sang songs that touched the hearts of all the world, —with an art that increased with his years.

As to Washington, every year of the Republic seems to add new proofs of his wisdom and the worth of his accomplishment. For character and disinterestedness he puts to shame the hectoring and self-seeking heroes of the old world. Beside Alfred of England it is hard to find another of his class in the ranks of the universally known. There is prophecy in the words of Baron Van Closen, aide to Count Rochambeau, quoted in Mr. Bowen's article in this number of THE CENTURY: "Whatever good may at any time be said of Washington, it can never be exaggerated."

The fame of Lincoln, whose centennial is nearly upon us, grows marvelously with the years. The contributions we print in this number concerning him deal with some of his chief characteristics,—Colonel Burt's paper bringing before the mind with singular poignancy the pathos of his lonely and heavy-weighted existence. It is most fortunate that Colonel Burt should have preserved Lincoln's own view of his own story-telling,—a view which others have often expressed, but which it was not well known Lincoln himself clearly entertained.

Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow,—how good for the democracy of the Great Republic that men like these are accepted as its ideals! The masses of the people may be temporarily deceived; but the high standards remain for comparison, for emulation, and for inspiration.

MUSIC COMPOSERS AND COPYRIGHT

THE circumstances of the passage of the Copyright Act of March 3, 1891, in the hurry and confusion of the closing days of the session, after a campaign of twelve weeks, during which an originally consistent bill was often amended, made it certain that after the lapse of a few years it would be necessary to prepare a new and more comprehensive statute. Not only has the operation of what might be called a piece of pioneer legislation demonstrated the need of readjustment in certain particulars, but unexpected scientific inventions have made it necessary that unless the United States is to return to the shame of tolerating the appropriation of intellectual property from which it was then rescued, a measure of security shall be given to composers of music equal to that vouchsafed to writers and artists. The bill, as introduced, is the result of the most laborious comparison of views by so-called "parties in interest" and in the main is regarded as a workable, progressive and liberal measure, which will advance the interests of the public by giving to creative effort a completer safeguard than the present law.

The chief ethical consideration in the bill attaches to the security which is provided for the work of a musical composer. This is not a new principle but rather a logical and unescapable application of the principle of the present law, which gave music what in 1891 was considered—and indeed then was—complete protection. At that time there was no such thing as mechanical reproduction of music, or equity and analogy would have demanded, as they now do, that the composer should have the "exclusive" control authorized by the Constitution. Therefore in spite of the fact that the Act of 1891 abolished the unpaid use of literary or artistic work and, for that matter, of music (by the methods of publication then known), there has since grown up a custom of using, under the new conditions, the work of musical composers without recompense, and often with mutilation of the text. This custom probably began without consideration, and without desire or intent to work a hardship. But, with the expansion of this new and interesting business, in its various forms, the custom has taken the proportions of an unendurable grievance and injustice.

A compromise has been suggested on the part of the new venders of music, which, from the point of view of those familiar with Copyright values and Copyright ethics, is not so much a compromise as, in essence, an attack upon the very principle of property,—namely, a proviso that a composer must be compelled by law to sell his rights to all who may appear and pay the same price.

This is as though Copyright should be denied to Mr. Clemens unless he should agree to sell to every other publisher the rights which he has disposed of to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This would be the principle of governmental paternalism reduced to an absurdity. The right to choose your agent to sell is of the essence of ownership, and to make the Govern-

ment virtually an indorser of the contract of any irresponsible, and possibly dishonest, dealer, by compelling the composer to sell to Tom, Dick and Harry, would be a most unfortunate perversion of the Copyright statute. Indeed it is probable that such a perversion of justice would be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court as an impairment of "exclusive" rights.

It is the manifest interest of those who deal with the products of any art,—and not least the art of music,—that the right of property in this product should be established beyond peradventure. The act as presented will give to those who deal in music, by means of the new inventions, instead of their present uncertain musical holdings, a valuable and negotiable security based on the elemental right of property. The experience of all other trades covered by the present Copyright Act proves the advantage of this security from the point of view of stability of trade and commercial fair-dealing.

Attempts to "kill the bill," and continue the present system, unless the above-referred-to proviso shall be adopted, would arouse the moral sentiment of the community, as it was aroused when Lowell made his famous appeal for a book "honestly come by." We can hardly believe that any class of business men, in this particular epoch, would wish to take such an unfortunate and reactionary course.

JAMES BRYCE—AMBASSADOR

THE appointment of James Bryce as Ambassador from Great Britain to the United States has been said to be out of the line of British diplomatic custom, and to be more in the line of the American custom of naming distinguished citizens, not hitherto diplomats, as residents near the Court of St. James's. This is true; but in fact the appointment of Mr. Bryce is unique. America has sent some of its foremost men to London, but it has never sent there a man who stood forth so conspicuously as an expert in British affairs as is Mr. Bryce in affairs American. The author of "The American Commonwealth" not only knows thoroughly American government, politics and geography —he understands well the "personal equation." He knows, too, the countries near us; and he is particularly intelligent concerning and sympathetic with certain important constituents of our population beside the English,—namely the Scottish, being himself Scotch,—the Irish, and the German.

But the principal thing in the appointment is the fact that the new Ambassador has an admirable knowledge of his America,—and that beside any special and appropriate knowledge, he is that fine product of British institutions, a scholarly statesman—a man profoundly versed in history, and with a genius, also, for the practical and immediate.

Mr. Bryce might be all of this and still be unfitted for the trying post of Ambassador at Washington. His genial personal traits complete his remarkable qualifications, and promise to make the present ambassadorship an important assistance to that better understanding between the English-speaking countries which has already begun, and which promises much for the peace and the higher civilization of the world.

OPEN LETTERS

Unskilled Mothers

THE Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers, incorporated in February, 1906, with three established centers in Manhattan, and one in Brooklyn, teaches by precept and example something of the art of living to all who come to its centers.

A center differs from a settlement in that it is avowedly a place of teaching. It differs from a public school in its habitat, which is any ordinary tenement flat, and in its teaching, which is through social forms, in addition to the conventional pedagogical methods. The classes are small, the pupils do things, and discuss as well as listen. But much of the

most valuable teaching is done without classes.

The teacher needs all the charm and tact of a skilful, sympathetic hostess, adapting her applied science daily and hourly to the varying needs of her pupils, who are her guests.

No mother can go to a public school to learn to keep her baby from shrieking with prickly heat; but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, upstairs, finds it simple enough to take a cup of tea with "the lady below," bringing the baby, after they have met at the corner grocer's in the morning. In the course of conversation it is easy to suggest reducing the baby's excessive clothes, keeping the window open top and bottom, and a trundle-bed under the iron one by day for the baby's use *alone* at night. If the polite name of "prickly heat" is a convenient euphemism for the ever-present vermin, a neighborly suggestion on this delicate point may be the means of securing peaceful sleep for the whole family.

The bane of the tenement is the unskilled mother. She it is who feeds the baby foul milk, bananas, and beer. She drugs with sleeping draughts the crying victim of the vermin she does not know how to banish. She exhausts him with excessive clothing, which she washes so irregularly that he languishes for want of the simplest freshness. It often seems that, of the baby's three enemies, milkman, landlord, and unskilled mother, the unskilled mother is the deadliest, because her opportunity for doing him harm is continuous, and her means of attack are so varied.

Mothers living in tenements cannot readily be taught in classes. For them example and conversation, applied through the social medium of calls at the "center" (commonly known in the neighborhood as "the flat"), make good in part the past omissions of the public schools.

To the girl who left school on her fourteenth birthday, and went from the fifth grade to work, the center offers not only instruction in making good-looking, inexpensive Easter hats, neckties, and wash suits, dear to the hearts of all girls, and doubly dear to the tenement child of meager possessions, but it teaches her, also, to make ice-cream and to serve tea as decorously as any college girl. These attractions it offers in a setting as simple as her own home; indeed, it may be next-door to her home, in the same tenement. These accomplishments having drawn in a young working girl, it is only a short step to enroll her in a housekeeping class, and to teach her by practice the charm of simplicity, order, and cleanliness.

A never-ending source of interest is the problem of spending income. How much of the week's expenditure must be allotted to a dinner served for six, eight, or ten persons? How many eggs in a week does the family need to use? If there are not eggs enough for all, who needs them most, the two-year-old baby, the father, doing heavy work, or the growing school-boy? What breakfast is best for the school children when they have no appetite, after an uncomfortable night in a crowded room where all the windows were closed? These are some of the topics which girls discuss around the table with the teacher, while eating the meal which they have prepared in a kitchen precisely like the kitchen at home, where commonly no one sits down to a table, but each pours boiled coffee from the stove and cuts bread from the loaf on the kitchen tubs.

In London, the County Council provides instruction for school children in cottages like those in which they live. It is the English plan to eliminate, by instruction, in the course of a generation, the unskilled mother in that metropolis. The chief practical difficulty is that girls leave school before they are old enough to grasp many of the things which mothers most need to know. The practical housekeeping center tries experimentally to meet the need of the mothers of to-day, of to-morrow, and of ten years hence. Ultimately there must be at least one center adjunct to every large city public school.

Intemperance, infant mortality, and the reduced vitality of working-class families are problems with which, under a vast variety of forms, modern philanthropy struggles. All three are due in large measure to unskilled mothers.

If the practical housekeeping centers can be made permanent and numerous enough, if they can be made as much a part of the life of the community as the public schools are now, integrated in time with the schools, these problems can be reduced to their lowest terms. Clean, orderly homes, in which air is pure, food is attractive and wholesome, and beds are clean and comfortable, give the baby the maximum chance for life and health, and his father an opportunity for keeping himself fit for his work, and a hope of escaping his deadliest enemies—drink and tuberculosis.

Skilful mothers do not send their children underfed to school or to work, and the production of skilled mothers is the ultimate task of the practical housekeeping centers.

The moment is a favorable one for the newly incorporated work. The schools of domestic science afford trained teachers. Efficiency, the watchword of modern philanthropy, demands vitality, increased by home nurture, in working-class families. The tuberculosis crusade proclaims the home the breeding-place of that scourge, and unskilled mothers its tireless promoters. The new psychology, pointing out the lack of "learning by

doing" as the saddest defect of our schools, finds in the centers an experiment on its own lines. Every moralist who discourses on the evils of divorce and the decay of family life is under moral obligation to give active support to practical home-making. Every argument in favor of playgrounds and organized recreation holds with added force in favor of these centers. They furnish legitimate social outlet for activity among young people in congested centers, as well as in dull country towns. They promote health and right living among people of all ages.

Florence Kelley.

"The Stripping of Christ" by El Greco

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS—SEE PAGE 595

EL GRECO is one of the chief glories of Spanish art. The first authentic notice of his life comes to us from his appearance in Toledo in 1575, at about which period, according to Carl Justi, he was invited to paint the altarpiece of "The Stripping of Christ" in the sacristy of the cathedral, the richest church in Spain. Stirling Maxwell gives the date as 1577, but from his description of the painting he evidently had not seen the original. El Greco was a pupil of Titian, and in this painting he gave to the Spaniards their first idea of his great master's art, and proclaimed himself a colorist preëminent above all others at the time. Such was the applause he received on the completion of this work that he is described as being intoxicated with success. Piqued, however, at the compliment from those who knew that "he painted like Titian," he determined to show them that he could do even better things. He was, however, unable to continue at the high level he had obtained, but through a craving for originality, developed an incredible mannerism. As Carl Justi puts it, "isolated from all healthy art influences in Toledo's crumbling eyrie, he sank lower and lower, painting like a visionary, and taking for revelations the distorted fancies of a morbid brain."

From his coming to Toledo till 1614, when he died, he never quitted the town, but continued with wonderful activity to fill the surrounding churches with altarpieces and the halls of the nobility with portraits, in which branch he particularly excelled. A comprehensive exhibition of his works would show him as remarkable for rare pictorial and imaginative genius as for unexampled and, in fact, pathological debasement of manner, many of his later works being simply absurd.

In "The Stripping of Christ," the scene is represented on the slope of Calvary, and this accounts for the heads rising above one another. Against the gray rocks of the background, the axes and spears of the soldiers are silhouetted, with an occasional helmet, with its white plume. The calm and majestic figure of Christ occupies the center of the canvas, and is further distinguished by being clad in a simple red garment of a rich soft tone. The tumultuous mob behind, the color of which is subdued and richly varied warm umbery tones, contrasts powerfully in the angry faces with the benign, upturned countenance of Christ, who, it may be imagined, is praying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and on whose features is centered the highest light in the picture. For pictorial and imaginative power nothing could be finer. On the right of Christ is the dignified figure of a centurion, clad in armor, which is said to be a portrait of the painter, and directly beneath him is the portrait of his daughter, figuring as the topmost of the group of the three Marys. Over her head is a white lace Spanish mantilla. The next of these figures is evidently the Mother of our Lord, clad in the traditional blue garment drawn over her head, while the foremost Mary is in a yellow robe of a soft neutral shade. These are watching with sorrowful interest the soldier on the opposite side boring a hole in the transverse beam of the cross where one of Christ's hands will be nailed. The soldier thus engaged is clad in a yellow jacket, with apron of a greenish hue, the high lights of which are of a pinkish cast. His shirt-sleeves are white. The soldier above him and on the left hand of Christ is examining the texture of the Saviour's garment preparatory to disrobing him. His left hand, which holds the rope encircling Christ's wrist, is resting against his hip. This arm of our Lord is *not* being "violently dragged downward by the two executioners in front," as Maxwell erroneously describes it; for the rope is slack in the executioner's hand, while he is apparently struck with the quality of the garment, for which the soldiers were to cast lots. It is a direct allusion to St. John, xix, 24.

The picture is on canvas, and measures nearly six feet wide by about nine feet six inches high.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Sonnets of a Youthful Bard

BY NIXON WATERMAN

WITH PICTURES BY J. A. WILLIAMS

THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILST THINKIN' OF PEARY ON A HOT SUMMER DAY

O PEARY! with the scorchin' summer here
And everybody payin' double price
For little weeny, teeny bits of ice,
It dost no longer seem so very queer
That thou shouldst have the bravery to steer
Thy ship up North where it is cool and nice.
I 'll bet you smile whilst thinkin' thou hast twice
The fun we 're havin' at this time of year.

And, by the by, since thou dost understand
The pole is an imaginary spot,
Why not "imagine" thou hast found it and
Of time and trouble save an awful lot?
Couldst others track thee to that frozen land
And prove thou didst not find it? I guess not!

LINES WROTE WHILST THINKIN' WHAT I WOULDST DO WITH CARNEGIE'S GOLD

O GREAT Carnegie! With thy wealth, O my!
I dost not know exactly what I 'd do,
But seemst to me I 'd have more fun than you
Are havin' with it. Anyhow, if I
Hadst money, as they say, "to burn," I 'd try
To burn it here, for, oh, 't would make me blue
To think I 'd have to smell it burnin' through
The endless eons of the by-and-by!

And you can bet if I had gold in bins
As thou hast got, in quantities so vast
Thou canst not spend it, I 'd buy diamond pins
And soda water to the very last!
And I 'd be sorry that I wast not twins
So I could spend my fortune twice as fast.

THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILST THINKIN' ABOUT MARY AND HER PET LAMB

FULL oft I 've read how Mary's lamb didst go
Where'er his fond and lovin' mistress went,
As if the little creature wast content
If it could only be where she wast. Oh,

I realize what made it hanker so
To be in school that day: it surely meant
It loved her! Yet, that mean, old teacher, bent
On bossin' things—he did n't seem to know.

Sometimes I get to wishin' I might be
A little lamb like Mary's fond and true,
With Susan Sanderson as Mary, see?
We 'd play amidst the clover sweet with dew,
And everywhere that she wast there 'd be me
And if she was n't, I'd be elsewhere, too.

LINES WROTE ON A SUMMER DAY WHILST THINKIN' OF A SODA FOUNTAIN

WHEN I 'm a man I shalt not care to be
The President of these United States;
I 'dst rather be the drug-store clerk that waits
On people at the soda fountain. He
Hast lots more first-class fun, it seems to me.
For whilst the public dost not get rebates
On soda, he secures it at cut rates,
And lots of times, perchance, he gets it free!

Of course, I know it must be pretty fine
To hear the brass bands and the big bass drums
Come marchin' by the White House all in line
And playin', "See the Conquerin' Hero Comes!"
And, yet, no presidential job in mine.
The soda clerk's the one that gets the plums!

SONNET WROTE WHILST THINKIN' OF OUR FIRST PARENTS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

O ADAM and O Eve! How very nice
It must have been to live where you was at.
No neighbors anywhere with whom to spat,
Nor any one to give you free advice.

Ma says she 'd gladly pay most any price
For such a lay-out. And she 's certain that
Because there wast no servants in your flat
Is how you camest to call it "Paradise."

And pa says that if Eve had dressed the way
Our women do we shouldst have missed the fate
Of goin' forth into the world to stray,
For she 'd be somewhere, still, inside the gate
Delayin' things, as women dost to-day,
A-tryin' for to pin her hat on straight.

A FEW THOUGHTS THOUGHT ON HEARIN' FOLKS FIND FAULT WITH THE WEATHER

I LOVE cold winter weather with the snow
A-driftin' on the walks I hast to clear,
And frost a-bitin' nose and cheek and ear,
With the thermometer "away below."
I also love the summer when it 's so
Red hot that clothes next to you all "adhere"
And everybody 's frantic, pretty near,
And sayin' things that hot folks do, you know?

I love both seasons, but I wish I could
Enjoy them whilst they 're with us, for, you see,
It 's winter when the summer seems so good,
And summer when the winter pleases me.
But, somehow, I have never understood
Why either of them whilst it 's here 's "n.g."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

BLANCHE BATES AS "MADAME BUTTERFLY" IN THE PLAY
BY JOHN LUTHER LONG AND DAVID BELASCO

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI